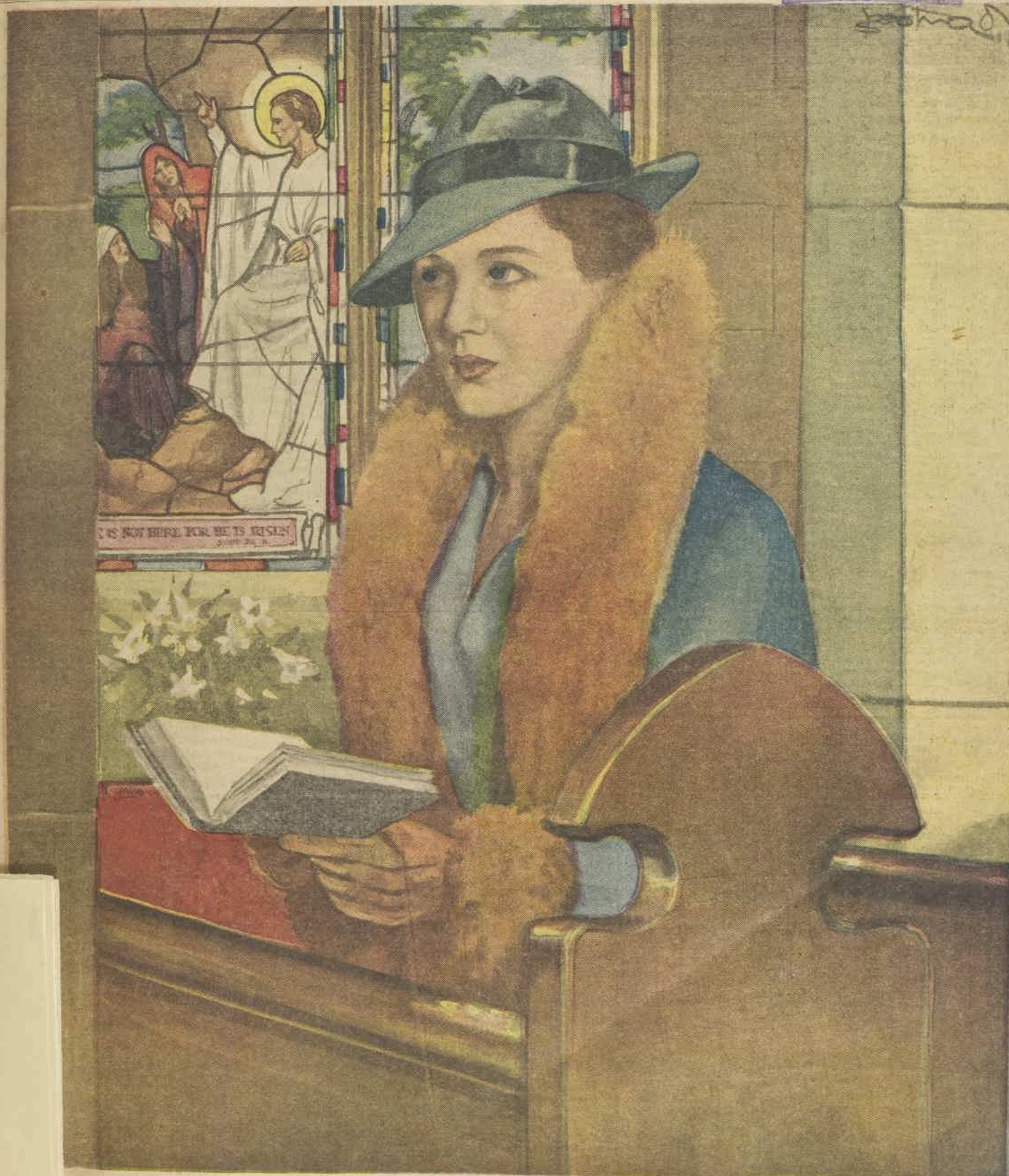


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**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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*Easter Thoughts*



# SYDNEY Welcomes Most Remarkable WOMAN

## Tribute to General Eva Booth's Amazing Personality!

On Tuesday Sydney gave welcome to an elderly woman with bright auburn hair, a charming smile, and obviously feminine personality that upset all hearsay impressions that have been formed of the diligent leader of one of the world's greatest religious and social organisations—the Salvation Army.

The visitor, General Evangeline Booth, was obviously moved to emotion at the warmth of her reception.

NOT even the raw, cold morning or the fact that the Brisbane express was half an hour late could damp the ardor and enthusiasm of the thousands of Salvation Army folk and other citizens who waited from daylight at the Central Railway Station to welcome General Evangeline Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army, and daughter of William Booth, its original founder.

Escorted by three aeroplanes, the express steamed into the Central Station, and the General, on alighting on the platform with Commissioner Mackenzie, was warmly received by prominent Salvation Army leaders in Sydney.

Dressed in the regulation Army costume and bonnet, General Booth was escorted to the steps outside the Railway Post Office, where thousands of eager enthusiasts awaited her.

All eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the woman who has risen to the highest post in the Salvation Army.

A slight, trim figure, made to appear slighter perhaps by the huge bulk of her escort, Commissioner Mackenzie, General Booth wore no topcoat and appeared not to notice the cold morning, although hundreds of her welcome-wrappers were well in overcoats and muff.

But what an amazing personality is hidden behind the physical frailty and feminine charm of this great social service leader.

### Husky Voice

UNLIKE most women, General Booth makes no secret of her age. Although in her seventieth year, she walks with a firm and sprightly step, and might easily be taken for a woman of middle age.

Her auburn hair, peeping out from her Army bonnet, showed no signs of greying.

The powerful voice that has moved

and swayed huge audiences in every country of the world has temporarily lost its power.

General Booth, during her short stay in Australia, has had a most strenuous time addressing meetings in four States of the Commonwealth, and there is little to wonder at that, in the open air, she

### General Booth and her Home in Sydney



A STRIKING STUDY of General Evangeline Booth, taken on her arrival at Sydney Railway Station on Tuesday morning. On the left is the Salvation Army Hostel at Arncliffe, where the General will stay during her Sydney visit. A crowd had gathered at the home on Tuesday to welcome General Booth.

—Women's Weekly Photos.

people would love her more now that they had seen her.

Carrying a beautiful bouquet of flowers which was presented to her, the General was driven off to Arncliffe, smiling and waving her acknowledgments to the crowd until she was lost to view in the traffic.

During her stay in Sydney, General

Booth's headquarters will be at the Army Hostel for Girls at Arncliffe.

Each of the previous Commanders-in-Chief of the Salvation Army visited Sydney during their respective terms of office—William Booth, the founder, his son, Bramwell Booth, a brother of General Evangeline, and General Higgins, Evangeline's immediate predecessor in office.

### Glad To See Sydney

HIS short address to the huge crowd was repeated by Commissioner Mackenzie.

The General said that from the time her train pulled out of London she had been looking forward to the hour when she would meet the people of Sydney. She believed that God would bless her visit to Sydney and was praying that

such would be the case. She knew that her people had set a very high standard for her to live up to, and had a great affection for her, and she hoped her

## LONDON is SIMMERING with Great EXCITEMENT Glamor of Royal Jubilee

From Our London Office. — By Air Mail.

Excitement runs high as London is plunging into the most brilliant season of the century. All the wonderful glamor and pageantry of the Courts and the Jubilee are combining to lure the world and his wife to the gayest capital in the world—London town.

All the distinguished folk from the Continent seem to have gathered here. Add the thousands of Americans and Australians, as well as everyone worth mentioning from every corner of the British Isles, and you will realise what a riot London really is.

THE girls of this season have revived an old Victorian custom in being "At Home" to their friends between four and six during the evening of their presentation. In the old days, of course, tea was served, but Miss 1935 hands round sherry or pink gin.

Mrs. Richard Linton, wife of Victoria's Agent-General, is one of the lucky women already invited to the Jubilee levee in St. Paul's on May 6. What a marvellous ceremony this will be, far surpassing in splendor the Duke and Duchess of Kent's wedding in the Abbey. Four thousand people will attend this Jubilee thanksgiving service in the presence of their Majesties and the Royal Family.

The pomp and color will be unimaginable, the interior of the great cathedral will be ablaze with the rainbow glitter of uniforms, orders, Court dress, and decorations.

It will be like an enormous levee. His Majesty will wear naval uniform. On the invitation it says, "The occasion will be a Collar Day." This means that Knights of various orders will wear their elaborate collars instead of sashes. The

collars will add to the glittering effect. Some are of gold, and weigh about 30oz.

### Rushing the Route

THERE'S already a tremendous rush for seats along the route the procession will take for the St. Paul's ceremony, but if you have fifteen guineas to spare you can still get a seat in St. Paul's Churchyard to see the King and Queen and all the highest in the land enter the cathedral.

Australia's Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, is well in the news, his photo appearing in all the papers. He is at the Savoy which seems a centre for important Australians. Lady Camille Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies, and Mrs. Thomas also have suites there.

Another much-photographed Australian is very busy just now. This is the beautiful Lady Jersey. Her radiant looks still enhance any function at which she is present.

### Fork Parties

A LOT of these social lights frequent the various fork-lunches Mayfair is so mad about just now. The fork

### Splendid New Picture Serial Begins This Week

ON page 44 this week is the first instalment of a splendid new picture serial—Brick Bradford in the city beneath the sea.

Brick Bradford is the hero of many romantic and thrilling incidents among a lost tribe of Indians in a mysterious lost city in Peru.

Our readers are already familiar with Mandrake the Magician, whose adventures appear each week, and in presenting this new Brick Bradford feature The Australian Women's Weekly is confident that it will prove just as popular and interesting as Mandrake, which appears this week on page 21.

luncheon is the most revolutionary change in entertaining which has come since the cocktail party ousted tea.

We drop in any time between 12.30 and 1.30 and stay five minutes or a couple of hours, as we feel inclined. Oyster patties, sandwiches, sausages, in fact, about forty varieties of food are arrayed over the centre table, while drinks are brought around or left standing on trays.

Everyone chatters to everyone else, and fork parties are tremendously popular, though any hostess will tell you that they cost a deal more than a six-course sit-down meal.

The bold water bridge has taken on the social life of London is shown by the inclusion of a bridge talk in the Trocadero's cabaret programme. Richard Lederer, the well-known bridge expert and lecturer, gives a brief talk on bridge during supper, and then wanders among the guests answering individual problems.

Mr. Lederer played in the British team against the Cubertians last year, and is the inventor of the Lederer two-club convention.

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## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



INTERESTED IN POLITICS.

LADY WEYMOUTH is one of the most admired of the Younger Set in London. In addition to being an excellent hostess, mother, and wife, she is a first-rate platform speaker.

Lady Weymouth is also exceedingly charming and good-looking, and is regarded with the greatest of affection in Lord Weymouth's constituency.

Many people, who have heard Lady Weymouth speaking, either for some charity, or in aid of her husband's political activities, feel that she should be in the Cabinet herself!

The above photograph shows her nursing her son, Christopher John.



TRAVELLERS' AID SECRETARY.

MRS. CARRINGTON-WALTERS, just appointed to the position of organising secretary to the Travellers' Aid Society of New South Wales, will bring to her work ability and a wide range of experience such as could hardly be matched by many women.

She spent fifteen years in the East in teaching, landscape painting, vanilla farming, journalism, and advertising. With all this Mrs. Carrington-Walters still found time for public responsibilities, including being on the committee of the Public Library; hon. resident manager of the Y.W.C.A. hostel; and an enthusiastic worker for the R.S.P.C.A.



YOUNG MUSICIAN.

MISS DAGMAR ROBERTS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Waller Roberts, of Roseville, N.S.W., and niece of the late Mr. George Lambert, has her teachers' and performers' diplomas in pianoforte from the Conservatorium, where she studied under Mr. Godfrey Smith, has won about twenty medals at different times, and won the 1928 broadcasting championship for solo work.

Last year she made a very successful tour of Queensland, with Miss Mollie de Gunst, and she has given six public recitals in Sydney.

A strong committee, with Mr. Roland Foster, Mrs. Florence Taylor, and Miss Josephine Marks as patrons, has just been formed with the object of raising funds to send Miss Roberts abroad for further study.

# MODERN Impressions of CHRIST!

## Conceptions Vary with Times, But Ideals Remain Unchanged An Eastertide Reflection

By F. W. L. ESCH

During the last few months two entirely new and modern conceptions of Christ have been brought forward. One is Epstein's statue in London, and the other the Rev. George Green's "Good Shepherd" window in Melbourne.

On this page they are shown on either side of the traditional idea of Christ.

Which appeals to you most?



CHRIST IS represented in this Melbourne church window as a young, athletic man, good looking, strong, and clean-shaven.



THE TRADITIONAL CHRIST is seen in this famous painting, "The Light of the World"—but how it contrasts with the "Good Shepherd" window on the left.



EPSTEIN'S much discussed statue of Christ, "Behold the Man." Some Churchmen are of the opinion that there is a strong message in the work—others condemn it as abominable.

to see Him as the ideal of a modern human being.

Breakaways from the old, or traditional ideal, such as the Melbourne church window, take place as a result of this divergence of views.

Regarding the first way of visualising Christ, it is unfortunate that there is little truly authentic record of what He looked like.

There is a second century fresco from the catacomb of Saints Achille and Nervo, which is said to be the original of all the traditional portraits. And there is another likeness in the Church

It is as though his Christ says, "It is my teaching that counts, not what I look like."

His statue could be regarded as a challenge to Christian Faith; as though he said, "If it is the message that counts, and not the form of Christ, He could

have been like this. Would you have still believed?"

The logic of this is undeniable, but the solution lies in the third way of thinking of Christ; to admit that there is not enough data to see Him as He really was; to discard the "ideal man" theory because it must always be changing; and to question the necessity of imagining Him in human form at all.

If He is God, isn't that enough? And what man is there sagacious enough to say that the God of the Universe must take human shape?

AT Easter time our thoughts must turn to Him who is named the Son of Man and who has had a greater influence on mankind than any other being. What was he really like? The question has been asked and answered before in The Australian Women's Weekly, but since then two vastly different views have been expressed. One by a church-window designer in Australia, and the other by Epstein, the world-famous sculptor.

Epstein's Christ has created a world sensation. Many people have been deeply shocked—on the other hand, many prominent Church men have upheld the design.

The Dean of St. Paul's, for instance, said: "The impression is of great strength, and I think it is good. It is very different from the weak and sentimental representation of Christ with which we have become familiar."

This opinion concerning the traditional representations of Christ coincides with the sentiments which led to the designing of the "Good Shepherd" window in Melbourne.

It was specially stipulated that Christ should be represented as a young, athletic man, strong, virile, and clean-shaven after the fashion of the G. F. K. Watts design for a church in England.

THE problem of Christ's personal appearance can be regarded from three angles. First, we can think of Him as He really was; second, we can visualise Him as an ideal human being; God-made man; third, we can avoid thinking of Him at all in human form.

Of these three ways of thinking of Christ, the second is most commonly used, that is, He is regarded as the ideal of a human being, God-made man.

On the one hand there are people who represent Him as the ideal human being of 1900 years ago, and on the other hand there are people who want



THIS VERY OLD likeness of Christ is in the Church of Saint Praxedis at Rome, and is supposed to have been drawn by St. Peter.

of Saint Praxedis at Rome, supposed to have been drawn by Saint Peter, but this one is very indistinct, and there is no real proof that it was done by St. Peter.

It is conceivable that Christ, on earth, appeared to be just like an ordinary man. He may even have chosen to be a plain-looking man. But in this case He would only be the spiritual ideal of the human being. There are many people who consider that this was actually the case, and that the body is not important enough to be idealised.

Viewed in this light, Epstein's statue may have a definite message.

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# DOMESTIC ARTS in Royal Show EXHIBITS!

## Women Have Spent Whole Year in Preparing District Displays

Of all the attractions at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, probably none makes as great appeal to the housewife as the district exhibits.

Here are gathered, in addition to the produce of farm and dairy, the wonderful collections of home-made delicacies, which show the capabilities of the woman of the country in the domestic arts.

Here women from the furthestmost parts of the State and from other parts of the Commonwealth have an opportunity of displaying their handiwork in the production of jams, jellies, sauces, pickles, preserves of all kinds, and getting them up in such a way as to make the greatest appeal to the judges.

**WHAT** strikes one most in inspecting these comprehensive exhibits is that there are very few things growing on the face of the earth that have not been adapted to some use or other by country women!

Here they demonstrate that delicious jam can be made equally as well from the common carrot and parsnip, or from the berry that grows wild on the hedges, or the fruit of the prickly pear, as can be made from the peach, the orange, or the pie-melon.

A generation or two ago our mothers and grandmothers confined their pickle-making to the onion, the cauliflower, and the cabbage. Nowadays all kinds of fruit are turned into pickles, and even the Brazil cherry has been found a use for in this regard.

On one stall of the district exhibits there are 55 different varieties of chutney, all made by the hands of one enterprising woman, Mrs. J. Uren, of Singleton, who on the same stall displayed no fewer than 90 varieties of pickles.

Six districts of Australia have entered exhibits in the present Show, the displays of farm produce and women's domestic handiwork occupying about half of the floor space of the large Agricultural Hall.

### Splendid Exhibits

THE first of these to catch the eye is the exhibit of the Hunter River and Liverpool Plains district, comprising in its area some of the finest agricultural land to be found in any part of the world.

Mr. James Moss, of Singleton, who is ably assisted by Mrs. Moss, is the or-

ganiser of the district exhibit from this section, which first participated in the Sydney Show last year, but was placed sixth on the list of competitors.

The splendid season recorded in many parts of this district, which extends from Gunnedah to the Hawkesbury River, is evidenced by the magnificent displays of wool, corn, pumpkins, millet, citrus fruits, hay, sugar-cane, and various grasses. The majority of the preserves, pickles and jams were prepared by Mrs. Uren, of Singleton, Mrs. Sylvester, of Singleton, Mrs. Partridge and Mrs. Osland of Branndon.

Some idea of the extent to which these women have worked may be gauged from the fact that in the section are no fewer than 700 jars of preserves, which have taken the whole year to prepare.

A labor of love in this work. The only rewards of the workers are the honor of winning a prize and the satisfaction of showing what their district can produce.

The Western Districts exhibit, which has been collected from all over the country, from Wundoor to Nyngan, is, as might be expected from a pastoral area, very strong in the wool and wheat sections, while the display of fruits, such as pears, peaches, apples, and plums, is said to be an improvement on that of previous years.

Mrs. G. S. Trivett, of Kelso, is in charge of the preserves, etc., and has the assistance of Mrs. Les Jones, of Kelso, and Mr. L. Taylor, of Ellington. Mr. Trivett is the honorary organiser of the district exhibit, while his son, Mr. Ken Trivett, was responsible for the collection of the fruit exhibit. This section contains a fine variety of light wines from the Mudgee district.

THE North Coast and Tablelands exhibit, which carried off the prize at last year's show, has Mrs. T. J. Ford, of

Grafton, in charge of the preserve section, with the Misses Pafl, of Coraki, and Mrs. W. Smith, of Berrill, Lismore, as assistants.

Here are displayed the produce of the fertile lands of the North Coast, with dairy products predominating and an excellent assortment of tropical and sub-tropical fruits, sugar-cane, wines, and honey, excellently displayed by country women who have spent a lifetime in the business of preparing show exhibits, with marked success in the past.

The West Moreton and Downs District of Queensland is again in the field with a distinctive Queensland exhibit this year, after eight unsuccessful attempts to carry off the blue ribbon, but with hope undaunted.

### South Coast

THE South Coast and Tablelands of New South Wales, as might be expected from such a famous dairying area, is particularly strong in butter, cheese, and bacon, a prime display of vegetables of all kinds, mostly from the Mosa Vale district.

Mrs. Horgan, of Nowra; Mrs. Gower, of Albion Park; Miss Kelly, of Bega; and the Misses Mottran, of Bega, have all



MISS PHYLLIS BRAY, with her hunters, Royalty and Radiant. Both horses have won prizes at South Australian Shows, and Royalty is the champion hunter of Adelaide Show. They have both also won prizes at the Melbourne Centenary Show. This is Miss Bray's first bid for Sydney Show honors.

—Women's Weekly photo.

given much time and labor in the collection of this exhibit which does infinite credit to the districts from which it was gathered.

THE Central Coast and Tablelands exhibit comes from the district between Armidale and Tamworth down to Stroud and Macksville on the coast.

Mrs. J. A. Adams, of Taree, is in charge

of the preserved fruit, dried fruit, and crystallised fruit section, while Mrs. Dyball, of Taree, has concentrated on collecting an exhibit of pickles, sauces, and chutney which it would be hard to excel. Mrs. B. Doward, of Taree, has made a specialty of her display of jams and jellies, and Mrs. Clark, of Armidale, of preserved fruits.

## Society Plans Many Gay Easter Festivities

Easter festivities have become to Sydney what the Carnival of Flowers is to Nice. It causes each year the most tremendous upheaval in family circles of high and low degree, and this year shows promise of being a brilliant success.

Thousands upon thousands of visitors pour in from all corners of the Commonwealth with the Royal Agricultural Show as their chief objective. From one year to another they sow the fields, reap and cultivate with the incentive of a much-coveted prize to add zeal to their efforts.

OUR particular Show is unique in its scope and enterprise from any similar fixtures throughout the world, and delights and amazes overseas guests who view it for the first time.

Social and sporting crowds make Randwick their Mecca, and it is at the Easter meeting that fashions are made or marred for the winter.

Should a style become popular too early, and thus become commonplace in design and material, it receives its condemnation. In the same manner, exclusive fashions from world-famous designers are shown to the dress-conscious race fans, who lose no time in copying them.

Private parties abound, and most hostesses wait until Easter to give their most exclusive entertainments.

### Social Fixtures

THE most important dance of the week will be the Matrons' Ball at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on April 23.

The club is following its usual custom of having its club dance as a grand finale to a week of gaiety, and this party takes place on April 27. Tickets are limited, and members are only allowed to take small parties.

Naval circles are rejoicing at the return of the ships from manoeuvres, and Admiral and Mrs. Ford will receive a number of guests at an Easter-time dance on board the Canberra.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Allen and Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon are joining forces for a party at the Royal Sydney Golf

Club, and Mrs. Jim Gordon will entertain her friends at a cocktail party at the Queen's Club after the first day's racing.

Mr. Justice Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, assisted by their daughter, Mary, will give a dance in their home at Darling Point.

The Macquarie Club has been chosen for the cocktail party being given by Mrs. Ronald Munro, April 23.

### Society Wedding

INVARIABLY some popular and well-known couple choose Easter for their wedding, and this year is no exception.

Miss Janet Thatcher has chosen this time of the year for her marriage to Mr. Geoff Ashton, the polo-playing son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, of Double Bay. The date is April 23, and the church is to be St. Mark's, Darling Point.

A few days prior to this Mrs. James Ashton will hold an afternoon reception in honor of the young couple.

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# VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON



**P**RISONERS on Vainamu, a lonely Pacific island, are a number of English people—the Rev. James Robinson (an English vicar), his daughters Eleanor and Adeline, Lady Gilliland (wife of the Governor-General of Australia), Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Black, Buzacott, and Charles Chaine (who is in love with Adeline). Their ship was wrecked en route to Australia.

Buzacott has fallen in love with Eleanor, while a warm affection has sprung up between the clergyman and Lady Gilliland. The inhabitants of Vainamu want the English women as wives, and have given them a week to decide whether they will agree. As an alternative the women are told that if they refuse the men Black, Chaine, and Buzacott will be thrown to the sharks.

To demonstrate what will happen to the men if the womenfolk refuse to marry the islanders, the castaways are forced to watch a pig being thrown into the shark pool. They are then taken back to captivity to wait a further two days, when they must give their decision.

In the meantime Buzacott discovers that there are valuable pearls off the coast of Vainamu, and he informs Chaine that he has seen, through his telescope, a sail on a schooner about 50 miles away. Buzacott confides to his mate that he thinks it is the Leonora, Bully Hayes' ship. Eleanor, hidden away in a

By a Girl of 17—

## I Am So Plain

We have been out in the open air,  
Under the cloudless sky,  
Swimming with easy, perfect grace—  
You with your lovely, laughing face,  
You with your smiles—and I.  
We have been out in the open air,  
Talking the whole day through;  
I have been strangely sad at heart,  
Knowing that I shall have no part  
In joys that will come to you.  
You, with your lovely, laughing face—  
I am so plain and void of grace.  
—Yvonne Webb.

cave with Malachi, a handsome young islander, tells him that if their difficulties were over she could be happy to live on the island for ever, and Malachi suggests that they had lived there as High Chief and High Chief's Lady in the dim past.

**S**HE stood there with his arms, that had slipped down, about her ankles. She pretended not to know that his hand was clasped on her feet, holding them. "Now you're talking," she would have said, had she belonged to a later day. What she did say was: "It sounds pleasant." She thought of that delightful play, "The Lady of Lyons," and the entrancing speech that ended: "Post thou like the picture?" She seemed to herself like a heroine in a play, and yet was any play that she had ever seen one half as exciting as the play that her life had become?

## Another dramatic instalment of our splendid serial. . .

Malachi, still talking, drew her down again, and again she pretended not to notice, even when she found that she was sitting on his knee. After all, the stones were very hard. . .

Malachi said: "I'm not like the other men here, Heart. They don't know nothing and they don't know they know nothing. I know nothing, but I know I know nothing. Eleanor, you and me, we going to learn one another. I learn you to love me, and you learn me many things."

She wanted to say: "Don't say 'learn,' say 'teach'." The Eleanor that she had been, only a few weeks ago, would have taken up that schoolmarm attitude at once. But the Eleanor who was, knew better. There'd be time for such things as grammar by and by, when she had told him about the outer world, and the things that were done there—told him very carefully, taking heed to save his pride. Oh, there'd be time—there was all life before them, the long, long day of youth, of middle age, of that old age in which one scarce believed, all to be theirs before the sun should set. She felt drunk with the thought of those never-ending years, she felt rich as a miner who has found an inexhaustible reef, and fairly staggers beneath the weight of his new-won gold.

**A**ND it would always go on. Life would always be like this, only better. The Pastor and her own father would bring the Vainamu people to reason; Addie and Charles would marry—somehow or other; Eleanor was generous to them now in her thoughts, liberal with the gifts of an unknown Fate. And as for David Buzacott—oh, well, he'd get over it; people did.

She and Malachi would be sovereigns of Vainamu. Seremy, she knew, desired her, but Malachi would "manage" that, even as he would manage to drive Seremy from his chieftainship, and Malachi, she felt, could do anything.

She knew now why he had hidden her away. It was to keep her from Seremy until the lots were finally decided. He had told her all about the High Chief's action, and his cruel threat. He had not told her about the object-lesson of the sharks and the sacrificed pig. Malachi never told any woman more than he thought it good for her to know. But she was quite at ease about herself; they wouldn't have to throw anyone to the sharks on her account.

Addie? Margaret? Minnie? It would be all right for them. Somehow, it would be "managed." Eleanor had great faith in managing. Someone always attended to that—in her experience—when trouble threatened nice, well-bred young ladies.

"I must go," Malachi said. He rose, put his arms about her shoulders, and for an endless moment, held her so. She heard the sigh that tore up from his heart, and knew the meaning of it, though there had been nothing about that in any of the novels she had read. She met it, involuntarily, with another sigh, that shook her as the dark land-wind, now, was beginning to shake the palm-trees that sheltered Malachi and her. Then she let breath and light in the long stress of his embrace. "Then he had said 'God bless you,' let her go, and was gone.

She slipped into the cave again. It was dark there, and she was glad of the dark. You could not see the water at the end of the cave, you could only hear it, heavily breathing, sucking over the stones. If you stood beneath the chimney-shaped opening, you could see the stars hanging among the leaves like crystal fairs, large and very bright. They were her stars. She would never again, she thought, see the small pale stars of England, hear the October winds crash through stripped trees, tearing to fragments the last remaining shards of the dead summer. The trade-wind was her wind; the long bright



Illustrated by WEP

Seremy, head full of palm wine and heart full of jealousy, sprang forward and struck Malachi on the temple.

wind that ran like a river through the palm-tops, chanting the saga of summer never-ending. For the rest of life she was of the tropic world.

No one, in those days, spoke of spiritual homes; of the call of the wild, of a place in the sun. No one had thought of such things. Long years were to pass before the trend of the white race towards the sunlands, the beginning of the return towards the first warm home of the human race, was to attract attention. Women, first of all, were to feel the drawing of that tide, since they, in all times, have been the first to know the coming of the new. Women travellers, explorers, making for the south; women writing of desert loves . . . passions of the jungle, romance in tropic idles; these were to mark the road, scarce knowing that they did so. And here and there one like Eleanor, long before time, was to set her feet upon the all-but-untrudged path.

## CHAPTER 13

**I**T was a "south-east" morning, than which there is nothing pleasanter in all the pleasant Pacific world.

There hadn't been much rain recently; that was bad for the food-gardens; but the air, dry, warmed, was full of powdery gold; the leaves of the mangoes and the native laurels tossed off little sparks of light wherever they moved; out beyond the reef the sea was chipped all over with dancing snow, where yesterday it had run in heavy, oily blue. There was a singing note in the wind, like the sound that underlies the shrilling of telegraph wires in spring; along the beaches, coral scrabs blew about, with a glassy tinkle; ghost-crabs flittered like skeleton leaves;

beaches, scanning the empty sea-line for ships that do not come.

So, in ordinary years; more or less, in all the eighty years that have passed since the wrecking of the emigrant ship upon the unknown island. This year, it is different. This year, the hunger for change, excitement, has found food. All Vainamu is streaming in its newest clothing, decked with the shells and seeds and flowers that are Vainamu jewellery, bringing with it the swarms of little children who have cried to be allowed to go and see the sight towards the Council House, where will take place to-day the biggest event known to the island since that day, remembered by none, on which the ancestors of the people first found home and shelter.

With his usual sense of dramatic fitness, Seremy had arranged for the stranger-men to be brought to the Council House early, and set in a row before the door. Each of the stranger-women was to be brought forward in turn, told to look at the men, and asked to make her choice between, willingly accepting and legally marrying the Vainamu man who had won her, and refusing with the full knowledge that her refusal would consign one of the three, Charles, Buzacott, Black, to the sharks of Bottomless Bay.

Black he had kept for the last, knowing that there would be no real difficulty in that quarter. Jonathan, the decent married man who had been deprived of his mate by Bully Hayes; Jonathan, who had three or four children badly in need of a mother, would have Minnie handed over to him without much trouble. It was another matter with the little beauty, Adeline, and

lingly, put on a fresh silk dress that day, since the old one was torn and soiled beyond further use; she did not know—but Margaret did, and caught her breath—that she was more than ever beautiful in the different frock of shining mauve, like the flower of a huge Canterbury bell set about her tiny waist and burgeoning into ruffled petals above. She was pale; her amber hair had lost something of its sheen and vitality, her lips their pinkness; but nothing could destroy the exquisite shape of her smooth cheeks, the blue of sapphire eyes, the delicate modelling of mouth and nose. Shem, foremost among the crowd, pressed a little nearer as she came forward, and passed one hand across his lips, as if he were thirsty.

**T**HE Lord High Chief looked more than usually imposing to-day. Besides his other ornaments, he carried in one hand, for effect, a kind of sceptre; a rod that shone like silver under the rays of the midday sun. Shem recognised it; tutted with his lips, but said nothing aloud. It was the only big piece of metal on Vainamu, a length of iron bar that eighty years ago had come ashore, attached to part of the original wreck. Some one of the castaways, who may have had experience denied to those following after him, had managed to get the heavy bar tabooed, island fashion; set aside as something sacred, not to be touched. Commonly, it stood in the men's club-house, upright on a rude shelf that also supported the worn-out, leather-bound Bible which was Vainamu's chief treasure, and from which the first of the Pastors, and his successors, had taught the people lessons none too well comprehended or carried out.

There was no other lethal weapon on the island; the knives of shell and bamboo that were in common use, the bird arrows and the fishing spears, were dangerous to no one. He who, in past times, set apart this formidable bar, had done good service to Vainamu.

Seremy, seeing it shining there, polished like silver, had been seized with the idea of taking it from its place, and using it to increase the splendor of his own appearance. After all, there wasn't much that you could do, on Vainamu, to make yourself look different from others, finer than others, as the Lord High Chief should look . . . He took the sacred bar.

The Pastor, seeing him commit this sacrilege, exploded as usual. But Seremy countered effectively with a reference from the Book of Kings. "David, Lord of Israel," he said, "took the shewbread from the altar, and eat it when he was a-hungry, he an' his men. An' the Lord said: 'All right, David, I'd have given it to you myself.' Me, I'm going to have this sceptre."

He stalked away, twirling the new toy.

It was beyond doubt that the Pastor had lost prestige, since Seremy found justification for the threats directed against the stranger-men.

## By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

parakeets, too vividly red and green, almost, to be real, dashed through the palm-tree tops like divers through green seas; they called to each other: "Tweedle, where are you?" "Tweedle-dee, here, here!"

On these days of beginning winter, the warm, the crystal winter of the islands, all the world seems awakened from its hot-season languor; passion, that has lain heavy as a drag upon the senses of men, birds, beasts, filled the flower-spathes with heavy juices, spurred the fruiting trees to spend themselves in an orgy of bending, now draws back like waters called by the moon. Men stretch and shake themselves, take in hand the bow and the filled quiver, seize the neglected car; there's something calling . . . Women cease to hang over the looking-glass of the filled waterbowl, put away for a while the crushed red flowers that bring beauty to lips and cheeks, spend less time over the smoothing and oiling of their wheat-fair masses of hair. It's the turn of the year, the time when island people, Vainamu people, look for interest, amusement, beyond their homes; wander, driven by an instinctive longing that has no root in their own experiences, up and down the

that fine if somewhat overripe creature, Lady Gilliland. Shem was too tough a fellow to cross; Shem was a valuable supporter—he'd have to be allowed his prize. As for himself, if he could not find Eleanor—and he rather thought, by now, he knew where she might be discovered—he would let Seremy take Lady Gilliland openly, and secretly get her away from him afterwards. Adeline would never dare to oppose the Lord High Chief.

Now it was near high noon, the time appointed for the final choosing. The crowd of Vainamunans who filled the lawns, the tracks, the very trees round about the Council House, had been warned to keep quiet, but nothing could silence the buzzing murmur that arose from no one could say where in the throng, a sound like the dull rumor of a cloud of flies collected over honey. Children broke out, now and then, into sudden shouts; the wind went singing along the leagues of beach; outside, insouciantly, the reef kept up its endless boundless drone.

Seremy, in pearls and purple fillet, stood before the door, and called the first name.

"Adeline!"

The girl came out; she had, unwill-

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# THE WOMAN Who Rented PARADISE



PERHAPS only an exaggerated colored picture postcard of Italy, received on a raw November day in London, can impart just that feeling of glorious, divine untruth which the first glimpse of Italy inevitably brings to the stranger seeing it for the first time.

Blanche Tressidor-Brown sat on the edge of her daughter's bed and frankly bawled with emotional ecstasy.

"I can't help it, Elif. Italy's got under my skin! Why! It isn't decent, it's so lovely! It's like a hymn, or something by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 'The Birth of the Opal' or something. All right, my girl! don't look at me like that! You should have seen Manchester last week and tried to keep warm in our boarding house!"

"Powder?" said Elif, "and don't let Adam hear you, mother. He's still very nervous, you know."

Blanche Tressidor-Brown looked at her long emaciated daughter. Queer how Elif always reminded her of long black-and-white kid gloves; so black, so white, her raven hair like a design round her white face, and her white face like a design set in her raven hair.

"White! No good to me, dearie. Pink powder, please. Adam! Now, that's a good name. This is Paradise anyway! Tell me, Elif, are you . . ."

"Am I what? Happy?"

"Well, if you're not, you ought to be! Oh, you ought to be living in Paradise!"

THE elderly lady waddled in a wave of genuine emotion to the window, watched steadily by her black-and-white pole of a daughter. She looked out through the fluttering silver fligree of the olives at a sea bluer than anything she had imagined in Heaven or earth, and down at a honey-colored porch smothered in faintly swaying wisteria, as if a million tiny blue butterflies were disentangling themselves for flight. Manchester-bound, fresh from the pitiless grey and cold of the English winter,

## My Favorite Poem

### Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of heaven mix for ever  
With a sweet emotion;  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle,  
Why not I with thine?  
See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?  
—Percy B. Shelley.

Sent in by Jean Macfadyen, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

her eyes nearly popped out of her head. She swung round on the louching, lovely Aubrey Beardsley figure.

"Elif! you oughter go down on your knees! Down on your knees! I could! Oh! It is all like this—all abroad—I mean all Italy?" Then in a sudden crude, earnest passion, oddly impressive, "Elif—you wait till I see that Emily! You wait! Back to service in London, eh? Couldn't slane this, couldn't she? Elif—that girl ought to be taken quick or . . . something. It isn't decent to prefer London in the winter to this . . . it isn't quite right somehow. She ought to be shown—just talked to . . ."

Her voice died away in poor little

-- By --

CHRISTINE  
JOPE-SLADE

gulped futilities. She had her look of small gaping holiness that Elif knew so well; that piteous, maddening gratitude for little pleasures and treats that Elif shrank from.

"I expect you'd like a cup of tea up here, dear, and then you can rest and unpack."

"And Adam?"

"You'll see Adam at dinner, mother."

"Oughtn't I—not having met him?"

"No, I don't think so, mother."

"Doesn't it seem funny somehow?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Elif—you would tell me if you weren't? Oh! but you must be! You are—in this glorious place. Does that girl write to you, Elif?"

"Emily? Oh, yes. Frequently. She's got a very good place in the heart of London—a parlormaid. She's very happy."

"Well, I'm going to sit down and give her a piece of my mind! When I think of the way Mrs. Travers kept her chasing up and down in that boarding house in Moss Side, and the cupboard she slept in and . . . Why! Elif, she'd even chilblains on her ears! She used to cry and cry with them and her poor feet. I thought she'd go mad when you married Adam and sent for her to come out as maid."

"Well, she went mad out here instead."

"I declare!"

"Well, I'll just run down to Adam, mother. Blanche will bring your tea."

"Who's Blanche?"

"One of the Italian maids, dear."

"It's no good, Elif. I shall have to have a good lie down. I can't take it all in!"

BY a miracle Elif had met Adam Holt in the art gallery in Manchester. The cold, thin, nervous moustache of a man had been jolted unexpectedly by her black-and-white loveliness into speaking to her. He adored beautiful things. Elif, absurdly cheaply dressed for her grave, precious beauty was lovely. He asked her to dine with him that night at the Midland. He dressed exactly as he talked, ate, moved and often thought—beautifully. Elif, sick of life, an insurance office, the grind, the cold, the cheap boarding-house existence, saw him for precisely what he was—a cultured dilettante, with nerves, money, manners, an undimmed constitution and a rare grasp of the art of living elegantly. Her mother was nursing a dying sister at St. Anne's. Before she could leave her Elif was married and had returned with her husband to his villa to live permanently in Italy. She might have met her future son-in-law, but the day they had arranged the meeting Blanche Tressidor-Brown went down with slight flu. That finished it. Adam Holt was terrified of germs and had the soundest reasons for his fears in the state of his own health. He was dreadfully delicate.

He sent his future mother-in-law a basket of flowers, the price of which gave her sometimes proud, sometimes resentful, cause for speculation until the day of her death.

Now she sat on his right hand and drank marvellous wine from their own vineyards, and ate marvellous food, and all she could think of like a kind of grace, was "From Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand! It seemed somehow to embrace and confine all 'foreignness,' to squeeze all that 'being abroad' meant neat and dry; besides, she often expressed thanks to herself in hymns. It was easier than thinking things out, and it gave her that slightly exalted, moist-eyed feeling that accompanied all her best experiences more pleasantly than anything else.



He was looking at Elif. She stood against the green panelling like a painting, tall, whipcord thin, and pearl-white.

Illustrated by FISCHER

"I CAN'T make that girl out," said she now. "I keep thinking and thinking about it. It beats me. Leaving all this . . . for that?"

"What girl?" said Adam Holt politely.

"Why, Emily. The girl Elif wrote to the boarding house for. You know—"

She discovered that Adam did not know. There were two kinds of men she recognised instantly. The first never knew about servants, and the second never knew about stomachs. Her son-in-law was the former. She was sorry. She looked at Elif and saw that she had crisped up, too, like a touched sea anemone.

"Fancy! you've been here two years! Two years since I saw Elif!"

Was it her Elif, that lovely, strange black-and-white thing in scarlet, like something drawn by one of those funny men—those men who knew more than they ought about all sorts of things?

"How Elif loathed Manchester! The things she used to say! Honestly, they made my flesh creep, even though they were said about a place and not a person! Elif is a Londoner born and bred. Never cared if she never had an hour out of it. Said the country was for cows. How's she kept away from it all this time?"

"We've been to Paris, Vienna, Florence, Rome." It was Elif speaking, cool and sweet; something frightening about the voice—like a voice coming out of a fountain, something hidden in a spray of words. "Adam loathes London."

"It makes me ill."

"Fancy!" said Blanche Tressidor-Brown.

Then she said:

"Lots of pretty things you've got here, Adam. I don't think I ever saw so many lovely things in my life outside a shop or a museum."

"They are museum pieces," said Elif gently, negligently.

Blanche Tressidor-Brown saw the look her son-in-law gave his wife. His eyes a hot glow. A phrase of old slangy Elif leapt back at her. "She's his best museum piece," and "He's afraid!" she thought, startled.

"Shall we go, mother?" said Elif.

SHE was on her feet, swaying, scarlet. She was lovely. All her thoughts were secret, inlaid behind the gorgeous marble and ebony and blood red of her. She was like

pearl-white. Kid-glove white and soft. Her eyes, burning, burning. Green water eyes. When she was little Blanche Tressidor-Brown would never dress her in green. One felt about those eyes as one felt about very gold hair. Of course people could never say they were dyed—only somehow. . .

"Come along, darling," said Elif. She turned back; she seemed to flicker in the doorway like some thin red tongue of flame. "Shall I write to Humbert Earle for you, Adam?"

"Yes," said her husband. "Do. Tell him to come when he likes."

FIRST Elif gained the lovely blue-and-gold drawing-room, drawing her plump mother after her silently like an outside dressmaker's dummy on a string.

"Not the Humbert Earle, Elif?"

"There's only one."

"The actor?"

"Yes. He's coming to stay."

"You've met him?"

"No. He's Adam's greatest friend. He's had laryngitis and had to throw up his part."

"Fancy!"

She supposed Elif had become what they called "Modern." Well, it hurt as much as if she had become a nun, shut her off so neatly. She had hoped for "little lie downs" together in the afternoon after lunch—and there were sort of pickings in marriage that drew mother and daughter close together and didn't give anyone away, but the exchange made them sort of cosy, intimate, tender. And there would be times when Adam would be out, and they'd have snacks and cups of tea and pull dresses out of the wardrobe—almost as if they were girls. . . . You couldn't do anything with anyone as lovely as Elif had become. You couldn't do things with lovely people, only for them.

"Elif, you are, aren't you?"

Elif coiled an arm round her. That arms could be so long and blanched

consciousness of her own gradual dying in the midst of life, as if her own poor little shadow were pressed up against the dreadful burning loveliness already fading—that was when her husband had said, "I think Elif is going to be a bit like you were, Mother."

"I'm going to potter about in the garden a bit, dear; just take a turn or two. Don't mind me." Then, with a sudden urgency, "Elif, you are happy, aren't you?"

Again the cool spray of words, and Elif hidden in them like a voice in a fountain.

"Angel, of course."

"DEAR Madam—"

"I'm fairly set up now. I don't really know what to say. Some of them hardly worn, as you might say. They're better than hers, though they've all got to be washed at home! I really don't know what to say! You should have heard the girls! They wanted to take them down and show her! She's been to Ranelagh. She's always somewhere. Such a fuss! London's really quite nice. The shops are lovely. Bourne's is swell! No one cares what time you're in here, because she's never in. Always theatres and dances. She's on the go all the time. She's been to the Savoy Grill after the theatre every night this week, and they pick up people and bring them home. She's a gay one! You should hear the other parlormaid on the glasses in the morning. It isn't whisky she breathes on them and polishes, dirty pig! She's got a lot of new clothes. The flat is lovely. She says London's good enough for her; hot water everywhere and electric fires. She's got taste. She spent the morning at Harrod's; had lunch there. Cook waited till two. Dress shows every morning now. She's smart. Paris sends the best to London, she says. She uses lovely scent, bath powder, salts, everything the same. She rides in the Row. Looks nice. Not much she's out of. Always on the go. The parks are lovely, and crowds of people; such pretty dresses. I went and sat there on Sunday because she was out. Never seen so many people. London's crowded."

Oh! she'd been a fool to send those undies and lure this—and yet, she wanted it so. It fed . . . something. Ranelagh! The shops! Bourne and Hollingsworth! Theatres! Savoy Grill! The Strand! Oh, the Strand! The parks! The Row! Crowded! Crowded! People! Noise! Traffic! Tea shops! Hairdressers everywhere! Cinemas! Buses! Ready-made dresses! London! London! London! Fed by illiterate letters in little drops from Emily—Emily who had been able to get away, to clear out. That other woman Emily served! Lucky, lucky woman living in London! Near Piccadilly! Piccadilly! Elif wanted suddenly to break the silence—to put out the heavy scent in the garden, as God sometimes put out people, and towns in this alien land—suddenly! To shut it all down.

"Elif! I've never seen such flowers! Never! Never! Oh! my dear, it's Paradise! There wasn't even a violet in Manchester when I left; not a snow-drop. Elif, I couldn't have believed if I hadn't seen. Fancy! Well—and what's Emily got to say for herself?"

"What have they ever got to say for themselves, darling!"

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## A Long Complete Story

one of those queer things in novels that men went flaming after. One's own daughter, who adored shops and cinemas and ice-cream sodas, beside whom one knelt on the floor with paper patterns sucking pins. Not nice! Oh, not nice! Queer! The little woman's lips trembled.

Suddenly she heard church bells. Crystal clear, like little loving pats of reassurance they ran through the soft silence. The team stood in her eyes, warm, unshamed as she looked up at her son-in-law.

"Fancy! How lovely! Church bells! I've never had much of the country, but I remember lying in bed early in the morning week-ends we had, and hearing them, and the hens laying eggs and things. I used to cry a bit. You know. It was so lovely. Thank you, Adam, so much for asking me to stay with you. I think you've rented a bit of Paradise."

"Bought it, Mrs. Tressidor-Brown," said Adam Holt.

He was looking at Elif. She stood against the green panelling like a painting; tall, whipcord thin, and

and painfully thin and yet so strangely lovely!

"Darling pet, just the same. Mothers never change. Of course I am, and my feet are warm, and my throat isn't sore. . . . And I did remember to throw open the bed before I came down to breakfast."

"Look, Elif. There's a letter for you. Well, I declare. It's from that Emily! Fancy! Read it aloud and see what she's got to say for herself. I hope she's struck a tartar. What a nerve to write to you! Let's hear."

Elif said:

"You know what their letters are, darling. I sent her some old undies of mine."

"Well, I must say I don't think it would hurt."

Then the scent of the garden got the elder woman like a great surprise, flowing through the french windows. So lovely, so lovely! She shut her eyes and was strangely aware of pain flowing behind them—pain and sadness carried on the very exquisiteness of that unbelievable fragrance. Only once had she felt it before; that strange



# HOLIDAY LOVE

By  
**Holworthy  
HALL**



**F**ROM the very first moment that he was presented to her, Anderson felt that he was ready to pledge his immortal soul for her, whether anything could be gained by it or not. She was thoroughly modern, both in clothes and conversation, and yet her sweetness of disposition somehow made him think of old-fashioned gardens and sprigged muslin. She was beautiful, she was active, she was considerate; in the ballroom she was a feather, and in the moonlight she was a fairy philosopher. But it was in the moonlight, hardly forty-eight hours after he had met her at Seabrook, that his visions came crashing to earth. He learnt from her that her father was James Paine, perhaps the second largest manufacturer of soap and perfume in the world. And Anderson earned his living by sitting on a high stool in James Paine's outer office. He knew Mr. Paine by sight, but Mr. Paine wouldn't know him from Adam.

"Why?" she exclaimed, when they made their discovery, "then you're a friend of Walter Blanchard's! Isn't he a perfect marvel, though? I like him tremendously. He and my father are in several City things together."

Strolling beside her, Anderson was tongue-tied. James Paine was a business demi-god, and Walter Blanchard—a man universally heralded as a financial genius, and who didn't even suspect that Anderson existed—was obviously one of Miss Paine's intimates. Anderson possessed some very austere perceptions concerning poor young employees and rich young women.

He gave her a roguish smile.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I haven't even been introduced to Mr.

## Easter

He was a man, and yet a deity,  
A holy Man who trod the ways  
of earth;  
A Son of God, and yet in brother-  
hood  
He taught the creeds of kindli-  
ness and mirth.  
Who loved the healthy laughter  
in men's hearts,  
And the wise ways of tolerance  
and truth;  
Who gave a greater wisdom to the  
aged,  
And undiscovered gentleness to  
youth.

Who, being divine, forgave the  
greatest sins,  
Knowing the many weaknesses  
of men.  
What comfort here of kindness  
and hope  
To-day He walks the ways of  
earth again.  
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Blanchard—I'm only a junior. And about your father—well, I never dreamt that, of course. Let's go in and dance," he ended abruptly.

In view of his previous ardor, his conduct during the next few days was so remarkable that finally when she encountered him on the veranda she accused him point-blank of neglecting her.

Anderson's face was blank.

"Why, I don't know that I'd go so far as to say that," he told her. "But I do hate to sail under false colors. And I don't belong to this crowd; I'm only a spectator."

She regarded him soberly.

"Take me for a walk along the cliffs," she said. "I have something to say to you."

They went together to a little chancel of pines, dominating the harbor. There Miss Paine dropped down to the moss, Anderson, leaning against a tree, surveyed the blue water.

"Now, what is it all about?" she demanded. "Where did you get this silly

inferiority idea? And is that any reason why you should have been so rude to me?"

He glanced down at her stolidly. "I haven't been rude to you. But I just can't afford to know you. It would only make me unhappy. It's all very well in Seabrook, but in London I've got about the income of a plumber. Why, it would cost me more than a day's income simply to take you out to lunch! And I'm not a tame cat, and I've got my own opinions about things. So I'd rather get it over—and the sooner the quicker."

She was tearing bits of moss into still lesser bits of moss.

"You're very unfair," she said, under her breath. "You make me out to be so mercenary! It's perfectly horrid of you! I don't choose my friends by the amount of money they have."

"No," said Anderson, "but you don't know what it is to be on the other side of the fence. And this is all rather futile anyway, because I'm going back to London to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes, madam. Back to the treadmill. Holidays over. And I had saved up for three months for it. I wanted to see what Seabrook was like. Well, it was worth it. I suppose—even I have some ethics, and even I don't believe in holiday love."

"Holiday love?" she queried, with a tiny frown.

"Um-hum," said Anderson, as phlegmatically as he could. "So let's regard this as good-bye."

She rose and they started towards the hotel, but at the edge of the lawn she lingered to smile up at him.

"You've done your best to insult me," she said, "but you haven't quite succeeded. You're too transparent. And you're too conventional. Only—I appreciate you even if I do think you're absurd. At least, it makes you different. And this isn't good-bye—because you're coming to see me in London."

To himself, however, Anderson swore that he wasn't. Her charm had overwhelmed him, but his salary was six pounds a week, and he was extremely proud and acutely sensitive. To be sure, if her father had been endowed with a simple competence, he might not have taken himself at such a low valuation. After all, he had just turned twenty-five, and his progress in the office had been excellent. But was that any excuse for him to make himself look like a sycophant? No, and above all men in creation he despised the underling who marries money. The safest procedure, then, was for him never to see her again.

But he did. In October he had a formal little note from her; she had returned to town and desired him to come to tea, specifically to meet Mr. Blanchard. Anderson acquiesced, and wrestled with his convictions. But apart from his convictions, wouldn't it appear distinctly odd to Mr. Blanchard if Anderson refused to meet him socially? And was Anderson in any position to risk offending his chiefs? Well, not exactly! Plague take the woman, anyhow!

**S**o he bought a new tie and went to tea, and found Miss Paine apologetically elusive. Blanchard, however, was ultra-servicely cordial.

"Up to now," he said, "I've really been too busy to meet everybody in the office. But I've heard about you, though. They tell me you're rather a budding genius."

Yes, it had probably been good business to come to tea, but at the same time, it was a strain—largely because Elsa was on such ultra-familiar terms with Blanchard.

But Blanchard was Anderson's commanding general, and he wasn't yet forty. Confound him, anyhow! But what was the good of being jealous? His principles hadn't changed, and in ten minutes he and Elsa were going to part for ever. Why, the only reason he had come at all was to pay social homage to his chief; he had now done it, and that was that!

Accordingly he parted for ever. But within the week he had another cool note from her; her father had heard much about him and would be pleased if he would dine with them on Thursday. Or if Anderson had a prior engagement for Thursday, would he kindly indicate what other evening would be convenient?

Anderson mopped his forehead. Could he reply that no evening would be convenient?

Nevertheless he tossed a penny to decide whether he should accept or decline. The first time the coin hit



a chair leg, which obviously wasn't fair. The second time it bounced, which was manifestly wrong. But the third test was conclusive, and Anderson yielded to the verdict. He accepted for Thursday, bought himself a new pleated shirt, and arrived at the Paines' in such excellent time that he patrolled the footpath for fully fifteen minutes before he ventured to ring the bell.

He consoled himself, on the way home afterwards, by the reflection that it had been good business to come to dinner, too, for he had got along famously with old James Paine, and Mr. Paine had informed him when they would play golf together. Mr. Paine didn't invite him. He informed him. And it wouldn't have been altogether diplomatic to antagonize his chief, would it?—even if his chief's daughter planned in advance to drive out to the links with them, and follow them round, and dine with them afterwards? No. Business is business.

But while they were having coffee after golf, Mr. Paine said to Elsa in an amiable growl: "I like this boy. Plays golf with his clubs, instead of his mouth like most of 'em do. What night have we got free next week—Tuesday?"

Anderson gulped, and said that he would be delighted. But he firmly resolved that on Tuesday he and Elsa must part for ever. They must! He owed it to his principles and his self-respect.

## When Business Gave Way to Romance

On Tuesday, however, the pompous old man opened with quick fire. In short, gruff questions he went to the bottom of Anderson's education, motives, ambitions and prejudices. Indeed, he omitted only politics and religion.

"Boy," he said witheringly, finally, "your ideas are all wrong. You're too anxious to get ahead. Think you're in a rut, eh? Well, when I was your age I was an assistant in a chemist's shop. Wasn't that a rut, eh? Well, how did I get out of it? The same way you can. I worked, sir. I learnt how soaps and perfumes kept moving; studied 'em; studied the people who bought 'em. Earned every step I took, sir, by plain, common, hard work and ordinary intelligence. Study what's right in front of your nose—whether it's soap, or silver, or sausages—and you won't go far wrong. Don't be a fool. Look at Walter Blanchard." He yawned expansively.

They went together to a little chancel of pines, dominating the harbor. There Miss Paine dropped down to the moss; Anderson, leaning against a tree, surveyed the blue water.

"Well, I'm going to bed. But you stay and talk to Elsa. Oh, Elsa! Come here a minute."

As soon as they were alone, Anderson nerved himself for the final parting. At any rate it was made easier by Mr. Paine's plain judgment of him.

"Well," he said tentatively, "I fancy I'm in dutch with your father all right."

Elsa stared at him.

"Do you know what he just told me? He said: 'Don't let that boy get dis-

"**Y**OU know," he said to Elsa, "your friend Blanchard's a regular prince."

"Yes," said Elsa judicially. "He's a wonder. And do you know what he says about you? He says you're a perfect wizard, and you're going a long, long way."

Anderson flushed. "That's encouraging." But he was wondering how many men would have made the same statement, in the same circumstances.

If the situation hadn't been tragic, it would have been amusing. Mr. Paine, outwardly a nettle, had taken a keen fancy to him, and would scarcely let him out of sight. Elsa treated him exactly as she did Blanchard, but for two things. She wouldn't let him take her to lunch more than once a month (and even then her appetite was negligible) and she reproached him when he sent her violets. He always sent violets, because that was the limit of his purse.

"Oh, but you shouldn't do it," she said, burying her face in the dewy fragrance. "You're extravagant! And—and rather sweet. In fact, I almost like you. But you mustn't!"

She never knew how this galled him. For he was well aware that Blanchard, who could afford to praise him to her, could also afford to send her long-stemmed roses by the armful, and orchids by the basket.

And then, in March, he was unexpectedly moved several rungs of the office ladder, being put into the advertising department, with a salary of six hundred a year.

Please turn to Page 40



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Taft,  
sketched by Petrov

## EVENING COATS . . . and Modish CAPES

FOUR DEFINITE LENGTHS in coats and capes figure in the evening mode of the season. You can take your choice of waist, hip, three-quarter, or hemline length.

P E T R O V



● **THIS** evening cape is made of pale blue sheer woollen with a cellophane thread. The dress top matches it and the skirt is black satin. Next it is a full-length coat of leaf-green velvet. The sleeves are very wide all the way down. A brilliant clip is worn on the left shoulder.

### Keen Rivalry Between COATS and CAPES!

**E**VENING coats this season are just as exciting as the dresses beneath. However luxurious your dress is, it will be spoilt unless you wear the correct coat.

This should not cause you much trouble, for the styles you have to choose from are unending.

Over your pencil-silhouette dress you may wear any of the styles mentioned below. Over your "picture dress" your coat or cape will have to be short or three-quarter.

Capes and coats are close rivals: it is hard to tell which is the more popular. These have four definite lengths, and each has numerous varieties.

First there is the shoulder cape or scarf. This is made of fur or material and just covers the shoulders. Often it is just two huge sleeves with the minimum of back and two ends tying beneath the chin. It may be a velvet scarf or a little fur or fabric cape reaching the elbows.

It can be a quilted or padded taffeta cape; it might just be one or two foxes forming a cape collar. Velvet and velveteen, gold and silver lame, brocade, satin, metal and cellophane-run, crepes and wools and brocades and taffetas; all these you will use.

**T**HE second style reaches the waist or the hips. Capes again, and little

jackets with flared peplums, draped scarf collars and wide sleeves. Swagger back jackets hang straight from the shoulders, often having four knife-pleats centre back; these are usually slightly shorter in front.

The third and fourth styles are more suitable for cold nights, being longer, and therefore warmer. First there are the three-quarter-length capes and coats. The capes fit snugly over the shoulders, as seen in the black one sketched above, and then hang in a slight flare to below the knees. They may be pulled tightly around the hips and held up in front, or just allowed to hang loosely.

They finish at the neckline in scarf ends, they button, they remain plain, they are lined with a contrasting color and material which turns over and shows at the neck and down the front.

Three-quarter coats are never fitted to the waist, and narrow around the hem. When they fit the waist they flare out at the knees. They hang from the shoulders, do not quite meet in front, and are cut on the straight of the material with no fullness at the hem—this gives a square silhouette which is rather broadening.

The first variety either wrap over to the side or meet in front, they have big shawl collars of velvet—plain or quilted, wide lapels, fur collars, scarf collars and

● **RATHER** like a coachman's coat is the model in silver lame. The rippling collar and cuffs are of black velvet. The coat is worn over a black velvet dress. The Mainbocher model in taffeta has a three-quarter coat which flares from the hips and wraps around. The big shawl collar is quilted.

capas as well as sleeves. There are two styles illustrated above. One of silver lame shows black velvet collar and cuffs, the other of taffeta has the Persian tunic effect, longer in back than in front, and has a large shawl collar of quilted taffeta.

**LAME**, brocade, velvet, velveteen, moire, taffeta and heavy satin, and some of the fine woolsens, are used for these capes and coats.

They have contrasting linings and collars only when one of the colors matches the dress beneath. When the coat or cape is one color it need not match the dress, but be careful of your color combinations. For example—a black three-quarter coat or cape can be worn over any color except navy-blue or brown, but it will look best over red, emerald-green, black, yellow, pale blue, or pink—especially if you wear two flowers the same color on one shoulder.

A royal-blue coat is lovely over black, bright green, grey, dark red, itself. Dark green velvet is fashionable for evening coats—worn over paler green, brown, pink, red, orange, and purple. Navy-blue is a good winter coat color—it is smart with anything except brown and black.

Silver and gold lame makes many coats, and they can be worn with any color. Floral brocades are also smart.

**COAT** materials need not be of the same texture as the dress, but it gives added smartness if they are—thus, a velvet coat over a velvet dress, a satin cape over a satin dress. Your evening coat will probably have to be worn over dresses of distinctly different colors, so perhaps you had better have the fourth style of covering—the floor-length coat.

These coats are made of the same materials as the three-quarter coats, the

● **NAVY-BLUE** velvet or satin fashions this long coat. The sleeves hang to the knees. A red velvet scarf is worn high at the throat.

most popular being velvet, taffeta, and velveteen. They have fur collars and big shawl collars and plain high necks. They always have big full sleeves. These may assume immense proportions if you are tall and slender; you will see some in the green velvet coat sketched. They are wrist or three-quarter length, set in to wide armholes, they flare towards the wrist, or they can be gathered up into a tight wristband.



# NEW WAYS . . . with NEW FABRICS

. . . And New Color Schemes



●THIS model is one of the very latest overseas fashions, both in material and in make. The material is cellophane tissue, a dress stuff which is enjoying quite a vogue at present, and the trimmings are of white pique. The make is the "Mae West" effect, obtained by the use of a tight belt for the waist, and by having the material gathered over the hips. Designed by Lucille Parvaille.

●THE AFTERNOON frock next is of black taffeta, and has ruffles around neck and sleeves. Taffeta is, of course, much worn this year. The new silhouette effect is featured in this model by flared frill around the hips. Also new is the three-quarter sleeve.

●A HOSTESS gown suitable for the cocktail hour also appears above. This model is new both in make and material. Fine black "matted crepe" forms the main part of the frock, the wide roomy sleeves, which are now so popular, being made from gold lame. Model by Walthers.



Photos and article from our London office by air mail.

As well as a multitude of new materials made in thrilling new modes, Paris and the famous London houses are all showing collections in which new and exciting color schemes are featured.

For instance, the new color which Paris shows this year, and which is bound to prove important, is a goldish hue called amber, but which really runs the gamut of three amber tonings—the warm, deep glow of the clear amber, the golden yellow we usually associate with amber proper, and the pale lemon of the light clouded amber.

## Versatile Color

These shades are used effectively in lace cocktail frocks, and, indeed, in all sorts of frocks, whether filmy or heavy-weight. Amber is the color in which tulle party frocks are made, and in which

woollen suits are dyed. Even fox is dyed to this coloring, which gives a natural as well as very smart effect.

Some new materials which feature this new color scheme include a sort of heavy crepe with a lovely surface called "antelope crepe"; a material called "Fortune Satin," which hangs in graceful folds, is especially suitable for wedding or presentation gowns, has a semi-shiny surface and is reversible; and there is "mousse-crepe," a rough crackled chiffon, semi-transparent, but giving the impression of crepe.

Norman Hartnell has been showing a model called "Falling Star." In this the color scheme is a blue ground, with a

star design in sequins added here and there to give the correct shining effect. The tulle top of the frock is embroidered all over with sequins and on the sleeves and frill, which also are of tulle, the same design is present.

## Moonlight Pastels

As well as this "night sky" model, frocks for afternoon and evening both wear the pastel tones which are called "moonlight tints." These moonlight pastels are becoming to wear, and are very feminine and seductive.

These pale tints are, however, as a rule confined to what is called "Madame's well-wear." For daily wear pastels are hardly serviceable enough for most of us.

So it still remains fashionable to wear the darker and more "useful" shades of blue, green and brown when we are buying "business" frocks.

●THIS IS A VERY LUXURIOUS garment, and the possessor of one of these evening gowns is lucky, indeed. Made of white cloque, the coat is trimmed with fox fur which is black in this model, although it will be fashionable this winter to dye our fox furs all sorts of colors. Note the spacious sleeves.

• • • • •

●IT HAS BEEN for years the custom to dress young girls, or girls just leaving school, in velvet for party occasions. But this year the monotony of the plain material is relieved in many ways. In the evening frock (left) the neck, skirt and cuffs are of white linen, while the skirt is trimmed with white coral. Model by Marcel Rochas.

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S  
BRONCHITIS CURE

CU



# An Editorial

APRIL 20, 1935.

## PLACE THIS FUND ABOVE POLITICS



FROM one end of Australia to another the movement in aid of maternal and infant welfare is receiving support. It may be said, indeed, that the Jubilee Fund scheme, originating in the expressed wish of His Majesty the King, promises to be one of the most successful, as it is one of the most admirable of our time.

That a large sum will be available is certain. From Federal and State Governments about £80,000 is already in sight. The response of the public may swell the aggregate to £200,000 or £250,000.

The sum is large, but in view of the tens of thousands to be helped it will not be too large, or even large enough, for the purposes in view.

There is one important question that should be settled in advance. Who should administer the Fund?

It is proposed to set up an advisory committee of five persons, three men and two women; but this committee is to be advisory only. The expenditure, Mr. Hughes informed the House of Representatives last week, "will rest with the Minister of Health," who is Mr. Hughes himself.

In other words, the control will be political. No matter how expert the committee, it will be powerless to allocate a sixpence for anything.

In a matter like this, in which women are primarily interested, it is surely ridiculous that they should be pushed into a back seat, with no deciding voice on any expenditure, and without even equal representation as advisers.

Administration of the Fund, which is to be operative in all States, should be a full-time job, and the best qualified person in Australia, preferably one with medical and obstetric knowledge, should be at the head. He should act with a committee in which women have at least an equal voice with men.

Only a Fund placed above party and above politics will guarantee the public response that everyone desires.

—THE EDITOR.

### Lyric of Life

#### Dream House

Because we've planned a house of dreams,  
Steadfastly through the years,  
We meet the ups and downs of life  
And triumph over tears.

As architects we've sketched the plans  
With eyes and hearts aglow;  
A house to meet the morning sun  
And watch the daylight go.

As builders we have worked and toiled  
To make our dream come true;  
And built at last our house of life  
That laughter echoes through.

As gardeners we have trimmed the lawns,  
Along the happy path...  
The house of dreams is all complete,  
And may God bless our hearth.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## As His Wife Sees Him

OUT of the mists of Europe there emerges the grim, saturnine figure of Ludendorff, almost forgotten since his abortive Hitler coup of twelve years ago. Germany has resurrected him on the eve of his 70th birthday, and will pay him all the honors due to a military genius.

Few people knew anything about Ludendorff, the man, as apart from Ludendorff the soldier, until his former wife wrote her book, "My Married Life With Ludendorff," in which she explained why she sought and obtained a divorce. He was a hard man to live with.

"Any contradiction was liable to make him lose his temper completely," she writes. "Any woman will tell you what that means. As Longfellow so feelingly observed—  
"Wives of great men all remind us  
Heroes have their feet of clay!  
Glory's headlights must not blind us—  
Would-be brides should stay away."

## Women Travellers

OUT of the Orsova's 525 passengers, when that popular liner reached Fremantle en route to England, just 251 were women and girls. Which means that the men on board were outnumbered two to one! Shipping officials say this is about the average for Australian tourist ships going to England.

What is the reason? Is a flair for ocean travel becoming more and more a feminine trait? Do women like change of scene more than men like it? Or is there something in the notion that the modern girl with means looks on a trip abroad as the path to adventure and romance?

A hundred years ago three out of every four travellers on an ocean-going ship were men. There is only one way now for a woman to hold the stage on a voyage to England. She must fly there, as Jean Batten is doing.

## In Bridal Dress

QUEER how points of view differ. That Melbourne clergyman who refused to marry a prospective bride when she appeared before him in a low-cut dress was another illustration of the truth that different people live mentally on different planes.

No clergyman, except perhaps an occasional nonconformist of the John Knox type, objects to a low-cut dress in a ballroom. But the idea persists that clothes and still more clothes are the right and proper thing when one goes to church.

They may be right. But customs change. Who knows whether an Australian Archbishop will not frown some day on the bride who comes to church wearing clothes that hide all defects, and prevent shapely arms and shoulders being seen?

## May Follow Sir Isaac

IF Lord Trenchard comes to Australia as Governor-General he may achieve the rare feat of giving pleasure to two countries—the one he has left and the one in which he is arriving.

Australia will be glad to welcome a man with such a record—a soldier with a brilliant record in two wars, the Boer War and the Great War. He is a man of the people, owing his title to himself and not to his birth. As head of the London police he has filled with distinction one of the biggest jobs in the world.

But there are 2,000,000 owners of motor cars in England who will raise a cheer when his ship pushes off for the Antipodes. The speed limit of 30 miles an hour in "built-up" areas in Great Britain is a terrible bugbear to drivers in a country that is nearly all built-up, and report says that Trenchard is the man mainly responsible.

## Marriage in Berlin

WHEN General Goering, a man risen from the ranks to be Germany's Air Minister, was married in Berlin last week there was a joyful demonstration. We are told that 100,000 people cheered the wedding party. The present ruler of Germany, Herr Hitler, sat beside the bride at the banquet that followed.

This is the new Germany with a vengeance. For the bride was none other than Fraulein Sonnemann, described as "beautiful, blonde actress of the Prussian State Theatre." Pleasure the Germany of 20 years ago—and the ex-Kaiser's attitude to the marriage of his Chief Minister with an actress!

The 300 war planes, swooping above the ceremony, are a reminder of other German changes—disturbing ones.

## Too Much Noise

LONDON has its Anti-Noise League, and its chairman, Sir Henry Richards, is a man who looks on noise as the chief enemy of mankind. "A crime against society," he calls it. We say, "Hear, hear," to this, and wonder why someone hasn't started an Anti-Noise League in Australia.

There are people who don't seem to mind noise. You remember Othello, and his regret at the noisy things he was leaving—

"Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife!"

Of course, he was only a Moor, and not as sensitive as you or I, but even he would have found the roar of modern machinery, the screeching of motor cycles, the blast of steam sirens, and the blare of loud speakers insupportable.



THIS IMPRESSIVE MONUMENT, in its beautiful surroundings, is the tomb of Wrigley, the American millionaire, who was recently interred in the mausoleum situated at a favorite beauty spot on his Catalina estate.

portable. Even in the home the sounds of revelry are increasing, and that "most excellent thing in woman," a low and musical voice, not as frequent as it was.

## Unwritten Law

JUDGE WELLS, of the Northern Territory, is no believer in the "unwritten law." In that respect he is merely following the precedent of English judges who have said again and again that there is no such thing, and that if you take the law into your own hands you must pay the penalty.

All the same, the sentence of ten years passed on a Darwin miner who shot the assailant of his 13-year-old daughter strikes one as being lacking in allowance for the parent's naturally frenzied state of mind, particularly in view of the jury's strong recommendation to mercy.

In Honolulu recently, the American governor released on his own bond a man found guilty of shooting someone who had perpetrated a criminal offence against the accused's wife. We don't want American lynch law in Australia, but civilized countries can still allow something for provocation that is beyond endurance.

## FROM SUE TO LOU

## A Bright Girl's Letters



# Easter or the Easter Egg...

## Which Came First?

By STEWART HOWARD

There is an old conundrum: Which came first, the chicken or the egg? In the days before biology was a science, philosophers argued this weighty matter interminably, but without getting anywhere. At this season of the year a similar question might be asked: Which came first, the Easter Egg or Easter?

IF Easter is to be accounted, as indeed it is to-day, a purely Christian festival, the answer is easy; the Easter Egg was a symbol in use long before the first martyrs for the faith were thrown to the lions in Roman arenas.

For long centuries before the Christian religion was founded the Egg was in evidence at those yearly rejoicings with which the Pagans welcomed in spring and the reawakening fruitfulness of nature.

When Christianity began to take hold and spread, old festivals were not abandoned. Instead, they were maintained, the only difference being that a new significance was grafted on to ancient practice; instead of Easter being a season of rejoicing for the rebirth of fertility, it became a period of thanksgiving for the redemption of mankind by the martyrdom of the Son of God. And the Egg still kept its place in the paraphernalia of festivity and goodwill.

## Ancient Customs

AS Europe and the Church progressed through the early years of the Christian era to the Middle Ages, and thence through the Renaissance, other customs which may have had a purely Christian significance became identified in various localities with the Easter season.

For instance, in some of the northern counties of England there survived, up to the beginning of this century, the practice of "lifting" or "heaving."

On Easter Monday the men of the various villages would lift up the women, and the women would do the same to the men on Easter Tuesday. The method was for the two "lifters" to join hands across each other's wrists. One of the opposite sex would sit on the seat so provided and be carried a few yards.

It has been claimed that this action is symbolical of the resurrection.

Then there was the old custom of distributing cakes at this season. In Kent there were the "Biddenden cakes." These were supplied to the poor of the parish by means of an old endowment, the source of which was twenty acres of land known as the "Bread and Cheese Lands."

But it is significant that the distribution of cakes and practices such as "lifting" were purely local in character, and, for the most part, are dead or rapidly dying. The Egg, however, persists; it is still a part of Easter in every Christian country, and shows no sign of being forgotten.

## The Gay Vienna

IN the old, gay Vienna of pre-war days Easter Eggs, for the rich, were something to talk about. Made of silver, bronze or enamelled metal, they contained jewels, trinkets of value, or money. There is no ground for supposing that these rich "yolks" were symbolical of the richness of nature.

But when, this year, people in Australia, America, England or Europe buy those Easter Eggs, which are as much a part of Easter to them as the Good Friday and Easter Monday holidays, they will not know how this action binds them in a long, unbroken chain to those rejoicing people of more than two thousand years ago.

Civilisations may come and perish, manners and morals change, but fertility, the inexhaustible power of Nature to bear fruitfully, will be, for long, the ultimate object of mankind's reverence. And its symbol is the Egg.



# TRUE ROMANCES As Told By LOWER

## He's an Author-ity on Authors, Plots and Characters

By L. W. LOWER  
Australia's Foremost Humorist.



Illustrated by  
WEP

**W**E'VE just been celebrating Australian Authors' Week. It rather significantly followed the Kindness to Animals Week.

Authors are very queer people. Some of the more intelligent ones are half sane. I myself am the author of "Here's Luck," the greatest book ever published in Australia (Cheers) so I ought to know what I'm talking about (Hooray!).

**F**IVE minutes' conversation with an author will convince anyone who has ambitions to become one that it would be far better to go and put his or her head in a bag and leap from a great height.

I am sure that if there was a prize offered at the Royal Show for a grand champion bore, it would be an author who would have the proud distinction of being led around the ring with the ribbons on.

Of course there is a reason for this. To find out the reason, all you have to do is to write a book. Write it like I do.

You start off with a vague idea and no plot. You plant the hero in the middle of the Sahara desert and then discover that you don't know a darn thing about deserts, and you have to shift him to some place you're more familiar with—by plane, because you don't know anything about boats.

### Too Crowded

**B**Y the time this is done, about eight new characters have butted into the story, and you keep forgetting their names and

which is the wastrel son of the old Earl and what the devil happened to the retired Colonel. You distinctly remember him stepping into the hotel lift for no particular reason, but you can't leave the man shut up in the lift for three chapters.

Then you discover that you have invented a porter with a limp and you rather like him. This renders the hero entirely superfluous, and you lose interest in about twenty-five other people who are cluttering the place up.

You have one of those brain-waves which come only to true genius and decide to burn the hotel down with heavy loss of life.

By the time you've finished with the thrilling part about the firemen dashing in and out of the blazing building and squirting people and swooping up and down ladders you find that, in the furious heat of composition, you have accidentally killed the porter who was saving the proprietor's little child when the wall fell on him.

This is where you get up and walk up and down the room for a quarter of an hour. Then you

kick the desk over and go out and have eight brandies.

Never get married to an author. He's liable to get up in the middle of the night full of bright ideas and firm resolves. He dashes off a few thousand words with the greatest of ease, and then tears them up and behaves like a bear for the rest of the day.

It is after the author gets his book published that people start diving for cover when he appears. The author, however, enjoys himself. Having got someone in a corner where he can't escape he is set for the day.

He will talk about royalties, about there being no scope for intellectual people in this country, about the rotten cover the publisher put on his book, how they mis-spelt a word in chapter nine, how people refuse to display about three million of his books in the main window, how they're not pushing their sales in New Zealand.

### Be Ruthless!

**W**HAT'S more, he'll start talking about his next book, and if you don't fell him to the ground in time, he'll read a bit of it to you. If he goes to the length of asking your opinion of it, you've got him.

Just say "Rotten. Why don't you look for a job?"

He will never speak to you again, being too busy going about telling people what a low hound you are.

I may seem a bit hard on authors, but you ought to hear what I think about some publishers! I can feel it coming on now. I must go out and find a victim who hasn't heard it before. They're getting very scarce now.

**I**F you really want the average Australian author to froth at the mouth, just mention the word "Censor!" and then run for your life. If possible, get Norman Lindsay and Brian Penton together just before you say it.

Or you might mention screen versions of books. Some writers seem to get peeved with film producers. And all the producer does is to alter the title of the thing, change the period and the setting, put in a couple of songs and dances with a few wise-cracks and "Oh, yeahs," and a few juvenile acrobats and a couple of cabaret scenes, and there it is.

That is, until the Film Censor gets hold of it. All he does is to cut out half the wise-cracks, put



**ON SHOW.**—Wep depicts a famous Australian author giving an exhibition of how he works.

the cabaret scenes through a mincer, and stick it together again, alter the hero's name from George to Harry, brand it unsuit-

able for children, and there it is, the complete work. And then the author has the nerve to complain.

## WHY SMART WOMEN PREFER CUTEX



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FOR COUGHS and COLDS



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"I ALWAYS FELT CROOK AT LEAST TWO DAYS IN THE MONTH.."



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# FOUR FRIENDS and DEATH

Complete  
Short  
Story

By . . .  
**C. St. John  
SPRIGG**

Each of the three was endeavoring to assess which was the more likely murderer. Or, rather, two of them were. The murderer could have no doubt.



THE small yacht floated motionless, mirrored in the calm waters of Vigo Harbor. Her split head sail, tattered pennant, and stove-in dinghy were mute evidence of the storms that had battered the yacht in the Bay of Biscay, three days out from Falmouth.

In the saloon the four amateur yachtsmen were celebrating their successful completion of the trip by a glass each of excellent cognac, which washed down a meal of tinned salmon, tinned peaches, and coffee extract prepared by Dr. Garrett, a well-meaning but indifferent cook.

"Cheers!" said Dr. Garrett, lifting his glass. "Cheers!" answered Hopkins, Leathart, and Pickering.

Pickering's greeting seemed particularly hearty, yet immediately after drinking the brandy he gave a moan, flung out his arms, and fell prone.

There was a sudden silence in the cabin. Leathart's rufous face turned pale; he touched Pickering's livid features with a trembling hand, then helplessly loosened his collar.

Hopkins' eyes gleamed behind their pebble glasses, but he made no move. Garrett, with the expert indifference of the medical man, stepped forward, grasped the fallen man's wrist a moment, and then rolled back his eyelids.

"Dead," he pronounced solemnly, straightening himself.

"Good heavens!" stammered Leathart incredulously. "What, why—Has he had a heart attack? Pickering dead! I can't somehow—"

His voice trailed off into silence as he stared at the limp form of that prosperous banker, their host; a moment ago apparently in the prime of life and now stricken down as if by a physical blow.

Leathart was going to say, "I can't somehow cotton on to it . . ." but there was no evading the ghastly reality, the deadness of that inert mass, which had a moment before been living flesh, joking and laughing.

Hopkins still said nothing. His eyes moved from Leathart to Dr. Garrett who was busy about the body. Now he was prising open the mouth . . .

Even at a death, Leathart couldn't help thinking. Hopkins is the same Hopkins; the famous novelist, the remorseless, psychological observer, noting, watching, and never showing his hand.

His personality had grated a little on Leathart when they had first met; it was alien to the breezy openness of the Yorkshire Turf commission agent; but they had been brought together by a common love of the sea, and in the ten years that followed Leathart had grown to respect Hopkins' qualities. A good man in an emergency!

DR. GARRETT now stood up, and covered the face of the dead man with his handkerchief. He wiped his hands slowly on a table napkin, gazing into space, his saturnine face expressionless, and said:

"No, it's not a heart attack. He's been poisoned."

"Poisoned," Garrett?" exclaimed Leathart. "Oh, come! It's impossible!"

"Poisoned!" repeated Hopkins, saying it slowly; almost as if (Leathart thought) he was savoring the phrase on his tongue. But that must be imagination. Just Hopkins' manner. For Pickering had been his friend . . .

"Hydrocyanic acid," said Garrett, still gazing away from them. "Prussic acid, as the layman calls it. No post-mortem is necessary; it's the most easily detected of poisons."

"I can smell it on his lips and see its traces on his face." He lifted up the glass of brandy. "And here is the way it was given him."

The full horror of this now struck Leathart. He found himself unable to do more than beat a few inarticulate sounds.

"Well," said Dr. Garrett, with a trace of impatience, "what are we going to do about it?"

"Yes, what are we going to do about it?" repeated Hopkins, looking at Leathart queerly, almost as if he were amused by this appalling tragedy. But this again could only be Leathart's imagination.

HOPKINS ROBBINS says: My Anthony Patis is made from Italian Gorgonzola Anchoovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

Another long silence followed. The wind had risen and a gentle breeze lapped the ripples softly against the hull; somewhere a beam siren hooted, as a ship manoeuvred in mid-harbor.

After the buffeting of the Bay, the tension of the incessant pitching and rolling and rattle of the rigging, the scene was a peaceful one; and the faces of the three living men in the cabin might have been those of men calmly resting after a strenuous voyage.

But actually, behind each expressionless face, the thoughts were racing; and it was perhaps natural that Hopkins' mind, used to reflection on complex trains of events, should come to a decision first.

"It would be foolish," he said quietly, peering for a moment at the dead form, then, his eyes flickering away, at Leathart, "it would be foolish to deny the obvious implications of this distressing event."

"For Pickering has either killed himself or been poisoned. I think we must all agree that it is highly unlikely that he killed himself. No one could be more cheery than Pickering has been during the last two or three days."

"In any event it is inconceivable that a man, however depressed, would kill himself, without a word, in the presence of three guests. Therefore he has been poisoned."

"Poisoned," repeated Hopkins, his gaze moving to Garrett, "by one of us." Leathart gave a gasp, or it may have been a sigh; but said nothing. Garrett nodded gravely.

"I am afraid you're right, Hopkins. So here we are, moored in the middle of Vigo Harbor, and one of us a murderer."

HIS lean, delicate fingers played thoughtfully with an extinguished cigar stub in front of him. "It's not as if we were three casual acquaintances. We've known each other now for ten years, and we've been shipmates together twenty or thirty times."

"We all know what that means: it means we know each other's characters as intimately as it is possible for men to know them. The best and the worst of them."

"By God, you're right!" exclaimed Leathart gruffly. "And, say what you like, I simply can't believe one of us poisoned Pickering!" In spite of himself, his eyes rested again on the dead man with horror.

"None the less," Hopkins reminded him coldly, "one of us did."

"Yes, one of us did," went on Garrett. "We don't know why. Now Pickering was also a friend. We haven't known him as we've known each other, but we've run into him off and on."

"We've chartered his yacht once or twice; and now, here we are . . . ; and he's dead, murdered by one of us."

"Sooner or later we've got to turn the thing over to the police. I don't know anything about Spanish police procedure, but even if it's as fair as the English—which I doubt—there's the language, which we don't know; that alone will make things infernally unpleasant."

"We three have pulled through plenty of emergencies alone, and it seems to me that we ought to see if we can't get on top of this one."

"What exactly are you suggesting?" said Hopkins with a trace of irritation.

"I'm suggesting that we hold a little court of inquiry of our own before we turn the matter over to the police."

"And give sentences?" asked the novelist sardonically.

"We may or may not do that," answered Garrett slowly. "Before we decide we must hear what the law calls the mitigating circumstances. After all, we're friends . . ."

"I see. In other words, let the murderer spill the beans, and if he's got a good excuse we might help him to escape?"

"And why not?" asked Garrett defensively. "I may be wrong, but it does seem to me that there are circumstances in which murder might be excusable."

"You're right," boomed Leathart, so unexpectedly that the others jumped. "Blackmail, for instance!"

"Blackmail, Leathart?" queried Hopkins, a surprised note in his voice. "And what?" he went on suavely, "makes you think our dear friend Pickering was a blackmailer?"

There was no answer.

"Supposing that after due consideration this court does not find the circumstances justify a recommendation to mercy?"

"Then," said Garrett soberly, "I should like to offer to any friend of mine, however guilty, the decent way out."

"I see. Leave him alone with a revolver, eh?"

Please turn to Page 22

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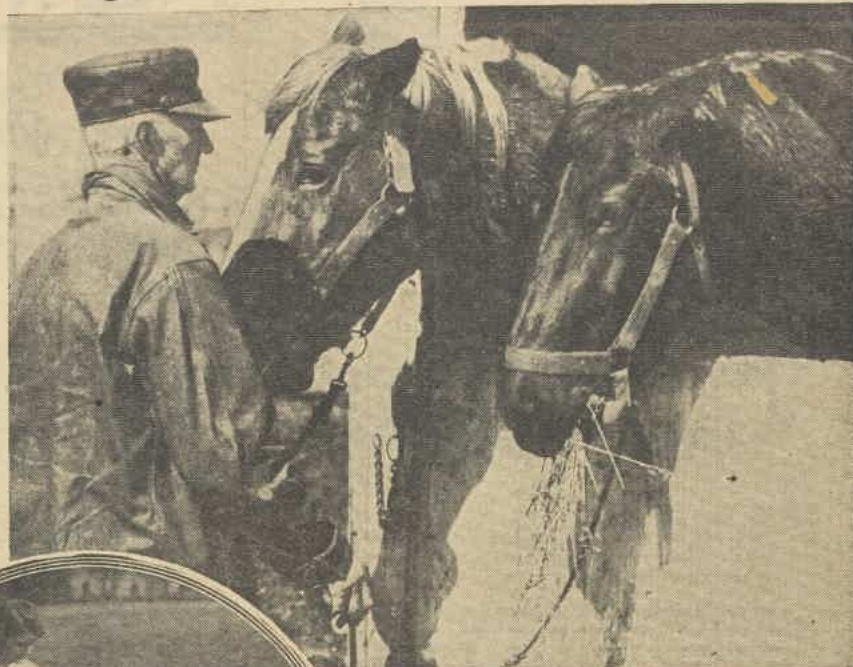
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# Lucky Sea-lion; Lucky Horses; Lucky Pig



IT WOULD not take long to clear the water on an Australian beach if "Oswald" paid our surfers a surprise visit. He is a tame sea-lion who frolics about among the bathers at Catalina, California.



THESE two Kansas horses were left 5000 dollars by the late President of Kansas City Board of Trade, but the will has been disputed by relatives.



CUTHBERT, a pig who was in the cast of "Alice in Wonderland," has now been retired in luxury to the estate of Sir Robert Gunter, in Yorkshire, where Cuthbert lives the life of a gentleman. Here he is seen out for a walk with a friend.



A COLOSSAL mould of the Egyptian king, Tutankhamen, is being exhibited at the University at Chicago. It is supposed to be a true likeness.



MURIEL BRUNSKILL, leading operatic contralto of the Royal Grand Opera Co., will commence a tour of Australia in Brisbane at the end of this month. She will tour under Madeline Clarke.



THIS GIRL, Miss Margaret Caro, was pursued so persistently by an admirer that she went to gaol for two weeks, in America, to avoid his attentions.



ALLENE FRANSEN has been acclaimed the world's most beautiful usher. She works at a cinema at Omaha, America; but, attractive as she is, Australia can produce many ushers just as beautiful.



WITH A CREW LIKE THIS, any yachtman should be happy—especially if he did not want to go anywhere in particular. The girls are snapped on the Eu-na-ma-ra, of the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club, and they are supposed to be pulling up the anchor. The anchor seems to be winning.

QUINTUPLETS INDEED! Mrs. Parker, of Silver Lake, America, was born one of a sextuplet way back in 1866. Each of the six children reached maturity.



AN AMAZING ASPECT of the Lindbergh case. Anthony Cerrone, who has been unemployed for four years, and has a wife and three children, has offered to go to the electric chair in place of Hauptmann for the sum of 3000 dollars. Another man has made the same offer for 6000 dollars.





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FRIENDS may flatter, but your mirror tells you the real truth. If your skin is sallow, if the back of your tongue is coated or your eyes are dull, your liver and system are out of order.

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**ROYAL  
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"All Roads lead to the Show"

## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

### Another of W. B. Maxwell's Good Character Studies

W. B. Maxwell is expert at characterisation, as evidenced in many of his books, particularly in "Spinster of This Parish," "The People of a House," and "Himself and Mr. Raikes."

"And Mr. Wyke Bond," his latest book, written in biographical form, provides another absorbing character study.

IT is the story of a man who is "in," but not definitely "of," high society.

Mr. Bond was not distinguished by any particular qualities. He was ugly, unassertive, but he was, above everything else, kind. Without any obvious attempts at ingratiation he won universal popularity. No one knew the source of his income, his beginnings were obscured in mystery, and he lacked the background that gave status to the aristocratic and notable people with whom he associated.

As far as could be judged by newspaper reports, Mr. Wyke Bond went everywhere, from meetings presided over by Royalty to memorial services and christening parties. Guest lists of all important functions invariably concluded with "and Mr. Wyke Bond."

There was something significant about those words, "and Mr. Wyke Bond." It implied rather a matter of routine, the normal order of things, that which is to be expected and not to be avoided. It conveyed, as soon as one had come to notice it, a sense of inevitableness. One realised that Mr. Wyke Bond went everywhere.

THIS introduction to the hero, as the author himself remarks, suggests super-snobishness, but as the story

progresses one realises that Mr. Bond does not come in this category.

He was a man of extraordinary single-mindedness, one of the few that really knew what he wanted, what made him happiest in life. He set out to achieve these ends for himself, but not at the expense of anyone else. Always he remained kindly, thinking of the happiness of others, even when that happiness seriously threatened his own.

He had no wish for power or authority, just a kittenish sort of desire to bask in the warmth of a society which he had always put on a pinnacle, to feel the satisfying glow that came from pleasant surroundings, from cultured people who had eliminated jarring crudities from life.

But Mr. Bond's personal life was not free from jarring notes.

His one and only love was for a woman of "the people," a tradesman's daughter, who, one suspects, attracted him by her physical attributes. She was uneducated, and had nothing in common with him. Mr. Bond in the first flush of his social successes, let reason overcome his heart and did not yield to his temptation to marry her. Any other association was out of the question for him, so he passed right out of her life.

Years later, when he was dining with Duchesses and hobnobbing with Princes, he met her again, no longer the bright girl of his youth, but a saddened woman with a dying husband and two children.

Mr. Bond adopted the entire family. His love for her had never departed, and eventually when her husband died he married her and provided a home for her family which included her aged father.

Mr. Bond thereafter lived a Jekyll and Hyde existence, but apart from making no attempt to foist the family on his more aristocratic friends, he did not dissociate himself from their intimate family life.

Mr. Bond's family life provides the minor key to the theme. He lived through many troublous days, but eventually we find him back where we started.

Even the account of his demise, chronicled among that of a lot of other notable people, appeared as "and Mr. Wyke Bond."

An absorbing story, told in comparatively few words, and with few digressions. (Hutchinson. Our copy Swains.)

### SHORT... REVIEWS

"PASSIONATE ATTAINMENT" Barbara Cartland. When you learn as early as page 13 that Jane Seymour (ominous name) has bright red hair and a "white skin which freckled easily," and, moreover, that her somewhat vapour mother had married again, you will be quite right in surmising that Jane is "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." Not that her stepfather is a bad sort by any means. It is through him that Jane, after refusing to marry a country squire who attempts a tour de force, learns that her late father had left her a legacy of some £200 a year, of which fact her mother had not thought fit to inform her. With this allowance she determines to go to London to stay with her worldly-minded aunt, Lady Grantleigh, an elderly grande dame of the Victorian period.

Here she meets Guy Stanton, a millionaire, falls in love with him, and marries him out of hand. Why she deserts him practically on their wedding night, what is the shadow which comes between them, why he divorced his first wife, and how yet she still casts a spell over him so that he has to return to her, are all parts of the tangled skein. The author, however, in the usual way straightens it all out, and there is a happy denouement for Jane and Guy. (Hutchinson. Our copy Swains.)

"PALE GUESTS." James Clough. "There's nothing else but instinct to live by. Instincts are far more subtle and powerful than the finest intellects and incomparably smoother roads to happiness. Only few people think that they mean anything but appetites." This, and more in the same strain, is what Mr. Clough wants his readers to deduce from his story, which concerns the experiments made by a sadistic psychologist, Dr. Monyn, upon people whom he has had captured and imprisoned in his home. One feels rather glad that Mr. Clough has told us, or made one of his characters tell us, of his theory. It is obscure until the concluding chapter of the book, or, perhaps, it is that the blood-curdling business that is carried on at Monyn's home is related so realistically that the reader does not suspect anything more than some sort of finality to a gruesome tale. The book is well written and reveals thought, but it is not a bed-time story by any means. (Arthur Barker.)

"THE WIND OF MORNING." Thomas Camborne. Modern and enlightened ideas on age-old problems are provided in this novel. An unusual love story, delicately handled, and its setting is a romantic one—an island off the coast of France, where tragedy and the simple joys of life are closely intermingled. A book well worth reading. (Chatto & Windus.)



ELLA K. MAILLART, author of "Turkestan Solo," has just spent two months in Manchukuo as special correspondent for the "Petit Parisien." Another book on her adventures in that country and China, where she has been since September, 1934, is expected shortly.

### "Over the Water"

THE story of that unhappy Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, the young Chevalier, and his bid for the throne of England, has long been a favorite subject for novelists.

In "Over the Water," a title obviously taken from the old Jacobite song, Miss Oman tells yet again the story of the great adventure. The scene is laid for the most part in the Western Isles, whither Charles fled to the shelter of the Scottish chieftains who had espoused his cause after the battle at Culloden.

Flora Macdonald is, of course, the heroine of the story, and in her devotion to the Stuarts stops at nothing to secure the Prince's escape and safe return to France, which she eventually succeeds in doing.

Louis, however, had had enough of him and, fearing to become embroiled with the English, refused to give him harborage again. Charles therefore departed for Rome where, after a somewhat miserable existence, he died.

Charles is portrayed as a rather unheroic, irresolute figure, but considering that the Stuarts still believed in the divine right of Kings, and regarding the privations which he had suffered, this is scarcely to be wondered at.

Flora, herself, who is brought back to London and imprisoned in the Tower for her share in the escapade, is eventually released and returns home to marry Allan Kingsburgh, a kinsman.

The jacket of this book is rather a novelty, because it depicts the design of the gown in which Prince Charles escaped disguised as "Betty Burke." Flora Macdonald's Irish serving maid, and there is a short bibliography which will be useful to students of the period.

"Over the Water," Carola Oman. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"AUSTRALIA HOPS IN." A. Crocker.

A war story with some unusual features, and showing the enterprise and high daring that characterised the Australian troops. Some interesting glimpses of inland Australia are given, and there is a pleasing love theme. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



HUSBAND: The cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling block to the son.  
WIFE: Well, our John won't have anything to trip over.



"Sharks? No, mate, they never dare come up here—not with all them crocodiles."



VISITOR: I hear that your daughter has learnt Esperanto. Does she speak it fluently?  
FOND MOTHER: Like a native.



TEACHER: If I subtract 63 from 84, what's the difference?  
BORED PUPIL: That's what I say—who cares?



CLOWN: What do you do when they quarrel?  
LION-TAMER: Oh, I just buy a new rabbit.



FRIEND (gazing aloft): Aren't you worried when you see your husband looping the loop?  
AVIATOR'S WIFE: Oh, no! You see, I take all his loose change from his pocket before he goes up.



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FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

## Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

IT was at a Wild West exhibition, and the dear old soul was enormously interested in a gaily-decked cowboy who was attracting attention by his dexterous swinging of a lasso.  
"What a long rope!" she said. "What do you use it for?"  
"Waal, lady," he replied, "when I'm on the ranch, y'see, I use this here long rope for catching cows."  
"Catching cows?" she said, wondering. "How very interesting. But tell me, what do you use for bait?"

NERVOUS SUITOR: If I give you a shilling, will you tell me what your sister says about me?  
Little Brother: Make it two bob and I'll tell you what Dad's going to do to you.

FRIEND: I don't think it is right of you to be engaged to the doctor and to flirt with the chemist.  
Fiancee: I am obliged to keep in with the chemist to decipher my love-letters.

PROPRIETOR (going out to lunch): "Now, my boy, if a customer comes in and wants to look at a piano, flute, banjo, or mandolin, you know what to show him?"  
Boy: Yes, sir.  
Proprietor: And if a customer wants to see a tyre—  
Boy (interrupting): I'll send at once for you, sir!

MOTHER: I call you and call you, yet you take not the slightest notice. Whatever do you think you will be when you grow up?

Joan: I expect I shall have to be a waitress in a tea-shop.

YOUNG MAN: Did you see the mother's face when I told her that she looked as young as her daughter?  
His Friend: No; but I saw the daughter's.

## The Traveller's Companion

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PILLS



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PILLS  
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This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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**"LABURNUM GROVE"**  
J. B. Priestley's Sparkling Comedy.

## 2GB Anti-Drudgery Campaign for HOME

Labor-Saving Devices are Necessities

Mr. A. E. Bennett, the managing director of 2GB, who talks to listeners three mornings a week on Applied Psychology and Personal Problems, said recently, in the course of one of his talks, that he would like to do something towards banishing drudgery from the home.

AND that was the beginning of what promises to become a definite campaign for the banishment of household drudgery.

If you doubt that drudgery exists in Australian homes, the letters that Mr. Bennett received next day should convince you that it does exist. People wrote asking that he should see what could be done to banish drudgery. Their admission that they themselves did not know how to go about it proved more than anything the terribly despiriting effect such drudgery has on people.

A few days later the question came up for discussion at a meeting of the women announcers of 2GB. They agreed that something should be done about it.

It was pointed out at this meeting that the Australian home, though more up-to-date than the average Old World home, definitely lags behind even the poorer homes of America in design and labor-saving devices.

In America they say a man is dominated throughout his life by three people—his mother, his wife, and his daughter—and perhaps that explains why the women of America get the homes they deserve. They see to it themselves.

Letters received by Mrs. Jordan and Auntie Val showed how difficult many women who listened to their sessions found it to get away from their work for even an hour a day. That applied to women who had wireless sets. But there are many women whose homes do not even possess that modern necessity. Mrs. Steiner described some of the homes she visited in the course of her work as president of the Happiness Club—homes spotlessly clean, but at what a cost of nerves and leisure!

THE women must be made to realise that drudgery is unnecessary. In the first place it is the result of badly-built houses, of floors that slant the wrong way, of sinks and baths badly put in, of stoves and windows in wrong positions so that it is impossible to open the window.

It is the result, too, of the lack of such little things as a properly installed ironing board, of inconvenient electric fittings. The result, in short, of homes planned by men who don't have to work in them.

But when all these things are righted, the average Australian house would lack the labor-saving appliances that make leisure for the housewife possible.

## DON'T... FORGET

The Back-to-College Day, April 24, at the Methodist Ladies' College, Croydon, arranged by the Old Girls' Union.

The Irish National Foresters' First Annual Ball, May 15, at Mark Foy's Empress Rooms.

The 292nd concert given by the Royal Philharmonic Society of Sydney, at Town Hall, May 1.

The great model spring display at Centennial Park, May 11, at 2 p.m. Entry free and open to all-comers. Lady Byles, Snowdon will present prizes.

The Great Public Schools' Regatta Dance at David Jones', May 4.

A grand concert by the N.S.W. Police Choir and assisting artists, at the Savoy Theatre, May 14, in aid of the N.S.W. Association of Deaf and Dumb Children.

The annual Flying Corps Ball, Palais Royal, May 28. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven has extended his patronage.

Ball #1A at the Royal Agricultural Show, near Hall of Industry, where household commodities are disposed of in aid of the Kindergarten Union of N.S.W.

The annual dance of the Association of Women Pharmacists of N.S.W. at Farmer's Oak Hall, May 8, at 8 p.m.

The ball in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme arranged by the Trustee Officers, June 8, at Davis Jones.

The annual dance organised by the Donnelly Old Girls' Union at the Haxland Galleries, May 21. Miss Peg Lord (07956) is the honorary secretary.

The annual dance of the N.S.W. Bookstall Co., to be held May 18, in the Pierline Ballroom at Haxland Bros. Proceeds to Oudens Red Cross Home, Haxland.

The supper dance which was to have been held by the Music Advancement Society, April 2, has been postponed until July 1. Tickets are transferable.

The Old Drury Club are rehearsing "Charm School" to be shown during May. Proceeds will benefit fund for endowment of bed in Sydney Hospital in memory of Nellie Stewart.

Why should a woman have to beat up eggs until her arms ache, when an electric egg-beater would do it for her.

The problem is to make the men realise that a home has every right to be as well fitted with modern appliances as an office. To get their interest, a Banish Drudgery Session will be broadcast on Saturday nights, and pertinent facts will be nicely sandwiched in between bright music.

Co-operation of the public utility companies that supply us with electricity and gas and water will be sought, and with further co-operation from the manufacturers of home appliances, from architects and builders, drudgery should soon be on the run.

It depends on the women, however, whether the movement is the success that it deserves to be.

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W.T. 35-6



# What Women Are Doing

## Lyre Bird Press

MRS. JAMES DYER, who has not long been back in Paris, is busy again with her Lyre Bird Press.

In addition to another limited edition of Couperin's work, she has done organists a good turn by issuing an edition of the compositions of Annibale Padovana, who was organist at St. Mark's, Venice, in the 16th Century.

## Women Lead in Decorating Adelaide for Centenary

NOBODY doubts Mrs. J. Lavington Bonython's power of imagination when it comes to organising a function, or decorating for it, but with her latest suggestion she has caused all the civic brains and power of Adelaide to put their heads together. The result of several meetings has been Mrs. Bonython's scheme to make Adelaide a city of flowers that would rival, if not surpass, such world-famous festivals as Pasadena's annual tournament of roses, to use her own words.

A big committee has been appointed to back up Mrs. Bonython and her scheme, which should do as much toward drawing overseas dwellers to Adelaide as anything else, as the street flower markets draw curious travellers regularly to Nice.

Lady Hore-Rathven was farewelled from Adelaide, after her husband's term as Governor expired, with a living pagant of flowers, which she is not likely to forget, so realistic was it. This was organised by Mrs. Lance Lewis, and Mrs. Lewis has said that she will assist Mrs. Bonython's scheme for a floral Centenary by undertaking to repeat this colossal performance—at the same time enlarging it.

Girl Guides in flower costumes comprised the pagant for Lady Hore-Rathven, and they are willing to do so again for the Centenary performance of it. The Centenary committee is enthusiastic about the suggestion.

## Won Clarke Scholarship For Clarinet

DURING Easter week Australia will hear a national broadcast of a piano and clarinet recital by the gifted composer, Margaret Sulzland, and Isabel Carter.

Miss Carter has the unique distinction of being the only woman to win the Clarke scholarship for the clarinet. Five years ago, after graduating in piano and clarinet at the Melbourne University Conservatorium, this young musician went to London with the Clarke scholarship and the Wright prize for instrumental music.

She studied the clarinet with Charles Draper in London, and was solo pianist in a performance conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent.

In Berlin she played first clarinet in the concert orchestra of the Hochschule for Music, and was given special lessons by the European master, Herr A. Richter, first clarinet in the Berlin State Opera House.

## King of Yugoslavia Honors British Women

THE young King Peter II of Yugoslavia, in his first bestowal of honors, decorated two British women who have been connected with the fortunes of the Anglo-Slav Hospital in Belgrade, the first hospital for children ever established in that country. He has conferred the Order of St. Sava, third degree, upon Dr. Katherine Macphail, a Glasgow woman, who was in charge of one of the Scottish women's hospitals in Serbia during the war, and afterwards turned the military hospital into one for children, and built up a big outpatients department, to which children were brought from all parts of the country.

The Children's Hospital was the beginning of the important work which was subsequently developed by the Save the Children Fund, and a committee of the fund has helped the hospital by raising money for it. In that connection King Peter has bestowed the Order of the Yugoslav Crown on Miss Nina Boyle, the well-known feminist and writer. Last year the Government took over and extended the Children's Hospital, while, at its request, Dr. Katherine Macphail started a convalescent home for children.

## Famous Army Nurses in Anzac Ceremonies

RETURNED army nurses will play a big part in the services to be held all over Australia on Anzac Day, but the only three Australian women who hold the Florence Nightingale Medal will participate in the Melbourne march.

Miss Evelyn Conyers, C.B.E., R.R.C., who was Matron-in-Chief of the Australian Army Nursing Service, A.N.S., during the whole of the Great War, will be, as always, an outstanding figure at the service to be held at the Exhibition.

Miss Grace Wilson, C.B.E., R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief of the Australian Army Nursing Service, and president of the Returned Army Nurses' Club, is also matron of the Alfred Hospital. She will place a wreath on the Edith Cavell Memorial.

Miss Edith Cornwell, Matron-in-Chief of the Hospitals in France, and now secretary of the Edith Cavell Trust Fund, will also take a leading part in the march.

## Teaching Christianity to India's Nobility

A VERY brisk and businesslike young woman is Miss G. Webster, whose work has led her to St. George's Mission Station in Northern India, where she teaches the mysteries of Christianity to about 60 members of the Indian nobility.

But even members of the nobility can be trying at times, and Miss Webster, an Australian by birth, is glad to be back in her native land even if only for a short while, and to see her family again—they live in Melbourne.

Her two months' furlough is being spent mainly in travelling to and from Australia, but she will have three weeks here, and a short trip to Tasmania, before returning to India.

## Gone Into Partnership With Her Son

MRS. BRYCE CARTER has made a flourishing business concern of her pet hobby.

For some years past she has been interested in pottery, and inspiring her son with the same enthusiasm she has opened a shop in Sydney in partnership with him. She has made the Australian motif in subtle gumleaf, Christmas bush, and flannel flower designs, felt in all her work as she thinks that gifts, especially for exportation, should be reminiscent of her own country.

Miss Bryce Carter is a Melbourne woman who has been working in partnership with her son, Mr. Bryce Carter, in Sydney.

## Working Wonders With Occupational Therapy

MISS LUCY SYMES, the gracious, silver-haired woman who is working wonders with the patients at

Mont Park Mental Hospital, Melbourne, with occupational therapy, is patiently training them to take their place in the community again with the aid of handicrafts.

During the year that her ward has been in action Miss Symes has seen 30 young women out into the world again, and they are all self-supporting.

She is well equipped to be the pioneer of occupational therapy in Victoria. She trained as a nurse in Brisbane. Then she went to England, and during the war she worked for two years with the famous brain specialist, Sir Frederick Mott, in helping shell-shocked soldiers to regain their grasp on real things.

## Returned From Studying Film Work Abroad

DOREEN, the clever daughter of the Ronald Buchans, Melbourne, who has just returned from England and 10 months' study of acting and film work, already feels the call of the "boards," and expects to be hard at work again soon.

Miss Buchan met some interesting people on her return journey, among whom were "The Three Loose Screws," another name for the Frank O'Brien Company, soon to appear in Melbourne.

## Less Inequality Between Sexes Here Than Abroad

WHILE she was in England helping her novelist brother (Mr. J. M. Walsh) to correct his manuscripts, and looking up Civil Service data for him, Miss Kathleen Walsh, a Melbourne solicitor, became interested in St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance—a body of Catholic women which has been the outcome of the pre-war Suffragette movement. Miss Walsh met Miss Florence Barry, its organiser, and Miss Barry has asked her to keep an eye on any women's problems that may arise in Australia, and report them to her.

Miss Walsh, who returned to Australia recently, says that there are isolated members of the movement in Australia, and that the Alliance, although in itself denominational, is affiliated with similar bodies of other denominations. Its object is to obtain equal chances for women in all branches of life, and equal pay for them in public service.

Miss Walsh thinks that there is little likelihood of a branch being formed here for the time being, as there was far less inequality in Australia when compared with other countries.

On the day that Miss Walsh left London, the St. Joan's Alliance was addressed by that famous woman—Dr. Maude Royden.

## Noel Coward's Songs Are Her Special Accomplishment

NOEL COWARD'S songs are a special and delightful accomplishment of Kiera Tuson, the lovely Victorian actress who returned recently from England and is appearing in Ernest Rolfe's Rhapsodies of 1935.

Formerly a member of the "Exquisite Eight," Miss Tuson went to England and, after several years of varying fortune, she was engaged by C. B. Cochran to appear in "Bitter Sweet." She played in Noel Coward plays continuously until her departure for Australia.

Although she was not Evelyn Laye's understudy, she played her leading role in "Bitter Sweet" at 24 hours' notice, and was acclaimed by the critics. Her last work before leaving England was as understudy to Margaret Bannerman, and on the morning she sailed she was offered a part in "Nymph Errant" with Gertrude Lawrence.

Miss Tuson tells many interesting anecdotes about Noel Coward. She says he never once raises his voice, conducting rehearsals through a megaphone from the dress circle.



## Women Who Help The Missions to Seamen

THE Victoria Missions to Seamen owe much of their success to women.

The chaplain is a busy man, and the organising secretary is a woman, Miss Olive Norman, to whom falls the work of organising any large money-raising effort.

There are three women on the executive committee. Mrs. A. E. Brown is a granddaughter of the first chaplain, Rev. Kerr-Johnston, and still maintains an interest in the Missions. Miss Amy Brown, the hon. organising secretary of the Ladies Harbor Lights Guild, is also secretary of the Victorian Aboriginal Group, and Miss B. Browne is treasurer of the L.H.L.G. Though all three have the same name they are not related.

The Ladies Harbor Lights Guild, begun by Miss Ethel Godfrey, who became the first general secretary, and the late Miss Alice Sibthorpe Treacy, in 1906, to assist the Missions, and carried on by them for many years, now boasts 900 working members.

Every day, groups of women from this remarkably well-organised Guild are running socials, canteens or something else at the three Mission Institutes at Central, Port Melbourne or Williamstown.

## Endorsed Labor Candidate For Claremont, W.A.

MISS DOROTHY TANGNEY, B.A., Dip.Ed., 26 years of age, hoping to complete her Master of Arts and Diploma of Commerce degrees this year, has been endorsed as the Labor candidate for the Claremont district electorate in the West Australian Legislative Assembly.

Miss Tangney, in an interview, said youth could better understand the problems of youth and unemployment among the adolescent.

Although some might disagree on the grounds of inexperience, she thought fresh ideas were to be commended. She has been ten years in the West Australian Education Department, and has made a study of finance, trade, labor conditions, currency, and the relationship of the State to the Commonwealth. In 1929 she was the West Australian delegate to the Inter-University women's conference in Hobart.

## Dress Designer and Social Secretary

MISS J. M. SIMONS, of Gosford, N.S.W., just returned to Australia, has not wasted a moment of her three years abroad.

She was a dress designer in Sydney, so, when she got to London, she took an advanced course in designing.

Then she set out for America. Once in New York she accepted a job as social secretary to a big store, and in this way came into contact with the amazingly wide club life open to the average American woman.

Hundreds of girls would attend the club luncheons that she planned as part of the day's work.

"Practically every store in New York has its own sports clubs," says Miss Simons, "and one or two of them have their own gymnasium where a sports-master and nurse are employed in a full-time job."

Debating and dramatic societies and lectures on salesmanship and advertising are among the many interesting items that come under the "club" heading for the business girls of America.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.





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Enjola cost! That's fair, isn't it? No

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## Law for Women

# WHAT the Law Says about WILLS

## Queer Bequests and Conditions

By a Lawyer

While you can, as a rule, dispose of your property by will in any way you like, there are certain bequests and forms of disposition that the Law will not countenance.

The recent Northey case, which resulted in the former musical artist, Bessie Doyle, being given an annuity of £400 out of her former husband's estate, is a reminder that well-to-do husbands in Australia cannot, as a general practice, treat their wives as non-existent when making a will.

**TRUE**, the husband may make a will in which the whole of his property is left away from his wife. But she can, under the Testators' Family Maintenance Act in New South Wales, and similar legislation in other States, apply to the Supreme Court for an allowance, or a lump sum, out of what her husband has left.

It is the usual practice, in such a case, to order that the widow shall receive such a sum as the Judge thinks reasonable.

What he thinks "reasonable" will depend mainly, of course, on the size of the former husband's estate. It will also depend on the wife's conduct while they were living together, and on whether she has financial resources of her own.

Assuming that the widow is left without means at her husband's death, she has every reason to expect that part of what he left will be allotted to her, even though he should have deserted her and formed other ties.

In a recent case, a working man, whose estate was proved at £500, left the whole of it to the woman with whom he had been living. The wife's application for a share came before a Judge who decided that the little property should be divided between the two women, neither of whom had means of her own.

It will be seen that everything depends on the circumstances.

## Court's Discretion

A **WIFE** must not assume that she has an inalienable right to something out of her husband's property at his death. Should he cut her out of his will, she has to satisfy the Court that her conduct has not been of a kind to invite such treatment.

It is true that the law as interpreted by our Judges is not inclined to be too censorious in these cases. The main fact is the woman's lack of means of support.

It is only when her conduct has been flagrant or notorious—as when she has deserted her husband for someone else—that she may find it difficult to convince the Court that she is entitled to anything from her husband's estate.

The law that gives the wife a right to apply for an allowance from the estate of a husband who has willed everything away from her is a post-war development. It is by far the most important change that this class of legislation has known.

## Based on Act of 1837

**AUSTRALIAN** law in regard to wills is in main principles the law laid down by the English Wills Act of 1837. It is thus, in most of its features, 96 years old.

Both in England and Australia the Courts deal almost daily with testamentary dispositions of a curious and original kind. To the general rule that a man can dispose of his property as he likes there are exceptions other than the one just considered.

Both here and in Great Britain the Courts have held that to leave property to anyone on condition that he or she remains unmarried is bad in law. Such a condition is held to be against public policy. The beneficiary will take the legacy and still be able to marry.

On the other hand, a man can leave property or an income to his widow on condition that she does not remarry. Similarly, a man or a woman can leave property to anyone on condition that he or she does not marry a particular person.

## Something in a Name

**AN** unusual case, that of Barlow v. Bateman, came before the English Courts some years ago. A father left £1000 to his daughter on condition that she married someone called Barlow. No particular man was indicated, but his name had to be Barlow. The lady, as a matter of fact, was in love with someone named Bateman, and this man decided to call himself Barlow three weeks before his marriage with testator's daughter.

The Court of Chancery held in the first instance that the condition in the will had been complied with and that the legacy was good. This, however, was overruled by the House of Lords, which said, in effect, that the bridegroom was not a genuine Barlow and that the legacy must fail.

It frequently happens that there are directions in a will which the law regards as against public policy and will not enforce.

Thus in the English case, re Lanyon (1927), a condition in a will that a legatee was not to marry a relation by blood was declared void.

On the other hand it was decided in the Irish case of Greene v. Kirkwood (1885) that a condition restraining a devisee from marrying "a man below her in social station" was good in law.

It would be interesting to see what would happen if a similar case came before an Australian Court, or even an English one, in this year of grace 1935. A lot of social barriers have been levelled in the past 40 years.

In another Irish case, that of Duddy v. Gresham, a man left all his property to his wife on condition that she was to enter a convent and never remarry. This was held to be against public policy, and the wife was given the estate without the embarrassing condition.

There have been numerous cases in which relatives have lodged protests when a testator cuts them out of his will in order to leave his property to a charitable or semi-charitable institution.

Thus, in the Melbourne case of Adamson, in 1929, an appeal was lodged against the leaving of money for a Home for Lost Dogs. The Court, however, held that the bequest was a good one.

It has also been decided in an Irish case that a woman was entitled to leave money for a Home for Cats, and protests of relatives were unavailing.

It will be seen that there are pitfalls to be avoided if a man or woman wants property to be handed in a certain way after testator's death. The attempt to tie the beneficiary to conditions may be successful up to a point, but not beyond.

# RHEUMATISM

## Joints Stiff, Swollen and Painful

If your joints are stiff, swollen and filled with pain, you are so badly handicapped that you are little better than a prisoner or a slave. You cannot be a success either socially or commercially, and you certainly cannot enjoy life as you should. You will find it hard to believe that your suffering is unnecessary, but surely you will be willing to make an effort to get well, and your effort will not be in vain if you get a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and take them as directed.

No doubt you have already tried all sorts of things—embrocations, liniments, oils, medicated baths, purgative salts—and perhaps you are disappointed, and disgusted as well, because they have failed to give you the relief you desire, but, just for one week, forget your disappointments, and decide that you will give De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills a fair trial.



**TAKE TWO TO-NIGHT**  
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Throughout your future life you will be glad if you do this, because De Witt's Pills never disappoint, and you can take them with absolute confidence in their ability to do you good.

Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pain, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Pills from the chemist and taking them as directed.

They cost only 3/6, or the larger size, containing 2 1/2 times the quantity, 6/6. All chemists sell them in the blue, white and gold boxes, so that you will have no difficulty in obtaining supplies. You will derive certain benefit from the first dose, and as you continue, the pain and stiffness will leave your limbs and joints, and in a very short time you will fully regain your health and strength. These results have been obtained by many thousands of men and women who were tortured by rheumatism and joint pains. Be persuaded to do as they did—take



**De Witt's** Kidney & Bladder **Pills**



Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

## INFLUENCE OF FILMS

RECENTLY I have noticed letters referring to the influence of present-day films on the mental outlook of growing children.

What influence is exercised by those same films when they are viewed by peoples of native races subject to the rule of the white man?

Malaya, Arabia, India, and Africa all see the same dramas of bootlegging escapades, gang wars, stories of sharpers who rise to social heights through chance or by fraudulent speculation.

Poor films have certainly done their share in lowering the prestige of the white man in the eyes of native and subject races.

Although we of our world think of our films as means of entertainment, to the uneducated savage mind they represent reality and truth.

It would be interesting to know the thoughts that are slumbering behind those stolid faces and inscrutable eyes, and to hear some of their comments as they speak to one another of the benefits of the pictured Western civilisation.

£1 for this letter to B. Brown, Arthur St., Walgett, N.S.W.

## SINK-EVADING

I MET her living in a lodging-house, making her own meals on a bedroom gas-ring. She was a middle-aged, childless widow. Her various relatives would have been glad to receive her without pay, but whenever she had tried living with any of them she always found herself gravitating towards the sink. "I offered to pay for occasional help, and so enjoy their good homes, but they did not like strangers in the house" and, quite without meaning it, niece or sister-in-law would leave the sink work to her. "So now I live here, on my savings, not at all well, but at least free."

She is but one of a type, wandering from lodging to lodging because, after a lifetime of domestic work as wife or old maid, she is still expected to "like home life" (i.e., the sink). Oldish men are not expected to do anything, but their feminine counterparts are literally driven from the homes of their relatives.

Madame Rosina Cowper, Rosegarden Tearooms, Adelaide St., Brisbane.

## BEHAVIOUR ABROAD

ASK most people their idea of what constitutes a foreigner, and they will answer—"anyone who isn't English or Australian," and they still retain this insular outlook when they go to visiting their next-door neighbors across the sea. They take their national yardstick with them, measuring up all other cultures by their own standards, forgetting that they are considered in other countries as foreigners!

This outlook was brought to my notice rather forcibly some little time ago when I made a trip to the New Hebrides. All the passengers, myself included, naturally desired to see as much of the place as time permitted, but some, with a mistaken idea that their white skin is an open passport into any place, literally inspected the inhabitants as if they were exhibits on view for their personal edification.

What right have we to go into other people's countries and act in a way that would cause a riot in Australia, if the tables were turned? Does such behaviour help to raise the prestige of the white-skinned visitors? I doubt it. And to them we were just as much foreigners as they to us.

Miss E. M. Riding, 495 Lutwyche Rd., Lutwyche, Qld.

## WHEN LEFT-HANDED

WHY is it that left-handed people are not given equal opportunities with those who are right-handed?

I know of two instances at least of this. When applying for positions the left-handed applicants were passed over in favor of those using their right hand. After all, a naturally left-handed person is easily as competent as a naturally right-handed person, so why the distinction?

M. Vercoe, 16 Dickens Street, St. Kilda 53, Melbourne.

# So They Say

## This Boredom of the Present Generation

RE Miss H. Shannon's letter (30/3/35). I think the two causes of the discontent of the present generation are obvious. The first is the stupid publicity that is given to "modernism," making people feel that they are old-fashioned if they long for, or enjoy, a night's rest with a book.

The other cause is the aftermath of the war, which left so much misery and depression in its wake. Let us hope that a few years of prosperity will lend us that joie-de-vivre which is the sure sign of youth and faith.

E. J. M. Biard, 230 Vulture St., St. Brisbane.

## Boredom Is Self-inflicted

MISS SHANNON'S view will not be shared by everyone. Perhaps she is in need of a holiday. How can she possibly feel discontented in a world so full of beauty? As for having more leisure, that is a complaint few of us can make. The day is not half long enough for a busy housewife who, when the household duties are over, has some interesting hobby to occupy or amuse her.

If one is bored, then it is time one took oneself in hand, for boredom is one's own fault, and it is a pity to let discontent spoil things for others.

Mrs. G. Wholehan, Monoma, Wallacia, N.S.W.

## The Mind's the Key

THE trouble with Miss H. Shannon (30/3/35) and those who share her blighting boredom is that they have not developed mental resources to enable them to use the greater leisure, and so not be sapped by the increased material comfort which this present age affords. All the wisdom, the literature, the scientific discoveries and inventions of past and present are there to enrich their lives, yet they lack the key to make them free of this wealth.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

## Giving Some Service

I THINK, re Miss Shannon's letter (30/3/35), that several things are necessary to real contentment.

We must have creative work of some kind, and we must lose ourselves in service.

Many women are content in bringing up children—which is, indeed, a worthwhile job; others prefer to write, or take up a business career. Throwing themselves wholeheartedly into their job, they escape boredom, which can only affect those with indefinite aims.

Mrs. K. E. White, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

## Retirement, a Blessing Or a Curse

I AGREE with K. Parkinson (30/3/35), who thinks that retirement, wisely faced, can be the beginning of a new and interesting life, provided the financial question causes no anxiety. I knew a retired rural schoolmistress who could have gone on teaching for a further five years had she wished. She now lives in a small, all-electric service flat in a large seaside town. She visits her married children, has become a contract bridge enthusiast, sews and knits for hospitals, is always occupied and interested, yet is able to avoid the drudgery of life. Young people love to visit her, for she is making of old age a beautiful and an enviable thing.

C. Ivory, Brandon, Nth. Qld.

## THOSE SPLIT SKIRTS

DOES the girl of to-day realise the foolish appearance of this new craze, "split skirts"? Surely not, or they would not be so freely advertising that which in most cases would look better covered.

Really I am surprised that this has not been debated in your paper before. But I am certain that many will agree with me, now that the matter has been brought forth.

I hope sincerely that this will take some effect in abolishing this ridiculous and hideous fashion.

M. E. Reynolds, 40 London St., Ramore, N.S.W.

## Back Number

K. PARKINSON'S friend (30/3/35) seems to have retired under ideal conditions but, even so, would the feeling of freedom compensate for being a "back-number"?

Very few people are really resigned to the idea of growing old and ceasing to be a cog in the wheel of life, and in the case of the majority of people the pensions (many of which have been subscribed to by the recipients for years) are too inadequate to permit of their realising any of their dreams.

In these days when there are too few jobs to "go round," many people just in the prime of life are forced to mire on such meagre pitances that the remainder of their lives is a battle to make ends meet.

Because of this I think many of the world's workers dread retiring age, even if their work has not been all that could be desired.

P. Benton, 34 Paul St., Auburn, N.S.W.

## Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery

THE old adage that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" is particularly applicable to a certain paper that recently came into being, under unsporting circumstances, in opposition to The Australian Women's Weekly.

In this instance, not only does imitation constitute flattery, but also necessity.

No opposing paper cares to show its admiration by copying the other; I am sure, so imitation has become a necessity! Evidently to retain its meagre popularity, that is obviously at stake, this paper has taken the idea of the "three-in-one" pattern, and the complete novel, etc., etc.

The Australian Women's Weekly should be flattered that its features are so worthy of imitation, and also that it has become necessary for the "opposition" to copy the opposed.

Kitty Ashton, 2 Cockthorpe Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

## Despicable Attempt

A NEIGHBOR lent me the first copy of a new woman's paper. It is obviously a barefaced copy of The Australian Women's Weekly. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is also evidence of a lack of originality, and in this instance is, I think, a rather despicable attempt to bolster circulation simply by copying methods that have proved successful.

Margaret Darrell, 31 MacMillan Avenue, Sandringham, N.S.W.

## A High Compliment

I HAVE been very amused by the way the editor of a new woman's paper followed so closely in the wake of The Australian Women's Weekly. We have a special knitting number—so do they—(afterwards) We have a "three-in-one pattern"; now we are told they are to have one (after); also they are to use the idea of The Australian Women's Weekly and publish a long complete story! Truly, they could not pay us a higher compliment, for imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Miss Evelyn Frances, Hillside, Fifth St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

## Similarity of Style

I WONDER if many of your readers have noticed the similarity of style between The Australian Women's Weekly and that of a weekly that was placed on the market by an opposition combine? It is a case of "We lead—others follow" with a vengeance.

For instance!

1. The Australian Women's Weekly was formed. Later a paper was printed and placed on the market, adopting a similar manner of style as used by The Australian Women's Weekly.

2. The Australian Women's Weekly sailed forth with a complete novel series to be issued for its readers gratis—now the opposition has adopted a similar plan.

3. The Australian Women's Weekly then arranged for its readers a three-in-one series of patterns—once more the opposition has followed suit.

4. The Australian Women's Weekly has a thrilling serial—here the opposition differs a little, as it runs one for juvenile readers only.

5. Then there are beauty hints, film topics, readers' pages, etc., and these are practically duplicated by the rival paper. I won't say that The Australian Women's Weekly will have to look to its laurels for as long as the rival concern continues to duplicate. The Australian Women's Weekly readers will naturally stick to the paper that is original, and is not dependent upon other journals for its ideas.

J. R. Fearley, No. 1 Beach Court, Ocean Parade, South Steyne, N.S.W.

## Best Value

ONE hundred guests (ninety-five of them women) were unanimous in voting first place to The Australian Women's Weekly in a "best value for a few pence" competition.

They based their claim on five free patterns, one complete novel in book form, and forty-six pages crammed with interest.

I pass on the bouquet, and ask our readers do they know of any better value for the money?

B. Lancelo, Crow's Nest P.O., N.S.W.

## IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

## THE SMALL FAMILY

IS there a tendency of late to show a maudlin sentimentality towards mass production in family life? This question has interested me much recently, perhaps on account of the publicity given to the large family of one of our notabilities.

The mother of a large family receives much glorification on that account, but very often is the mother of that large family simply because she possesses a perfection of physical health not enjoyed by all women. She very frequently has no greater love nor desire for children than the mother of a small family who, having brought her children into the world with difficulty, and suffering ill-health therefrom for years, yet gladly tends these little ones so dearly bought. I spare a kindly thought for mothers of small families who appreciate to the full the love and joy their children bring them.

Cornelia's jewels shine just as brightly, singly as set in a cluster.

Elsie Murphy, 34 Victoria St., Ballarat, Vic.

## PRACTICAL HELP

INTERESTING novels of a very high literary standard are being written by Australian authors; a new school has arisen, and the development of local talent is certain to result in the building up of a national literature, of which we, as a people, may well be proud. But our writers need encouragement now. The purpose of Authors' Week, which is, of course, to stimulate interest in the works of Australian authors, will not be achieved without the practical co-operation of the public.

If everyone, for instance, who has occasion to give a birthday present, would make a practice, where possible,

## ETIQUETTE



IF YOU ARE ignorant of a subject don't expose yourself to ridicule by making criticisms.

of giving a book by an Australian writer; and at Christmas time would make at least one of her (or his) gifts an Australian novel, the collective result would be a great encouragement to our authors. Books have always been the most popular of all gifts—but make it an Australian book next time!

And it is important to remember that, whereas an English novel costs 7/6, a novel published in Australia costs only 6/-!

Miss C. Holland, 20 Bond St., Sydney.

## COURAGE, READERS!

SOMETIMES those who are discouraged by having their entries passed over learn more than those who have their "ideas" used. No one can hope to have everything accepted. For example, I am sure The Australian Women's Weekly must be flooded every week with good contributions.

A cheerful acceptance of defeat goes hand in hand with determination to win, sooner or later, against all comers. Gain in loss may do a great deal more for us than sailing along quite satisfied with our efforts. So let us pass a vote of thanks to the "So They Say" page for giving us an opportunity to air our own ideas and to learn something from others.

Joan Henry, Mile-End, S.A.

## IN NEED OF KINDNESS

WHY is it that the majority of people regard a mentally afflicted person as a butt for ridicule and teasing?

Is it just thoughtlessness, or is there a streak of cruelty in human nature? To avoid worrying children, this deformity as a rule is not discussed but if children realised how defenceless the "mental child" is, surely they would adopt a more protective attitude towards it!

F. Foster, Pt. Noarlunga, S.A.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT





## Sybil Davidson

Beautiful English Artiste  
of J. C. Williamson's Production  
"Laburnum Grove"

*Chooses Sydney's  
Leading Hats*

## THE HUB'S

HAND MADE  
**GENUINE  
VELOURS**



Miss Sybil Davidson, beautiful English artiste in J. C. Williamson's production, "Laburnum Grove," was immediately attracted by The Hub's wonderful selection of new season's Genuine Velour Hats. So much impressed, in fact, that she chose one to match each of her new Autumn Frocks, and no wonder... they're smart... they're different... they're individual... they're style-right and they're price-right, too!



You will be delighted with the rich, warm Velour tones... surprised at the unexpected light weight... enthusiastic over the glove-like fittings, and amazed at the thrilling value. Each hat reveals the high artistic standard of modern Millinery. Each hat is made with the same meticulous care as in the days when Millinery-making machines were unheard of. Hand-making gives to a hat the line which cannot be achieved by any other method.

600 STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM, AND NO TWO ALIKE!

The range includes every head fitting, including a comprehensive showing of 23in. Hats. Colours include: Black, Navy, Lido, New Green, Nigger, Beige, Fawn, Bottle, Grey, Wine and Light Brown.

ALL ONE PRICE

**12/11**

**The HUB Limited**  
393-5-7 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

## WOOLCLASSING as a Job for WOMEN

Believe it or not, there is one shearing-shed in Australia where bad language is never heard.

There is nothing wrong with the shearers—it is just the influence of one young woman that has brought this state of affairs about.

THE shearing-shed is on The Donga, Cassilis, in the Mudgee district, where Miss Margaret P. H. Kilpatrick is "boss of the board," and does the woolclassing on her brother's property.

A fine type of young Australian womanhood is Miss Kilpatrick, tall, slim, and good-looking, who, while holding down a job that has always been regarded as a man's work, has certainly lost none of her womanly charm.

Miss Kilpatrick claims to be the only qualified woman woolclasser in Australia, having qualified through the correspondence classes at the Sydney Technical College, where she sat for her final examinations last year.

Living on her brother's property at Cassilis, Miss Kilpatrick saw so many other girls "vegetating," as she puts it, bored stiff with having so much spare time on their hands, that she decided to do something useful with her time and assist in the management of the property.

### Started as "Tarboy"

SHE started as a "tarboy" in the shearing-sheds and went from that to picking up and rolling and piece-picking, and then decided to study woolclassing in all its branches.

The course at the Technical College took two and a half years to complete, Miss Kilpatrick was successful in her ex-



MISS M. KILPATRICK.

amination, and is now awaiting issue of the diploma, which she cannot get until the brokers' reports of this year's sales demonstrate her capacity in actual woolclassing for the market.

Miss Kilpatrick regards her job as particularly interesting. Woolclassing, she says, would be eminently suitable for women to take up, but for the conditions under which the work is carried on in the sheds.

Women, she says, in their daily work are accustomed to the handling and judging of fine material, such as wool, and have a finer sense of touch than men in this regard, and this makes them suitable for woolclassing, but she considers that their activities would have to be confined to their own or their peoples' properties, where the working conditions can be made suitable for them.

In her five years' work among shearers, Miss Kilpatrick told *The Australian Women's Weekly*, she had never heard one word of bad language used.

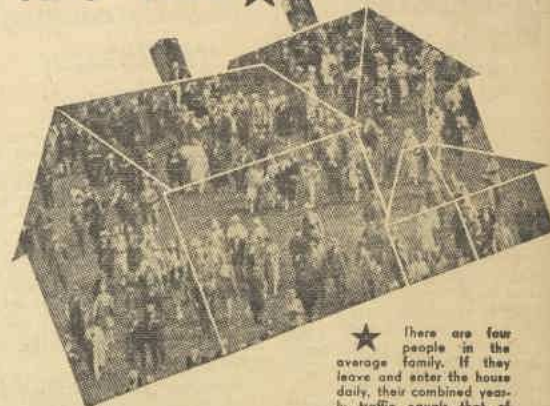
THERE is no manual labor about the work which requires experience, technical knowledge and judgment.

When the fleece comes off the sheep's back it has to be graded by the woolclasser into various qualities suitable to the requirements of buyers. Manufacturers of high-class materials have no use for the lower grades of wool, and it is in the interests of the grower to see that his wool is classed into lines of uniform type and quality, which will bring the maximum price on the market.

Miss Kilpatrick, besides having the distinction of being the only woman woolclasser in Australia, is an excellent horsewoman and a highly proficient sabre fencer.

HOST HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the flavors of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.\*\*\*

**3,000 PEOPLE  
WILL ENTER YOUR HOUSE  
THIS YEAR ★**



★ There are four average families. If they leave and enter the house daily, their combined yearly traffic equals that of 3,000 people!

**YOU** can't stop them! They're your own family! That constant traffic dulls the brightness of cement paths, steps, verandahs, makes them dingy! Protect them, with Solpah Paving Paint!

Solphah is made with special oils that form a tough durable film on cement—that's why Solpah protects it—and that's why Solpah stays bright, clean, and attractive!

Solphah spreads easily, dries rapidly, lasts amazingly. It gives new, lasting beauty to cement or brick. Solpah Paving Paint is sold by paint and hardware dealers in ten colours, and handy sizes. A quart tin covers 150 square feet.

**TAUBMANS  
SOLPAH  
PAVING PAINT**



THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE

COMMENCING FROM 2GB MONDAY, APRIL 22

## The Count of Monte Cristo



—Photo by courtesy United Artists.

THOSE who have read the book, or seen the picture, "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO," will recognise these two characters, Danglars and De Villefort, arch-plotters responsible for the arrest and imprisonment of Dantes. "The Count of Monte Cristo" is entertainment of epic character. It employs 33 feature players, amazing sound effects, and a thousand supporting players. It will be broadcast nightly at 8.45.

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ALBERT RUSSELL AND REG MORGAN

The Ship of Joy sails each morning in their 7.25 session.

2GB

Send a Happy Wish to Your Friends.

2GB



# Mandrake the Magician

PICK UP THE THREADS HERE

**THE COBRA:** An arch-criminal of magic powers, has stolen documents which, improperly used, may provoke world war.  
**INSPECTOR SHELTON:** U.S. Secret Service, sets out to trace The Cobra, accompanied by  
**BARBARA:** His daughter, and  
**TOMMY LORD:** His assistant. Disaster, however, would soon have overtaken the party had not The Cobra's machinations been foiled repeatedly by

**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, and The Cobra's deadly enemy. With  
**LOTHAR:** His Nubian slave, Mandrake allies himself to Sheldon. They trace their enemy to his castle in the Kilger Pass, but here they are trapped. Mandrake manages to force The Cobra to grant a truce and accompanies the latter on a tour of the castle. The Cobra displays many marvels, finally coming to his diamond mine. Now continue.

THE WEEK'S HIGHLIGHT:  
ERASING A FACE

IN THE DIAMOND MINES OF THE COBRA, TWO THOUSAND FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

HERE IS A GOOD-SIZED STONE, LARGER THAN ANY OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF EUROPE.

BUT WHAT GOOD IS IT, COBRA? ONCE ON THE WORLD MARKET, THIS TREMENDOUS SUPPLY OF DIAMONDS WILL LOWER THE PRICE, MAKE THEM PRACTICALLY WORTHLESS.

I HAVE NO DESIRE TO SELL THEM. A FEW, I KEEP FOR MY PERSONAL SATISFACTION. THE REST, I GRIND UP. THE DIAMOND DUST IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF MY POISON GAS AND MY DEATH RAY.

I SEE. AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOUR WORKERS WILL OCCASIONALLY STEAL THEM?

STEAL THEM? HOW? THEY NEVER LEAVE HERE UNTIL THEY DIE. THEY ARE BLIND, DEAF, AND DUMB AND MOVE ONLY UNDER MY CONTROL.

I AM INTERESTED IN THESE BLANK-FACE MEN, WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY?

THEY ARE ORDINARY MEN WHOM I HAVE CAPTURED AND MADE MY SLAVES.

BUT THEIR BLANK FACES?

I RUB OUT THEIR FACES--JUST AS YOU WOULD RUB OUT A PENCIL MARK. THAT WAY, THEY CAN NEVER BETRAY ME. I CONTROL THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT AND ACTION--BY TELEPATHIC HYPNOSIS.

WATCH CLOSELY, MANDRAKE, AND SEE HOW I MAKE A PERFECT SLAVE.

HERE IS A NEW PRISONER, MANDRAKE. I WILL SHOW YOU HOW EASY IT IS TO RUB OUT HIS FACE.

YOU HAVE SEEN ONLY A FEW OF MY POSSESSIONS, MANDRAKE. I COULD AMAZE YOU FOR WEEKS, IF I HAD MORE TIME.

AND THE BARGAIN YOU SPOKE OF?

OH, YES--OUR BARGAIN. YOU HAVE SEEN MY POWER, MANDRAKE. WHO COULD STOP ME--IF I CHOSE TO CONQUER THE WORLD?

A RATHER LARGE ORDER.

DON'T NOCK ME, MANDRAKE. I CAN DESTROY ARMIES WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND. I COULD BE EMPEROR OF THE EARTH--WITH A BILLION SLAVES AT MY FEET. ONLY ONE MAN STANDS IN MY WAY.

AND THAT MAN IS--?

THAT MAN IS YOU, MANDRAKE! YOU ALONE STAND IN MY WAY--JOIN ME, TOGETHER WE SHALL CONQUER THE EARTH AND RULE ON TWIN THRONES AS WORLD EMPERORS! THAT IS MY BARGAIN, MANDRAKE!

LEAVING THE DIAMOND MINES, MANDRAKE AND THE COBRA RETURN TO THE COBRA'S LABORATORY.

CONSIDER THE EARTH? I--JOIN FORCES WITH YOU?

YES! WHO COULD WITHSTAND US? MANDRAKE AND THE COBRA! WITH OUR POWERS JOINED, THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD WOULD BE MERE PUTTY!

WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER, MANDRAKE? WILL YOU JOIN ME?

COBRA--MY ANSWER IS THIS. I AM GOING TO DESTROY YOU--YOU AND YOUR CASTLE OF EVIL--DOWN TO THE VERY LAST STONE.

FOOL! BUT I MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THAT. YOU FORGET--YOU ARE IN MY POWER--YOUR MAGIC IS USELESS HERE. NOW YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SHALL DIE--TOGETHER!

THE COBRA'S BARGAIN--MANDRAKE SHALL JOIN HIM--AND TOGETHER THEY SHALL RULE THE WORLD.

MANDRAKE--WHAT HAPPENED?

I'VE SEEN SOME STRANGE AND TERRIBLE THINGS, SHELTON. THE COBRA IS A MAD WIZARD--WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE IMMEDIATELY.

BUT HOW?

I GOT THIS PICK IN THE MINES, UNKNOWN TO THE COBRA. WE'RE GOING RIGHT THROUGH THIS WALL.

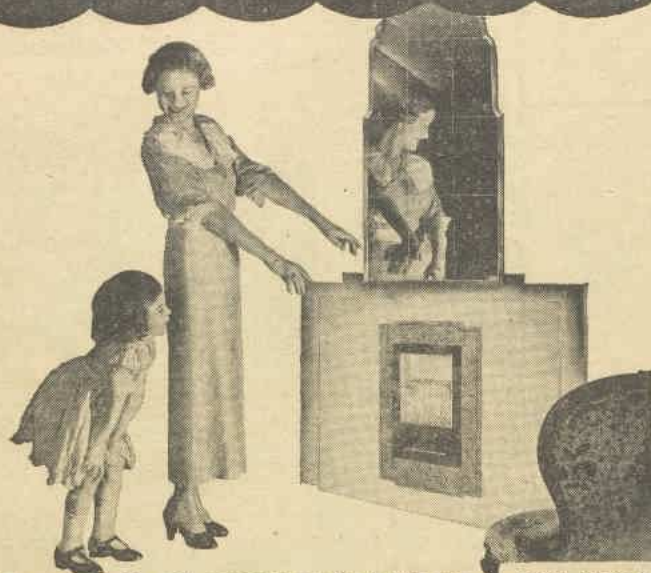
AFTER SHOWING MANDRAKE HIS EVIL SECRETS, THE COBRA ASKS MANDRAKE TO JOIN HIM IN HIS CONQUEST OF THE WORLD. MANDRAKE REFUSES, AND THE COBRA SENDS HIM BACK TO THE DUNGEON, AFTER DECLARING THAT HE AND HIS FRIENDS WILL ALL DIE TOGETHER.

TO BE CONTINUED



# HOME IS HOME

*With the Healthy Comfort of a Modern Gas Fire*



The only trouble with a modern gas fire is that you never want to leave it! Its glowing radiant heat warms you in such a friendly manner; and its automatic ventilating action keeps the air so pure and pleasant, that you'll find your gas-fired room almost too popular. Then the styles in which the new gas fires have been designed are so smartly modern, they're worth lots for their decorative charm alone. Don't forget, doctors recommend gas fires for your health.

A modern gas fire is easy to buy—(deposits from 10/-); it is very economical to use and will be installed in your home for a special concession.

Call in at The Australian Gas Light Company's showroom in Pitt Street and see the new gas fires on display . . . or write or 'phone us to send you a descriptive booklet.

THE AUSTRALIAN GAS LIGHT COMPANY, SYDNEY. 'PHONE M 6503

## FOUR FRIENDS and DEATH

*Continued from Page 12*

"WELL, have you any suggestion to make?" countered Garrett. The tension of the atmosphere had frayed his temper a little.

"I have none. I thoroughly agree with you."

"Yes, and I, too," said Leathart.

"Carried, then!" exclaimed Hopkins. "It seems to me that our brains will work a little more clearly without the fourth member of the party."

Leathart shuddered, and it was Hopkins and Garrett between them who carried the limp form into the forecabin and laid it on one of the bunks.

"The police will complain of our moving the body," Hopkins reminded his assistant.

"They will have worse than this to complain of before the day's over," replied Garrett grimly.

Silence fell again. Silence utter and unbroken. Each man was weighing the others up to assess which was the more likely murderer.

Or, rather, two of the three were. The murderer could have no doubt, no scruple, no care but the nerve stretched eagerly to obliterate all traces of guilt from his face.

The most impartial observer might have hesitated long before he could suggest, from a mere scrutiny or even a deep knowledge of their characters, which man was the most likely.

Could one suspect Leathart, for instance—that genial, kindly Yorkshireman, an impulsive forty-year-old child? Here, one would have said, was a transparent nature. All his failings were on the surface. His easily roused temper so soon over.

His schoolboyish greed, which had earned the nickname of the Clutton—greed only in matters of food and drink; in money none was more generous. How could such a man poison, out of long premeditation, in cold blood?

And yet . . . One didn't succeed in the world of racing without a fund of native shrewdness. Even the geniality might be all facade. Leathart was, after all, a man of strong emotions. His entanglements with women were notorious. Perhaps . . .

BUT then there was Hopkins, with his slow saurian gaze, his complete lack of sentimentality. Wouldn't such a man poison efficiently and ruthlessly?

And yet . . . Hopkins, by temperament and trade, was a watcher, not a doer. It contented him to stand outside life, peering and prying, and never so much as wetting the soles of his feet in the mud.

It was hard to imagine such a man indulging in the crudity of murder, harder still because he seemed a man capable perhaps of friendship—a thin, attenuated affection—but of nothing so robust as either love or hatred.

What of Garrett—a man to whom the getting of poisons would be easy—efficient, calm, never losing his head? And yet . . . a doctor, trained to save life, must have a powerful motive to destroy it. What motive could Garrett, in particular, have—he, a successful specialist and famous for his philanthropic activities?

The silence had endured for several minutes now. Outside in the harbor there was the sudden scream of a speed-boat, the wall of its exhaust tearing the silence like a piece of linen.

Leathart jumped. "For God's sake, let's do something!" he cried. "What's the good of sitting here like a lot of waxworks not daring to look each other in the eyes?"

His voice was almost hysterical, and Hopkins' eyebrows rose at the tone. "A sound suggestion," he said. "I propose that first of all we find the poison. It must have been in a tube or phial, or something."

LEATHART interrupted him, his voice strained. "Look here, isn't the first question to find out how the poison got into the brandy? The four drinks came from one bottle and we've all had ours without ill effects."

"You are doubtless referring," said Garrett, coldly, "to the unfortunate fact that it was I who poured out the brandy and passed the glasses round."

"I just asked," said Leathart stubbornly, not meeting his eyes, "how the poison got in the brandy." "And I can answer that," replied Hopkins. Four eyes focused on him instantly. "You will remember that, after the brandy was poured out, but before we had drunk it, a four-masted Finnish barque came past us to starboard, reaching out of the harbor."

"Naturally, being what we are, we all jumped up and glued our noses to the portholes for several minutes till she'd passed. During that time, any one of us could have poisoned any glass."

Hopkins' eyes met Leathart's, and a faint, almost imperceptible sigh escaped from between Garrett's lips.

"Right! That clears that up," said Leathart briskly. "What were you saying when I interrupted you?"

"Merely that the phial must be somewhere in the cabin."

"If I had been murdering anyone," interjected Garrett, "I should chuck the bottle or what-not overboard."

"You would have been unable to do so without leaving the saloon," Hopkins reminded him, "because the portholes are still screwed up."

"Well," retorted Garrett, "I think it's a silly idea. If the murderer has any cunning he'd plant the phial on an innocent party. So, if we do find it, it will only be misleading. I vote we get on to something more tangible."

*Please turn to Page 27*



Try the  
**Daggett & Ramsdell**  
Creams as I did—  
*and you will see your  
skin become softer and  
lovelier every day*

See for yourself the difference that these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper . . . cleanses more thoroughly . . . softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin . . . as no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using . . . won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today?



**Daggett & Ramsdell**

**3 MONTHS ON  
BISCUITS AND MILK**

**Woman's Digestive Troubles**

Everyone who is subject to any form of indigestion should know of this woman's experiences. Advice from one who has had such severe attacks is advice worth having. She writes— "I suffered from indigestion, gastritis and constipation, and was so very ill. I had (on medical advice) to live on soda biscuits and milk for three months. Well, a friend advised me to take Kruschen, and now I am pleased to say my troubles are ended. I can eat and enjoy a good meal without any painful after-effects, my skin is clearer—in fact, quite clear—and there is no sign of constipation. I would advise anyone suffering the same to take Kruschen."—(Mrs.) M. B. L.

The immediate effect of the six salts in Kruschen is to promote a natural flow of the digestive and other vital juices of the body. Soon after you start on Kruschen you will find that you are able to enjoy your food without any distressing after-effects. And as you persevere with the "little daily dose," you will see that the relief which Kruschen brings is lasting relief.

**K. P. M.**  
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TRIP TO BALI BY SPECIAL K.P.M.  
STEAMER





## I'M WORRIED ABOUT MY KIDDY

ALMOST every day, you hear those words. "The child is not actually ill but pale, listless, 'out-of-sorts,' lacking in appetite and energy."

Constipation may be keeping impurities locked up in the kiddie's system, sapping energy, poisoning the system. Give the child a NYAL FIGSEN tablet. It will relieve the constipated condition, and enable Nature to function properly. NYAL FIGSEN is pleasant to take... you chew it like a lolly... and gentle in its action. It does not purge, gripe or cause the most delicate stomach. It is good for the whole family. A tin of 24 Tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# MATERNAL Welfare Fund NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT . . .

The Australian Women's Weekly commends to its readers the Jubilee Maternal and Infant Welfare Scheme launched by the Commonwealth in co-operation with the Governments of the various States, and the general public.

Money is urgently and this fund, if generously supported, as there is little doubt it will be, should provide the means of coping on a scientific basis with the problem of the high maternal mortality rate in this country.

TYPICAL of the devotion of the King and Queen to the welfare of their subjects was the Royal request that all funds collected throughout the Empire as a Jubilee gift should be devoted to the hospital needs of the women and children of her vast Empire. Queen Mary has ever been a real mother, rejoicing in their joys and sorrowing with them in their troubles, and no movement for the amelioration of the conditions of women and their emancipation has failed to evoke the sympathy and support of the Queen.

The Commonwealth Government has launched its appeal for the Jubilee Maternal and Infant Welfare Scheme with a subscription of £50,000. New South Wales has followed suit with £10,000. Victoria and Tasmania have each given £5,000, and the other States have agreed to co-operate in like manner.

It is fitting, then, that Australia should generously support this great philanthropic and patriotic movement. In honoring our beloved King and Queen on the occasion of their silver jubilee, the Australian public will have an opportunity of subscribing to a fund which will be used exclusively to solve one of our great social problems.

It is nothing short of a reproach to Australia that in a healthy, virile race, living under conditions of comfort beyond comparison with those of any other nation, an ideal climate, and a minimum of slum conditions, the maternal mortality rate should be among the highest of the civilized nations of the world.

Statistics show that over the last five-year period available our maternal death rate was five per 1,000 births, whereas in Denmark it was 2.74, and in Sweden 3.2.

The Commonwealth Government is now alive to the necessity of tackling this great racial problem, and its scheme has a threefold significance.

The appeal is designed to awaken the public conscience in regard to the need for better treatment of the problem, to

# £50 COOKING COMPETITION IN CASH PRIZES FOR YOUR FAVOURITE RECIPE

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1st PRIZE £20  
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3rd PRIZE £5  
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Dinner Set  
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Set Aluminium Saucepans.

40 Consolation Prizes of 5/- each

If you prefer Baking Powder in your favourite recipe, use only "Fountain" Brand and attach coupon found in every 1-lb. tin.

"Fountain" Flour has been chosen for the cooking championship of Sydney, shortly to be held in all suburbs.

Write to-day for Ruth Boyle's new recipes, "The Key to Successful Baking." Enclose 2d. stamp for postage, and address to Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney.

Competitors may send in as many entries as they like, but each in a separate envelope, and accompanied by the coupon top of a 4lb. packet of "Fountain" Self Raising Flour; envelope to be marked "Cooking Competition." Each entry to be clearly written, and to include competitor's name and full address.

Competition closes 31st July, 1935. Results published in Sydney "Sun" on 18th August, 1935.

No correspondence will be entered into. All entries must be addressed to Ruth Boyle, Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney. Judging will be carried out by Ruth Furst, Cooking Expert to the "Woman's Weekly."



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## 2GB Highlights

SATURDAY (April 20)—6.0: Feature Session—New Mayfair Orchestra. 6.20: Funfest. 9.15: Ellis Price in an Easter Play. 9.30: Feature Session—Stephen Foster melodies. 9.45: Glen Southern, The Voice From Hollywood. 10.0: Notable British Trials—Kate Webster.

SUNDAY (April 21)—9.20 a.m.: Beethoven Concerto No. 3—Arthur Schnabel. 2.15: Face to Face With Macgregor. 6.59: London Suite—Eric Coates, Jones and Hare. 7.0: Mr. C. Jinarajadasa—The Quest of Spirit and Matter. 8.15: Memories of Argentina. 8.45: George Edwards in "The Blunders of Governor Bligh." 10.0: Evening song.

MONDAY (April 22)—2.45: Radio School of Domestic Science. 4.0: The Romance of Glass-making. 6.20: "The Swiss Family Robinson." 8.45: "The Count of Monte Cristo." 9.0: Ellis Price in "Song of the Heart." 9.45: Orchestras of the World—Albert Sandler. 10.30: Senia Chostakoff, Russian tenor.

TUESDAY (April 23)—11.45: Dorothea Vautier—"So They Say" Topics. 6.35: Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven. 6.45: The Voice of the People. 9.0: Easy Chair. 9.15: George Edwards as "Gustavus Adolphus the Liberator."

WEDNESDAY (April 24)—4.5: The Voice From Hollywood. 6.5: The Search for the Missing Link. 8.10: Polley Speech by the Premier. 9.15: Newspaper Adventures—"Spies." 9.30: Comedy Capers.

THURSDAY (April 25)—4.15 a.m.: Dawn Ceremony of Remembrance from the Cenotaph. 11.0: Anzac Service from the Domain. 9.15: The Birth of the British Nation—Carmichael. 10.30: Anzac Memorial Service by the Australian Legion.

FRIDAY (April 26)—3.30: Dorothea Vautier—From Far and Near. 7.0: Two Octaves. 9.15: Cyril James—Roadways.

secure constructive proposals designed to better the position of mothers and infants in Australia, and at the same time, to present a token of loyalty of the Australian people to the British Throne.

Though the actual details of the scheme will not be laid down until the amount of money available is ascertained, the money will be spent in the respective States in which it is raised, and an effort will be made to standardise at a high level maternity practice throughout Australia.

No amount is too large or too small to help this worthy national project, and the Commonwealth Government has made arrangements for subscriptions to be lodged at all branches of the Commonwealth Bank throughout Australia. Make your contribution to-day.

# FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

POPULAR WEDNESDAY FROM 2 G.B. EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, & FRIDAY, AT 6.20 P.M. THAT FASCINATING STORY THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON



"On the Job!"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY IF HE HAD NOT KNOWN JUST WHAT TO DO FOR A SPLITTING HEADACHE



Twenty-minutes ago, a raging headache. Two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, and complete relief. That's service! That's what you can count on when you see the Bayer cross on aspirin tablets. The way they are made gives them speed. Quick to dissolve means quick to relieve. You cannot get the same results from a slower tablet. Time a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water; in your stomach;

in the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart. Insure your comfort—in and out of business hours—by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the convenient pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.



# PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

## ★★ MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Pauline Lord, Zasu Pitts, W. C. Fields. (Paramount.)

ALICE HEGAN RICE'S popular story of a cheerful philosopher, not to be downed by grinding poverty and the sordid surroundings of New York's slum fringe, is excellent movie stuff. The characters are simple people, but they spring to life, with all their engaging oddities, from the first stroke of the author's pen. There is a humble drama of joy and grief and romance presented with a Dickensian quaintness.

This film version is very well done indeed, though the most painful suggestions of destitution have been softened. Our imagination conjures up a more wistful Mrs. Wiggs and a more withered Miss Hany than we see here. But Pauline Lord, as the lovable optimistic mother, could hardly be bettered, and Zasu Pitts does the feeble flutterings of the mad lady to perfection. Then W. C. Fields, as the matrimonially-inclined Mr. Stubbs, is immense. The children, too, and the young lovers are well in character. What a scene that is when the poor old home is revived! And the swift passage from the ecstasy of the vaudeville show to Jimmy's hospital cot is almost too poignant. The whole piece, with its grotesqueries and its pathos, is very touching.—Prince Edward; com. Apr. 13.

## ★★ BROADWAY BILL

Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy. (Columbia.)

PACING and the career of a noble horse who suggests Phar Lap provide the backbone of this story. The film presents with remarkable fidelity the stealthy preparations of the competitors for a first-class event, the setbacks and despair that wait upon postponement of entries, the surging excitement that attends the race itself, the rumors of "a sure thing" that fly about the jockeys and the troop of varied hangers-on that make a living out of the public's fancy for spotting winners. This is really all that matters in the picture. The personal drama of the characters involved is tenuous enough, though Walter Connolly, as a financial patriarch, Warner Baxter, as his restive son-in-law, and Myrna Loy, as his youngest and unmarried daughter, do their best with it. In fact, Baxter is surprisingly good as the roving character, devoted to horses, who had made an honest attempt to settle down to matrimony and a commercial life. But we are not very concerned as to whether he had actually divorced his stay-at-home wife (Helma Vincent) before he finally canters off with Myrna Loy. The race is the thing.—Regent; com. Apr. 20.

## ★★ THE STRANGE CONSPIRACY

Arthur Byron, Janet Beecher, Paul Kelly. (Paramount.)

WITH its admirable flair for topical subjects Hollywood has here given us another film filled with mutterings of war. The film confines itself to the question of America's participation or non-participation in a world war presumed to have just broken out in Europe. But it has interest for people outside the U.S.A. in its well-judged presentation of the forces that make for war, the conclaves of would-be profiteers, the inflated patriotism of the secretly-organized "Gray Shirts," the shrieks of the Press, and the manipulation of Congress itself against the convinced pacifism of the President (Arthur Byron). Into the swirling excitement drops the news bomb that the President has been kidnapped; and decision upon America's action is delayed while a nation-wide search for him is made.

There are some acutely drawn characters, particularly Charles Grapevine's milk-drinking, mild-spoken financier, who is rightly supposed to be behind the "Gray Shirts." Paul Kelly, as the Secret Service guard of the President, is made to act in an unnecessarily suspicious manner. But the suspense is well kept up until the forces of intrigue are countered by the restoration of the President to his wife (Janet Beecher) and the White House.—Arcadia; com. Apr. 13.

## ★★ TABU

Matangi, Reri, Hiti. (Paramount.)

IT is a great pity that this last film directed by F. W. Murnau has not been shown to the public before. The drama was enacted in the South Seas and almost entirely by a native cast, with the photography in the hands of the celebrated R. J. Flaherty. Between them they have composed a "sound picture" (there is merely a little native speech) of very considerable beauty about a maiden (Reri), who is chosen by the aged chief of the islands (Hiti) to serve the gods, but whose lover (Matangi), defies the tabu and snatches her away to another island.

The idyllic life of these unspoiled people is pictured with great charm in the early scenes. Later we are shown how it is beginning to be smirched by

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

the greedy exploitation of Chinese traders and white pearlers. The close, with Reri carried off by the avenging Hiti while Matangi swims out after the boat to be lost in the waves, is finely tragic. We feel, however, that these lovely glimpses of an almost vanished paradise would have impressed us even more than they do now if we had seen them before the subject had been touched by men of inferior imagination. And the story suffers somewhat through cuts.—Variety; com. Apr. 20.

## ★ RED HOT TYRES

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)  
Lyle Talbot, Mary Astor. (Warner Bros.)

SPEEDWAY racing supplies the thrills in this film, with its worship of the machine. Everything has to give way to the winning motor, even the flooding of the star.

Patricia Sanford (Mary Astor), a workmanlike figure in overalls, and the possessor of a racing mechanic's licence, loves Wallace Storm (Lyle Talbot), but we gather that she could not love him so much, loved he not track-driving more. At least when the villain (Gavin Gordon) won the championship helmet, though she disliked him personally, she embraced him in spite of crowds and cameras. Gordon's blood-curdling demise halfway through leads to a brief interlude for the hero in "star." But out he breaks and off to South America, where he speeds under an alias for two years, returning in an aeroplane on a summons from Patricia, to land on the course in the middle of a race, take over her outdistanced car and, as change driver, pilot it to victory.

Frankie Darro, an engaging lad, appears as a speed demon of midgeot cars. Talbot's stunts look authentic, but one has slight misgivings over the happy ending.—Capitol and King's Cross; com. Apr. 20.

## ★ HERE COMES THE NAVY

James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Gloria Stuart. (Warner Bros.)

COMEDIES cannot be taken as reliable evidence of fact. But it seems to us that this picture of life in the U.S.A. Navy makes clear some important differences between that navy and our own. That such an undisciplined scrapper as Chesty (James Cagney) should have been taken for the navy in the first place is remarkable. That he should have continued in any branch of the service is extraordinary. But then, apparently, the U.S.A. Navy is recruited from men who serve merely a 90-days' probation, instead of from boys who are trained in seamanship for several years before they become naval ratings, and who learn obedience and self-control from the start.

The story itself has a variety of lively incidents in which Chesty falls foul of Biff (Pat O'Brien), a chief petty officer, ashore as well as afloat. Gloria Stuart supplies adequate romantic interest for Chesty. But we feel that Cagney hardly makes an agreeable figure of the hero, and we sympathise with O'Brien, who seems not to relish his part of admiral to this unruly spirit.—Plaza; com. Apr. 20.

## ★ THE WOMAN IN RED

Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond. (Warner Bros.)

BARBARA STANWYCK'S forte as a dramatic actress is her capacity to express gameness. Here, as a penniless girl who has capitalised her sporting proclivities by turning professional rider, she takes her fences in style and accepts her anomalous position in the employ of a wealthy woman (Genevieve Tobin) who keeps a racing stable. It is this quality which attracts a scion of Long Island's first families (Gene Raymond), who is himself a polo player and gentleman jockey for his friends.

The training stable the pair set up after their runaway marriage opens up a reasonable prospect of a livelihood. But they have Miss Tobin's jealousy to reckon with. A casual word, a slight shrug, a lift of the eyebrow—and the young wife is involved in an accidental tragedy, estranged from her husband, and the only witness who can clear an innocent man of murder. So far, well enough. But Miss Stanwyck's hysterical breakdown in the Court scene and the false swearing of her husband's clan leave an unpleasant taste.—Plaza; com. April 20.

# BLONDE ANNA NEAGLE

## Vivacious Beauty

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

ANNA NEAGLE'S role in "Nell Gwyn," which is soon to be shown, forms a distinct contrast with anything she has attempted for the screen before. We have seen her already to advantage in light comedy, and she has proved in Noel Coward's musical romance, "Bitter Sweet," that she possesses besides beauty and a good singing voice a capacity for emotional acting.

But in "Nell Gwyn" she has a very different part to portray. She has to express the broad, rollicking humor, the unfettered high spirits, and the winsome charm of the low-born actress who captured the fancy of a king, and who kept it till the end of his life by virtue of her honest, good-humored gaiety, and saucy wit.



ABOVE: ANNA NEAGLE as Nell Gwyn in sportive mood and preparing to drain off a tankard of ale. Below: Nell Gwyn (Anna Neagle) and King Charles II (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) on the night when he sees her first at Drury Lane Theatre, take supper together after the performance at the King's Arms tavern

WHAT is the secret of the exuberant vitality that is evident in Anna Neagle's latest screen portrayal? This is an exacting role than can only be played adequately by an actress at the top of her form. To dance the lively jig on the stage of Drury Lane, in which she first attracts the King's attention, requires abundant physical energy. And all through the piece she has to be a creature brimming over with health and spirits.

Without a doubt, the consuming interest she has in her work contributes in no small measure to that impression of bubbling vitality she gives. She thoroughly enjoys her role of the moment. That in itself makes for well-being.

She is certainly a great worker. Her rapid rise from the chorus of musical comedy to stardom on the screen is not due to her looks, even when aided by conspicuous ability.

## Rather Fragile

IN her own person, Anna Neagle, or if you prefer to call her by her original name, Marjorie Robertson, is not especially robust. This slender, grey-eyed girl with hair of natural gold, has a normal weight of 9 stone 3 pounds. When she was studying to become a gymnasium instructor, before ever she thought of the stage, she found that to practise too strenuously the various games in which she desired to become proficient over-tired her seriously.

But she considers now that a fair amount of exercise, together with a moderate allowance of food, is sufficient to keep her in perfect condition. She is a great believer in walking exercise and fresh air. When she is engaged on a picture and obliged to forgo regular long walks, she is never so fit. And whatever slight increase in weight she puts on occurs then. But as soon as a picture is finished she resumes the country tramp she so much enjoys, and almost at once her weight and health come back to normal.

However, she is not very troubled about the possibility of putting on

weight. In fact, when she was preparing to enact the roll of Nell Gwyn, her difficulty was quite the other way. Nell, by all accounts, was a bonneting lass. In figure and in temperament you may, perhaps, liken her to a Mae West of the period.

So what Miss Neagle had to study was how to acquire those curves!

Well, the recipe she used for fattening up was:

Porridge and cream, followed by eggs with lavishly-buttered toast for breakfast.

Half a pint of milk morning and night.

Potatoes baked in their skins and eaten with butter at least twice a day.

Chocolates after lunch.

As much butter as possible at tea.

Always some kind of pie or pastry at dinner.

In addition to this regime, as the filming process continued and the nervous strain of work threatened to fane her down again, Miss Neagle heroically swallowed another glass of milk in the afternoon.

## Food Theories

ORDINARILY Miss Neagle takes only two meals a day—breakfast and dinner—proper meals, that is. She cuts out lunch absolutely, because it makes her feel sleepy for work afterwards. But she doesn't mind a slice of bread and butter with her tea in the afternoon.

She likes a good breakfast; something solid, not just fruit juice and dry toast. She thinks that, if you are going to do a day's work, you require fortifying.

She says she has a good appetite for her dinner, too, and eats what she fancies. These fancies include quite a number of things that dietitians generally cut out. For instance, she takes bananas and cream and potatoes.

But, though she likes chocolate, and eats them when she wants to, she rarely takes a sweet course to follow the meat and vegetables that constitute her dinner. If she requires anything else, she takes a little fruit.

A theory which she strongly holds

is that most people eat too many courses to a meal. This mixing of food, particularly when the food consists of pastry and much like, as well as eating to excess, she thinks is responsible for much ill-health and, incidentally, for putting on flesh.

She neither smokes nor drinks. And she is convinced that alcoholic drinks are very fattening things.

## Sportswoman

MISS NEAGLE'S outside interests include a marked enthusiasm for sport of various kinds. This is to be expected no doubt from her previous training in physical culture.

She is an expert fencer, swimmer and, of course, dancer. And she loves to spend a spare afternoon watching a cricket or football match. For football in particular she has a great fondness, and the Woolwich Arsenal team signalled their appreciation of her interest in them by paying her a visit at the studio during the filming of "Nell Gwyn."

Going to sea in a coastal boat is also a thing she likes to do. It is not everybody's choice, of course, but she thoroughly enjoys the thirty-six-hour trip from Limehouse up the usually stormy North Sea to Aberdeen. No doubt this inclination comes from her seafaring forebears, who were mostly either in the Royal Navy or in the Merchant Service.

READING is another hobby, especially of biographies. This trait stood her in great stead when it came to studying her characterisation of Nell Gwyn, for which she read extensively.

In between films Anna Neagle these days lives a fairly quiet life, not trying to combine a screen with a stage career to the extent that a great many English players do. And when she is at work on a film, evening parties and the social round do not tempt her.

She has a house in Hertfordshire at Bowham Wood, about a mile from the film studio where she generally works. This gives her a convenient walk to the studio besides being a pleasant weekend spot.



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Young Master Albert noted for unusual strength of lungs? I leave you to guess how near neighbors received news of family going bush for Easter.

## First Night Audience

AMONG large audience who registered amazement at Gabriel Toynne's gastronomical feat with bananas at the premiere of "Laburnum Grove" was Mrs. John Bavin in black lace frock of exceeding shortness. From left-hand box, Mrs. Oscar Paul displayed elegance of flame georgette and coachman's coat of black velvet. Very striking was silver lame coat of long close-fitting design worn by Mrs. Ellis Fleiding Jones. Mrs. Dick Allen abandoned her usual note of exotic originality for simplicity of pastel satins and black velvet.

Mrs. John Keep invited friends to flat-warming at Gainsborough, Edgecliff Rd., on Monday evening.

## London's New Arrival

SMALL daughter has arrived for Captain and Mrs. Raymond Laurie. Proud mother, formerly Coralie Morgan Jones, of Sydney, receiving cables of congratulation in London. Home is farther north at Fort Lennan, Ireland. Charley Morgan Jones is visiting sister. Friends confident she will do best to spoil new arrival.

## Sunday Night Party

LADY ISAACS was present at Don Finlay's film party to "Tabu" on Sunday night at Variety Theatre. Showed much interest in island picture. Once more trolley buses commissioned to bring guests from supper party at Clifford to town. Exotic supper included dishes from most European countries. Guests mostly shy of garlic sausages, but Polish variety popular.

Last-minute decision to visit Sydney for Easter was cause of much ringing up from Queensland for Mrs. Yaldwin and daughter Carlie. They will stay at 52 Macleay St.

## Interesting Wedding

WEDDING of Marjorie Smyth to S. S. (Fritz) Burnell causing interest among intelligentsia. Marjorie has made hobby of architecture and Fritz is author of several books. Couple keenly interested in all phases of Art, and have more than usual knowledge of same. Guests not invited to church round corner, but partook of ceremonial cheer at Greenoaks Cottage, Darling Point.

Winter in sight of Pyramids was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Minter-Taylor, of Sydney. Now in London for season's gaieties.

## Consul for Finland

SUCH chopping and changing of Consular Corps. Having represented Finland for fourteen years, Mr. Tanner now transferred. Mr. Simelius arrives this week to take over. No wife or family listed, so here's hoping for one more foreign bachelor for social circles.

## Diamonds and Sapphires

JUST announced is engagement of Delphine West-Scorer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James West-Scorer, of Neutral Bay. Fiance is William Blackmore Wragge, and romance commenced two years ago at otherwise prosaic bridge party. Now sapphires and diamonds celebrate occasion. Bride-to-be has charming mezzo-soprano voice, well trained.

## Departing Consul-General

AMERICAN colony sad at imminent departure by Neptuna of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Caldwell for Tientsin. New appointment promotion in Consular service. Popular couple are parting with son James, who is sailing for America when parents leave for China. One daughter, Mrs. John S. Chester, and two sons, David and John, already domiciled in U.S.A. Party at Tudor, Elizabeth Bay, given to farewell innumerable friends.

## Squattocracy Assembles

CARS in great numbers drove from Bathurst to Peel for wedding of Elinor Robertson of Blayney, to Neil Harvey of Sydney. Squattocracy of district much in evidence. Brucevale, home of bride's grandfather, Mr. Herbert Sutor, was scene of wedding reception. Very effective was bouquet of golden iris and gladioli carried by bride, who wore parchment lace threaded with gold. Three bridesmaids all in golden shades made effective foil for wedding gown.

Drolleries of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" proved irresistible to audience at Saturday's premiere. Dressing of audience very formal. Those present included F. W. Wheatley with handsome wife, Miss K. Cobercroft and J. J. Rouse couple.

## Many Receptions

SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY HORE-RUTHVEN had week of receptions. Victoria League, National Council of Women, and United Services all extended hand of friendship to Vice-Royalty. Wedding reception also figured among week's entertainments. Lady Hore-Ruthven was present when Mollie Wolfecarius wed Bedford Osborne. Bedford resembles beautiful mother known to older generations as Maude Jeffries.



Many Wharf-wavers FOREST green was chosen by Mrs. "Bruz" Eyres for her going-away travelling

frock. Lots of friends and flowers to cheer her up at parting when Orama sailed last week. Mrs. Eyres en route for England, but has friends in most ports to tarry with before reaching destination. Little John Harnett arrived on wharf firmly clutching large bag of bulls'-eyes to give departing friend. His mother, Mrs. Alan Harnett, looked smart as usual in sportive tweeds.

## Manhattan for Lunch

MANHATTAN quite vogue for luncheon parties. Sadie and Elise Budge in favored shades of dusty blue and pink respectively partook of sole in between telling of amusing anecdotes at week-end party. With bloom of country air showing on fair complexion, Hazel Grace looked smart in navy ensemble, adding snappy tricorne hat for good measure.

Honeymooning in Adelaide are Mr. and Mrs. Ian Bruce, of Orange. Bride formerly Muriel Dalton, well known and popular in district.

## Australian Film Fans

RED carpet added splash of color to pavement outside Lyceum Theatre on Saturday. Vice-Regal party chose Australian film, "Heritage," for main week-end entertainment. Dr. Winn entertained large party of boys from Cranbrook and son, Dick, whose birthday it was, much in evidence.



## Fred Doidge Returns

MR. AND MRS. FRED DOIDGE due in Sydney this week. They will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Doidge, Senr., at Vaucluse, for a month, and then sail for New Zealand for holiday with Mrs. Doidge's relations. Fred is shining example of making good abroad on own initiative. From modest journalistic beginnings, became managing director of Beaverbrook Press in London. Has now retired from that position.

## Fancy Dress Frivolities

A HIGHLIGHT of the Authors' Ball was the snappy pas seal danced by Dulcie Deamer. Lesser lights included the happy smile of Wilfred Wallace, impersonating one of the famous "Seven Little Australians," in cool shirt and shorts. Outsize doll carried by one dancer met with fatal injuries on ball-room floor.

Elaine Hamill enjoyed rural week-end at Camden recently as guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Onslow. Local show visited and found full of interest.

## Caravanning Sisters

BAD luck for Mr. and Mrs. John Warwick. On their arrival in England Mrs. Warwick's sisters, Joan and Betty Rayner, were already on tour in Germany. They will shortly arrive in Australia minus their famous caravan. Short visit to Sydney, then all aboard for Europe once more. New caravan to be purchased will boast all mod. cons.

## Brass Hats Entertain

VERY live wire was Lieut. Briggs at Field-Engineers' and Signallers' Officers' Mess Ball at Hotel Wentworth during week-end. Arrangements went with military precision and party voted great whoopee. Colonel and Mrs. Smith entertained brass hats. Crinoline in cyclamen shade worn by Mrs. Thorpe, caused mild sensation.

Major and Mrs. Dunk, of Indian army, and Major S. Greece arriving in Sydney this week on furlough.

## Meeks-Hordern Engagement

WILL Dinah Hordern's pronounced liking for horseback invigilate new fiance, Harry Meeks, to bestride a prancing steed at Agricultural Show this week? We wonder. Engagement hardly surprise as Horderns and Meeks' invariably dance, and play varied sports in company. Harry terribly smart as to clothes, and does not seem to blend with affairs of the bush.

## Muriel Brunskill Tour

MADELINE CLARKE starting out in concert management. Beginning tours with Muriel Brunskill as headliner. Brisbane chosen for first concert. April 30. Madeleine born there, and northern city has not yet had chance of hearing famous operatic contralto. New enterprise sure of success.

## Have You Noticed—

That Roy Agnew and wife are in Sydney? Entertained this week at evening reception by Mrs. Prichard Bassett.



MRS. ANTHONY HORDERN depicted in a new role as a successful breeder of Hereford cattle. Sir Frederick McMaster, judge of champion cattle at the R.A.S., is congratulating Mrs. Hordern on the success of her champion Hereford bull, which won the blue ribbon in its class.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Jane Lane





## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF ME — NOW?

"Barely four pounds when I was born, my mother said. But the doctor put us both on SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT . . . and NOW . . . look at me! A ball of muscle! Strong bones, sound teeth, and WHAT a chest! That's how SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT has built me up, and it will do the same for all other sickly babies."

For Older Children, Too—  
Nursing Mothers, Invalids,  
etc.

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## For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS How to Wean Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

Last week the directions for the "preparatory week" of weaning were given. Readers who are contemplating weaning their eight or nine-months-old babies should not fail to study that article as correct handling of baby during the "preparatory week" goes more than half way towards the success of weaning.

AT the end of this "preparatory" or First Week of Weaning, baby is taking 8 ounces of milk mixture at the 10 a.m. feed in place of the breast. During the Second Week, baby is introduced to both cereal jelly and emulsion.

It is important to introduce these new foods gradually and in very small quantities at first.

Baby's meals during the Second Week will be as follows:

6 a.m.: Breakfast.  
10 a.m.: Cereal jelly. Eight ounces of milk mixture. Karjol emulsion.  
2 p.m.: Baked finger of bread. Breast feed.  
6 p.m.: Breast feed.  
10 p.m.: Breast feed.

On the first day of the Second Week of Weaning, give one teaspoon of cereal jelly at 10 a.m. Day by day gradually increase this amount (as baby becomes used to the feeling and taste of this semi-solid food) till, at the end of the week, one tablespoon of jelly is being given daily. It should be given by teaspoon, before the milk mixture is given, and may have a little of the milk mixture poured round it, but not mixed in with it.

The recipes for cereal jelly are as follows:

### Barley Jelly

(For baby 9 months and over.)

Mix two level tablespoons of Robinson's patent barley to a smooth consistency with one ounce of cold water. (N.B.: 11 tablespoons water equals one ounce.) Add pinch of salt, also nine ounces of boiling water. Boil in a double boiler for about an hour.

Out jelly is made in the same way as barley jelly, using Robinson's patent groats.

The jellies must be made freshly every day.

If baby's bowels tend to be constipated use oat jelly; if they are inclined to be relaxed, use the barley jelly. If the motions are perfectly normal, give oat jelly one day and barley jelly the next, by way of variety.

### Spoon-feeding

THE milk mixture recipe for the Second Week is exactly the same as for the preparatory week. (See The Australian Women's Weekly, 13/4/35).

Regarding the introduction of emulsion at the 10 a.m. feed, Cow's milk and human milk contain the same amount of fat, but, as the percentage of fat is lowered when one dilutes cow's milk to get rid of the excess of protein, it is necessary to add fat when humanising milk.

Karjol emulsion is now universally used for this purpose. This emulsion has a caloric value of twice that of ordinary thick cream. The cod liver oil which it contains gives it a high antiputrescent value. Unlike bought cream, Karjol keeps indefinitely, contains no harmful germs, and is very suitable for infant feeding because the finely subdivided (homogenised) selected fats and oils are readily digested and absorbed. (Obtainable from all chemists.)

On the first day of the Second Week, give one-quarter of a level teaspoon of Karjol, by a small bone spoon, just before the milk mixture at the 10 a.m. feed. Increase the amount by 1 level teaspoon daily till giving 11 level teaspoons once daily.

Do not attempt to mix the emulsion

H. H. HOLMBOE says: I have sliced Olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich? \* \* \*

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IT'S OUR WASHING-DAY, TOO BUT WE ONLY GET ONE SAVING

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W.W. 38/1/35

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# FOUR FRIENDS and DEATH

Continued from Page 22

"I THINK you are wrong to be so emphatic," commented Hopkins with the utmost gentleness. His pebble glasses were fixed on the doctor's face, and there was a difficult pause.

"Are you suggesting I'm the murderer, then?" shouted Garrett, suddenly flushing and half-rising from his seat.

"Come, come!" said Hopkins, his lips twitching. "Let us remember we are friends and keep our tempers. What's a murder between friends?"

"Come to that," answered Garrett more calmly, sinking down into his chair again. "You seem to be taking it remarkably calmly!"

"I am. To be perfectly frank, I was not at all fond of Pickering. You knew him as a rich and respectable banker. I—with my usual flair for finding out the worst sides of people—happen to know that his bank is a very shady affair, and his past career shadier still. Mr. Pickering has put over some pretty raw deals in his time on friends of mine."

"In that case, why accept his hospitality?"

"Firstly, because I like this yacht—one of the finest hulls that ever came off Champey's drawing-board. And secondly—"

"Secondly?"

"I find Pickering a most interesting character study. . . . Any more questions? No? Then I suggest the court votes on my proposal. That we now search this cabin to find one missing poison phial, tube, or container."

"Waste of time," grunted Garrett.

"I think we should do it, old chap," said Leathart.

Hopkins got up. "Carried!"

The saloon had many cupboards and lockers, as all well-designed cabins have. Certain of them were for articles used in common—crockery, glasses, cards, books, and so forth.

But at the beginning of the trip two lockers had been offered to each man (and the keys given to him), to stow such private articles as he had—a practice which may sound unfriendly to the uninitiated, but which is carried out by all discreet yachtsmen, for it saves a great deal of argument.

When each man had given up his keys, and the lockers had been searched, an empty phial, smelling strongly of hydrocyanic acid, was found in Dr. Garrett's drawer.

More damning still, they found a receipt from a chemist, screwed up in the sheet of brown paper in which the phial had evidently been wrapped: "100. hydrocyanic acid."

"Good heavens! You, Garrett!" exclaimed Leathart, with surprising scorn. "No wonder you were so much against the search!"

Garrett had turned pale. "This is absurd!" he exclaimed. "I know nothing about this!"

Leathart laughed scornfully. "Oh, come, I say! Know nothing about it? In your locked drawer? It's as plain as the nose on my face."

"You doped the glass before we sat

down to dinner, put away the phial and locked the drawer, and then poured the brandy into glasses one of which was already charged with poison!"

"It's a lie!" said Garrett furiously.

"Perhaps the Spanish police may have different views!"

"Now, now, Leathart," said Hopkins, reprovingly. "Don't start talking about the Spanish police. Let's hear the mitigating circumstances. If there are any."

"Rot!" said Leathart, angrily.

"There's nothing here but a cold-blooded premeditated murder."

Hopkins peered shrewdly at the flushed face of the Yorkshireman. "You seem very indignant about it, Leathart! Amusing display of indignation! After all, we don't know yet (a) if Garrett really did poison Pickering, or (b) if he did, why? He may have had some perfectly good reason—eh, Garrett?"

Garrett glared at him furiously. "All I know is that one of you two is the dirtiest skunk unhanged."

"I feared," said Hopkins, with a sigh, "that we should never be able to discuss this murder without animosity creeping in. However, let us see where we are."

"The poison has been discovered in Garrett's locked drawer. A bad mark against him."

"In defence I should be inclined to urge that no murderer would stow the bottle in his own locker; surely he'd prefer to throw it down anywhere rather than there—particularly as suspicion would be bound to fall on Garrett first through having poured out the brandy."

"That's all very well for a clever devil like yourself, Hopkins," broke in Leathart; "but I'm a plain man, and that argument seems just silly. At that rate the more evidence you discover against him, the less guilty he is."

"Well, I won't insist on the point. I prefer to leave that kind of argument to my learned and subtle confreres, the writers of detective novels. We will just keep it at the back of our minds. Now, Garrett, have you any contribution to make?"

Garrett stared at them both defiantly.

"No, I prefer to watch you. Being innocent, you see, I happen to know one of you is the murderer, and sooner or later he'll give himself away."

"A very proper sentiment," murmured Hopkins. "Our next task, therefore, is to find some motive. Blackmail has been suggested by Leathart."

"I didn't actually suggest it," interrupted Leathart, uneasily.

"I apologise. You are right; you did not suggest it in this case. You merely mentioned it as a justifiable motive for a murder." Leathart wriggled, but said nothing.

Please turn to Page 28

## PILES

How to Relieve them

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and itchy, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding. Day and night, piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary. Let Doan's Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints.



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**A**FTER a keen look at him, Hopkins continued: "The murdered man (whom, by the way, I consider perfectly capable of blackmail, with his bland smile and his mean mind)—the murdered man, as the crime stories always call the violently deceased, probably had some documents with which to blackmail—letters and so forth. We had better search his person and his locker."

"Right," said Leathart, jumping up. "I'll look through his clothes."

"One moment," remarked Hopkins, suddenly shooting out a long arm and laying it on Leathart's shoulder. "One moment. We had better go together. And perhaps Garrett had better come too. He might—he just possibly might—try to make a bolt for it."

They returned with a handful of papers and a "vallet." Hopkins read through them. Both watched him with fascinated attention. He made a little noise as if of satisfaction, looked up, and said:

"Well, Leathart, what would you say to this? A letter written to Pickering, in Garrett's own handwriting. And marked 'Confidential.'"

Garrett started as his eyes fell on the document, and he swore. Without looking up, Hopkins read the letter out:

My dear Pickering,—I should be infinitely grateful if you could give me another thirty days' grace on that promissory note. I've just had a reminder from Leathart about the heavy bill I ran up with him on last month's racing, and I hardly know where to turn for ready cash. I'm safe enough—you know that half a dozen operations will cover the amount—but I happen to be in a temporary corner.

Yours ever, J. GARRETT.

Leathart gave a slow murmur of astonishment. "So that was it! But

## FOUR FRIENDS and DEATH

Continued from Page 27

why, Garrett, why? Man alive, my reminder to you was a joke! If I'd known you were in any real difficulty, so far from running up any bill I'd have lent you all you wanted!"

Hopkins was watching Leathart's face with an unblinking stare. "But Garrett didn't know that, eh? And so, when Pickering refused to renew the note, Garrett killed him to gain time."

Garrett jumped to his feet. Every vestige of self-control had left him. Shaking with anger, he leaned towards Hopkins, his face a few inches from the other man's, and almost spat into his face.

"You rat! You Judas! So this is the little plot you've prepared, sitting there like a spider! God, what a fool I was ever to trust you, you heartless, soulless, gutless devil!"

**"Y**OU killed Pickering. You knew he had that letter on him; he showed it to you, I expect! You hid the poison bottle in my drawer!"

"Pickering never refused to renew my promissory note. He told me before we started on this trip not to worry about the note. We were too good friends for him to do anything to embarrass me, he said."

"You told us yourself you hated him. You poisoned him, and wove your slimy little plot, like one of your slimy little stories!"

Hopkins gazed quietly back into the convulsed features of his friend. He seemed to note every line of fury as if he were examining an interesting old picture.

"I understand your fury, Garrett," he said. "I was afraid that once we started murdering each other our happy, our almost ideal friendship would be broken up."

"Believe me, however, I bear you no ill-will." He turned. "Well, Leathart, what do you say?"

"Guilty as blazes!"

"And do you think the circumstances mitigating? Money affairs are very worrying, you know! Almost the most worrying in the world."

"Look out!" shouted Leathart; and Hopkins leaped sideways. Wild with fury, Garrett had sprung at him.

Leathart seized Garrett by the elbow. In the huge Yorkshireman's hands he was like a child, and he was flung suddenly back in his chair.

"Very crude!" remarked Hopkins. "So, Leathart, you consider there are no mitigating circumstances?"

"None!"

"What shall we do, then?"

"Hand him over to the Spanish police."

**H**OPKINS' eyebrows

rose. "Come, come. An old shipmate of ours! Surely we'll offer him a gentleman's way out?"

"No," rumbled Leathart, suddenly. "I wouldn't give him even that, the skunk!"

"I see. Well, well!"

"And what about you, eh, you slimy devil?" said Garrett. "What's your opinion? You lead others on, but you take damn good care never to give away anything yourself!"

"My opinion? Ah, yes, my opinion." Hopkins had been smiling, but now the smile vanished; and, behind his thick glasses, he darted at Leathart a glance of piercing malignancy, of utter and biting contempt.

"My opinion, Leathart, is that you're the meanest skunk it has ever been my lot to meet. I thought I was a judge of human character. I turn out to have been a child, a baby."

"You are a murderer, Leathart. Don't look surprised. I repeat, you are a murderer. You murdered Pickering. You had provocation, no doubt. I don't complain of that."

**B**UT not only are you a murderer; you deliberately attempt to fauten on your best friend the guilt of that murder. You had no pity, you pressed for the last ounce of punishment. You won't even permit him to blow his brains out.

"You! Our inoffensive, childish, sporting glutton! Faugh!"

"I kill Pickering?" exclaimed Leathart at last. "You must be crazy! Why should I want to?"

"I have met you once or twice at Pickering's house," said Hopkins slowly. "I'm an observant devil, you know."

"Mrs. Pickering is a very beautiful woman, isn't she? And ill-treated by her husband, eh? And ready to tell anyone so? And her husband's jealous of your heart-to-heart talks with her, lunches in town, and so forth? Isn't that so?"

"You're mad!" said Leathart, emphatically. "It's true that I felt sorry for Mrs. Pickering. If you like, I'm in love with her. I don't mind admitting it."

"But, as for murdering him! Confound it, you can't accuse me of murder just because of an admiration for a man's wife!"

"Oh, no," said Hopkins. "I happen to have more substantial grounds. I knew you had murdered Pickering the moment he fell dead."

Please turn to Page 34

● "Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



● Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! . . . Nope — didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder!



● "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."



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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 20, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

29

You'll Simply Love Bertha Maxwell's Fascinating

## PANSY DESIGN for a Lingerie or Trousseau Set

More! You will welcome the news that exclusive Patterns for making this 4-piece Set, which is shown here, are also available

**P**ANSIES have long endeared themselves to needleworkers. Their smooth flatness and compact form are ideal for pattern-making; their soft, wavy irregularity suits the beginner's stitchery, yet they are so beautiful that they tempt the worker who has complete command of her needle and a knowledge of colors. They are here arranged in a fascinating new design for a set of underwear by Bertha Maxwell...

Now read details concerning the wonderful pansy transfer, method of application, and at the close of the article information relative to the exclusive paper patterns.

**T**HIS transfer is the most generous we have ever offered, and if you want a flower for any decorative purpose whatever, you cannot be without it. It costs only 1/6 posted or delivered from the office of The Australian Women's Weekly exclusively.

It is invaluable for your underwear, frocks, aprons, pockets, house linen or other needlework purposes, and is also splendid for artificial flower-making, applique, leatherwork, wood-staining—almost any craft where jolly little flowers can be arranged to suit the worker. The transfer may be cut up into dozens of shapes and styles, or small motifs arranged to your own ideas.

The illustration gives less than half of the transfer, which actually measures 20 x 30 inches. Space does not allow us to spread it all out for you; but the transfer will give you these lovely little flowers sufficient for two V-necks with a single flower for the back of each nightdress, four pointed pieces for knickers so that you can make two pairs, and about 38 inches of pansy border for placing round armholes, necks, straight-topped slips, or knicker legs.

### How to Use the Design

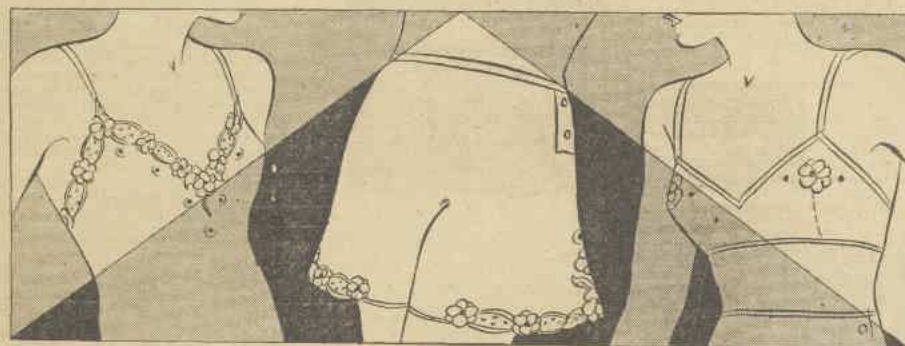
**A**LTHOUGH arranged for V-necks, you will notice that the flowers may be clipped apart and fitted to a neck of any shape. The bordering may be used to fill up space between back and front of necks. Single flowers may be clipped out and dotted where required on garments. Edges may be formed of the pattern and buttonholed accordingly, or as shown in the figure; folded net may be used to form the lovely net applique which is so easy and pleasant to embroider.

### How to Work It

**I**F you are using the design on material where you do not wish it to form an edge, satin-stitch the pansies all round the double lines in the pattern. Lay in a few running threads, but not too many, as a high raised effect is not suitable for these soft, flat flowers. The double lines will guide your stitching, and also indicate the band of different color which these flowers so often wear round their petal edges. Stems and stem-lines may be satin-stitched in the same manner, the leaves lightly outlined, and the centre made as a tiny eyelet or satin dot.

Where the design is used against an edge, the double pansy lines should be lightly padded, then buttonholed to give a firm finish and allow cutting of material beneath.

HERE ON the right you see Bertha Maxwell's most exquisite Pansy transfer design for V-neck, with flower for back; design for two-pointed pieces for knickers; and portion of border. This shows LESS THAN HALF of the transfer, which provides for nightdresses, slip, two pairs of knickers, brassiere, and over 1 1/2 yards of border design. Price 1/6, post free.



The design may be used freely for edge effect, as the small bits of cutwork are so placed that they will never weaken an edge, or cause tearing of the material. These open spaces are well away from the edge in the knicker pieces, where hard wear must be encountered.

There are no bars, and the cutwork forms itself when small semi-circular lines are added to the flowers. It is all shown on the transfer, but if you do not want these surrounding open bits, clip the little curved lines off the transfer.

### Ways With Border Strip

**T**HE border strip is very interesting, for you may use it at the top or hem of a garment without turning the pansies upside down. In the illustration, it is shown as it will appear at the top of a slip, etc., but the same effect may be obtained by placing it along a hem edge, and buttonholing along the bottom scallop shape.

This has been specially thought out and arranged so that the border can be used anywhere with the pansies always in an upright position, for they really do not look well when turned upside down. Scallop lines in the border, which are not wanted if they do not form the edge, may be clipped away before ironing off the transfer.

### Threads to Use

**F**OR silk materials, use Filosele, a lovely stranded silk which comes in skeins and may be divided into two or three as you wish, according to the strength required.

It is obtainable in all colors, which are fast to reasonable washings. Although slightly expensive, it is very economical to use and beautiful for sewing. For cotton and linen materials, use stranded cotton, which you all know so well; choose a good make to endure washing.

### The Colors

**I**F you like colored embroidery, pansies will delight you, as they provide a wealth of lovely shades from black to the palest of hues.

White on white is truly enchanting for you may add bright little yellow centres and a few sharp little black lines on the lower petal, an unusual combination which enthralls the eye.

All the purples, mauves, blues, yellows, browns, and mixtures of these may be used on these flowers, so that a color effect suitable for all materials is easily decided.

Stems and leaves are a medium green; they are never very noticeable in groups of pansies, the flowers taking complete command, so the green parts of the design have been subdued.

Use no knots, and press the work well before cutting edges.

### The Patterns

**P**ATTERNS for this exclusive 4-piece set comprising nightgown, slip, scanties and brassiere are obtainable with the transfer in three sizes: 32, 34, and 36-inch bust. The price for the set (paper patterns only) is 3/-, post free.

Approximately 7yds. of 36-inch material, 2yds. of narrow ribbon for straps for slip and brassiere, and 2yds. of 2-inch ribbon for the anal and shoulder bows for the nightgown, would be required.

The bows on the shoulders could be omitted if desired.

Crepe-de-chine, satin, or triple chiffon would be suitable material for this set.

The end of the nightgown and the scanties could be embroidered with bands of the design as Bertha Maxwell suggests, or a plain hem finished with hand-drawn threadwork; this also applies to the end of the slip. The scanties are fitted to the waist and fastened with two pearl buttons.

Remember the generous 20 x 30 transfer costs 1/6, and paper patterns for the set 3/-, post free.

**A PETROV SKETCH** of Bertha Maxwell's 4-piece lingerie or trousseau set. Transfer carrying the lovely Pansy design, measuring 20 x 30 inches, costs 1/6, post free. Exclusive paper patterns to enable you to make the whole lovely set in any desired fabric are obtainable for 3/-, post free. This 4-piece set, as you can see, embraces nightdress, slip, panties, and brassiere.



## CLEVER IDEAS

**BEFORE COOKING** a duck or goose pour water which is boiling over and through it. This tends to remove the oily flavor.

**TO CLEAN** a sink quickly moisten a wad of paper with a little paraffin, and thoroughly rub the sink. Then rinse with plenty of water.

**IF YOU** add a little lemon juice to the water for mixing pastry the pastry will be lighter and all taste of fat will be removed.

**IF YOU** have the misfortune to have any small marks or spots on your ceiling paint over with a little cold-water starch and leave till quite dry. Lightly rub with a coarse flannel and the marks should not be noticeable.

**NEW BOOTS** are sometimes difficult to polish. To make them shine easily, brush off any dirt that may be on them and rub them with lemon juice. Let this dry in, then black and polish them in the usual way, and they will shine beautifully.

**ASPIDISTRAS, PALMS,** and similar indoor plants should be sponged with a little milk diluted with water. The milk gives a gloss to the leaves and helps to prevent the brown patches which appear when they are sponged with plain water.

**TO PREVENT** fried eggs from sticking or breaking, add a teaspoon of flour to the frying fat.

**FIBRE SUITCASES** should be cleaned by sponging them over with hot water to which has been added a little vinegar. Dry thoroughly and finish with floor polish.

**OAK BEDSTEADS** should be rubbed over with boiled linseed oil and polished with a soft cloth. Mahogany bedsteads may be treated with any good furniture cream. Polish with a soft duster.

**CUTTING SOAP** with a knife spoils both the blade and the edge. To prevent this place the wrapper over the soap and press the knife through. The wrapper goes through the soap with the knife, thus keeping it clean.

**IF BRIGHT** saucepans and kettles have to be used over a smoky fire, smear a little grease over the bright part, and it will prevent the smoke from blackening the kettle. If washed after use in hot water the pan will be as bright as ever.

**TO RESTORE** morocco leather to its former good condition (take equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; after well rubbing, polish with another soft dry cloth.



**DON'T DELAY PROVE IT YOURSELF - SEND 5 DAY TEST COUPON**

## Have you these symptoms of SELF-POISONING?

**"Over 40 Ailments are caused by clogged intestines" - - - - -**

**explains Dr. J. BRUENAUER**  
— noted European Specialist

Constipation, indigestion, stomach troubles, gastritis — rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica — bladder weakness, catarrh, frequent colds, headaches — lassitude and poor appetite — all these and more can be caused by the clogging of the intestines which gives rise to Self-poisoning (Autoxina).

### NEARLY EVERYONE SUFFERS

Self-poisoning is caused through incomplete evacuation of the bowels. Nearly everyone suffers, even people of regular habits. Modern foods and lack of exercise give rise to a flabbiness of the abdominal organs which makes complete elimination almost impossible. Fragments of food waste cling to the intestinal walls and there decay, breeding germs and poisons which enter the blood-stream. Self-poisoning is all the more to be dreaded because it is hidden and often unsuspected. The symptoms of self-poisoning are always apparent, however. Skin blemishes, those frequent headaches, fits of 'blues', the strange lassitude and weakness which prevent you from entering fully into the enjoyment of life all point to you being a victim.

### COLOSEPTIC BRINGS BACK HEALTH

Before you can regain the sparkling health that is your birthright, you must sweep away the poisonous intestinal accumulations. Drink

Poisons from sluggish intestines spread throughout the body and undermine health, physicians explain. Coloseptic combats ill-health by activating the entire intestinal tract.



(left) Here's where 85% of present-day ill-health begins. Keep clean internally by drinking COLOSEPTIC.

### EQUAL TO 15 YEARS OF LIFE

I have been using COLOSEPTIC for over three years. I have felt very grateful to it as it effected a wonderful difference in health and strength, equal to a recovery of 15 years of life. I became absolutely free of any physical complaint whatever. I am 63 years of age and my health continues perfect and free from any trouble. I now find it only expedient to take COLOSEPTIC occasionally of a morning.

H. A. C., Auckland, N.Z.

COLOSEPTIC in hot water every morning. Coloseptic first loosens the fermenting matter encrusted on the walls of the intestines and then gently sweeps it right out of the body. Coloseptic activates the kid-

neys, the pores of the skin, the respiratory apparatus, thereby ridding the blood-stream of all impurities.

### DRINK COLOSEPTIC EVERY MORNING

COLOSEPTIC gives you the internal cleanness which is the first step to perfect health. And with the body internally clean how well you feel. Gone are the aches and pains, the feeling of being old before your time. You regain the vim and vigour of youth, your step is firm, eyes sparkle, you are a new being alive to all the pleasures that life can offer.

### TEST COLOSEPTIC FOR YOURSELF

Don't let the ill-health, so symptomatic of self-poisoning, drag at you any longer. COLOSEPTIC in regular full-size jars is obtainable at all chemists. For a convincing test, fill in the coupon below and post with 6d. stamps for a special 5-Day Demonstration Package and interesting book, "Autoxina".

COLOSEPTIC (AUST.) LTD., AS  
Laboratories,  
10 O'Connell Street, Newtown, N.S.W.

I will test Coloseptic. Enclosed find 6d. in stamps. Please send me one special Test Package of Coloseptic and booklet entitled "Autoxina".

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Drink

**COLOSEPTIC**

for Internal Cleanness

**DON'T DELAY PROVE IT YOURSELF - SEND 5 DAY TEST COUPON**

## The "PERFECT" WAVE SETTER

As used by leading Hairdressers, for

Perfect and lasting waves,  
Economical and easy to use,  
Reliable and efficient  
For all kinds of hair,  
Everywhere proclaimed the most  
Complete WAVE SETTER ever produced  
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"Perfect" Wave Setters are better and cheaper. Guaranteed rustless and manufactured by PERFECT PRODUCTS from pure BRITISH aluminium.

Obtainable all Stores throughout AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND  
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE "PERFECT"

## Looking Down Upon a Rockery . . .

**A Joy Even Those Who Dwell Among Little Gardens May Share**

Says THE OLD GARDENER.

A rockery in the true semblance of wild nature is a lovely thing. And it can be made within a space of 10 feet by 6 feet, as the Old Gardener tells you below. And so even the smallest garden may be beautifully adorned with a rockery. Even an inexperienced gardener will be able to build one when he has read what the Old Gardener has to say.

A GARDENING enthusiast said to me one day: "Why don't you give us some advice on how to make small gardens?" Many of us have only a very tiny front and back garden space, and for these you do not seem to enter."

I replied: "You are wrong. I talk simply and plainly, to help both the large and the small gardener."

But this awakens a train of thought — so let us talk to-day especially on making tiny rockeries, suitable for little gardens.

A great many people think that rockery gardens entail a lot of expense. And yet, actually, the cost is quite negligible. Unlimited ground is by no means a necessity.

The majority of homes to-day, especially in the large cities, have only a little ground, and people are particularly anxious to make their homes as attractive as possible. I have made a beautiful rockery from a piece of ground only 10 feet by 6 feet!

### Do It This Way!

IN such small areas, dig the ground deep, throwing the soil up into a mound, into any shape you would like the rockery. Remember, the soil is the most important, next comes the rock itself.

I have seen many rockeries made, both large and small, and the idea of some of the builders was to do the stone work, then build the soil up to them. This method is quite wrong. Build the soil, then place the rocks in such a fashion that they crop out of the soil here and there in a natural way.

Rock gardens are meant to convey the impression of an upheaval of nature, with stones in different shapes, and sizes, and the plants growing as near nature as possible.

Don't overwork when planting. Allow the stones to be shown here and there. Whatever is the use of a rockery that allows plants to grow so that no portion of the stone can be seen?

SO, in building a rockery, try to imitate nature as nearly as possible — in fact, so closely that it would be taken as a natural setting. This is the perfect rock building.

Drainage is another important factor in making rockeries. All excess water must be allowed to run away freely, so, whether large or small, take time and care in its formation and building, make a bold mound here, a deeper impression there, a little rolling ground over there, a tiny hill or rugged cliff well formed.

Rockeries (both large and small) are really most attractive in positions where they can be looked down upon — as from a window or balcony. Homes built on the side of a hill are ideal for rockeries. Wherever it is built, I say again, don't be afraid of showing bare rock. Keep this in mind when selecting the plants.

In a rockery, the plants are the picture, the rocks the frame, but don't fall into the opposite, and worse extreme, and leave an excess of rock showing. Place your plants in such a manner that beauty and utility are the final results.

### Suitable Plants

HERE are some of the plants suitable for the furnishing:

Heliotrope: Sweetly-scented flowers, with attractive foliage.  
Hypericum: Dwarf-like, a good border subject with bright yellow flowers.

Lantana (Chelcea gem): Dwarf-growing, free flowering, orange in color.

Lantana (Yellow): Brilliant purple flower, a trailing plant, that can be grown as a good specimen plant, if well supported.

Mesembryanthemum: Various colors.

Nandina (Domestica): The sacred Bamboo of Japan. Foliage is very light, and graceful, and it is a splendid grower.

Ophiopogon: Has silvery or golden variegated foliage.

Sedum: A small plant, easily grown.

Stoebea: A beautiful blue flower.

Thunbergia Gibbata: Beautiful trailing plant, orange yellow flower.



THOUSANDS of Australian women have written in, thanking the Old Gardener for his weekly articles. To many he has been, not only a valuable helper and friend, but an inspiration to start a garden—for the first time.

## A NEW MASSAGE

Neurotics, Hysteria, Mental and Nerve Troubles, Character Kinks—mild sub-normal cases — corrected by new Methods.

At the Old Address—  
**MRS. J. BENNETT**  
(19 Years' Constant Service)  
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## CATARRH, ANTRUM

and SINUS diseases scientifically treated without operations.

Catarrh Treatment, 20/- (posted); Antrum and Sinus Treatment, 30/- (posted). Results guaranteed.

## CHEMIST ROUSH

THE RADIO CHEMIST,  
c/o Crease's Pharmacies, Valley, BRISBANE.

## BEFORE you SURF take this precaution!

Beaches—shower-baths—locker—rooms are teeming with the dreaded Tinea (Surfers' Feet) germ. Prevent infection by rubbing a little Tiger Salve into the danger spots—between the toes—under the arms—inside the ears—before you surf. Tiger Salve never fails!

At all chemists and stores.

## TIGER SALVE

## IT'S EASY TO GET RID OF PIMPLES

Why put up with disgusting skin troubles when you can get rid of them easily by enriching the blood with Cream of Yeast? See how your skin clears as the food, rich, pure blood, restores the aid. And with richer blood, comes clearer eyes, firmer skin, greater vigor. Even the hair becomes glossy as Cream of Yeast improves the general health. Start this popular treatment to-day—24 Cream of Yeast tablets cost only 1/11, at any good chemist, or you can get 125 tablets for 5/6. Where other things fail after months, Cream of Yeast gives results at once. Proof is easy, and costs little.

HOROSCOPES—Business, Health, Marriage. Send birth date, 2/6. Thomson, 15 Green's Bld., Paddington, Sydney & N.S.W.



# THE NEW, HOME METHOD OF FACE MASSAGE



Stimulate the circulation and invigorate the skin by patting . . . the most modern method of massage. It eliminates blemishes . . . strengthens and makes firm the facial muscles . . . removes wrinkles and double chin. This simple treatment is easily applied at home with the "MARIE GRAYSON" Face Patter. A few minutes a day is all you need. Send for a 2/6 Grayson Patter . . . complete with full instructions and diagrams. It does all the work of Patters generally priced at 17/6. Use it, too, for patting in your face cream.

216 POST FREE

**Marie Grayson's AMERICAN FACE PATER**

Sold in 3 colours . . . white, green and orchid. Send p.m. to Dept. 21, The Mail-Order Service Co., Box 302F, G.P.O., Sydney.

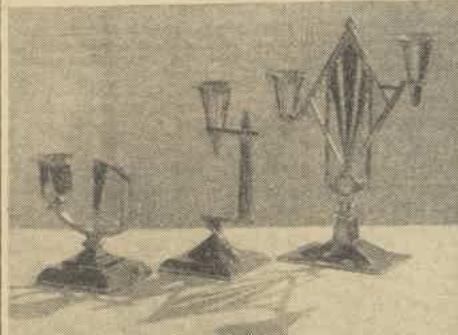
## WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Gold, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street). 998

## MEDICAL

ASTHMA—I will gladly explain how I cured myself simply after 30 years' suffering. Send stamp. Box 1392J.

# CHROMIUM Now Lends a Bright Modernity... to CANDLESTICKS



FROM Grace Bros. come three clever examples of modernistic art in chromium—these fascinating candlesticks are chrome plated on solid brass, with black relief.

WITH the present vogue in many quarters for moderne and futuristic effects, what more natural than that chromium should play an important part in the decorative scheme?

Chromium possesses a bright modernity all its own, which has found expression in hundreds of new designs in smart furnishing and decorative notions. Among the latest to come to

Sydney are some very interesting modernistic effects in chromium candlesticks. The three pictured here are from Grace Bros. and in design and finish are typical of the new trend.

Apart from its fashionable appeal, chromium also has other merits to recommend it to the practical homemaker—first of which is that it is easily polished, and, secondly, it does not tarnish.

This perfection of finish and lasting beauty, coupled with the fact that chromium lends itself so readily to the smart line of the newer art, ensures for it a permanent place in the modern home.

# WHAT THE EYE STRAINS TO SEE



# THE BRAIN DOES NOT GRASP

**M**ENTAL receptiveness depends most largely on clear vision. Strain on the eyes detracts from your child's ability to absorb what is read or written . . . Good light means good sight. Do your children do their homework in CORRECT light? Are the lamps at the right height and angle? Are they correctly placed? Is there glare, or shadow? These are important matters—urgent matters; and there is only one way to deal with them. You should allow a Lighting Specialist to advise you; and it costs nothing to do so.

## CONSULT YOUR ELECTRICAL RETAILER

Your electrical retailer is an expert on lighting and will gladly show you how to ensure perfect illumination for each room in your home. Ask him to visit you. There is no charge; you will be under no obligation.

EPH



**GOOD LIGHT means GOOD SIGHT**

Inserted by The Electricity Department, The Municipal Council of Sydney, Town Hall, Sydney.



"It was having Children that made me take pyorrhea seriously" (prevention MEANS something in their case)

**F**EW women pass through the time before a child arrives without gum trouble of some degree of seriousness. Dentists treat these cases with great care. They are treating not merely a temporary condition, but working to prevent a dangerous chronic disorder.

The modern mother is watching her children's gums. Pyorrhea is not likely to be so prevalent among the rising generation as it is among adults to-day. It is said that four out of five people past the age of forty now have this gum disease.

In the past, people did not understand Pyorrhea. They did not know that it might be working in the gums five years or ten years without being seen or felt. The knowledge of this secret undermining process and the Dentist's warning about the importance of prevention are fast helping the public to deal with this disease. Even at the present time, however, Pyorrhea is estimated as the cause of half the adult teeth which are lost.

Don't feel a false security because you keep your teeth clean and there is no outward sign of decay. Pyorrhea is no respecter of teeth that are simply "clean." Your teeth are no sounder than your gums. And you may lose your teeth by twos and threes if your gums become undermined.

Prevention is most important. Don't wait for bleeding gums or other warnings. Preserve your teeth by getting ahead of gum trouble. See your Dentist twice a year, and put the whole family on a twice-a-day schedule of Forhan's.

This Dentifrice, which is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. Forhan's keeps gum tissues firm and healthy, protects teeth against acids which cause decay, and it keeps them a lustrous white. Adopt this health insurance to-day.

Price 2/-; extra large tube 3/-

Australian Agents: The Sheldon Drug Co. Ltd., 131-135 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.

**Forhan's** for the gums



MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA



MRS. SUCHE, formerly Miss Freda Deaton, winner of the Oakes Air Race and brilliant exponent of aerobatics. Mrs. Suche will assist the committee of the Flying Club in arrangements for the annual ball, which will take place at the Palais Royal on May 23.

# Knitting Tea

A pleasant, friendly affair, indeed, with the steady hum of voices, the bright laughter, the faint occasional click of busy needles, and then the clatter of tea-cups when needles are laid aside for a happy interlude. . . what could be happier than a knitting afternoon tea?

DAVID JONES' have instituted this novel idea. There you may knit among pleasant surroundings with your friends, under an expert's guidance, and then sip tea at four. A bright-eyed girl shows you intelligently the latest in jumpers and explains the stitch.

And a word—if you're lucky, you may see an angora rabbit, the slightest, most velvety thing you could imagine, being shown by an expert. Then you may watch the wool being spun.

The tea is held every Thursday afternoon, from three to five o'clock, on the fourth floor. The price of admission is 1/-, which includes afternoon tea.

HOT HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks Anchovy Paste. 2/6

# Aid Weak Kidneys End RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, JOINT PAINS, ETC

Weak Kidneys age you fast; they cause pain, suffering, loss of health and interest in life—to men and women alike. If you get body aches, disturbed rest at night through urinary trouble; scalding pains, urinary difficulty; dizzy attacks; tired, run-down, nervous spells; loss of vigour—do this: Simply get a package of Harrison's Pills from the nearest chemist and follow the easy directions. You'll feel better almost at once. In a few hours your pains will have surrendered to the soothing, healing, remedial action of the unrivalled medicaments contained in these remarkable pills. Real, fast relief is SURE!



Users say Harrison's Pills succeed where all else fails. That is because this remedy gets at, and conquers, the underlying CAUSE of the trouble. About three times a minute your blood passes and re-passes through your kidneys, which organs must be in good order to filter out the harmful Acids, Poisons and Germs. Harrison's Pills will make your kidneys healthy the best, quickest, MOST RELIABLE way known.

## Can You Afford to Delay? . . .

Doctors say Kidney and Bladder ailments quickly go from bad to very much worse if neglected. Take no chances. Don't torture your mind by the fear of a dread operation. Start TO-DAY the road to health hundreds of thou-

sands of people in this country have found so effective for over 18 years. Harrison's Pills, signed remedy of a London doctor, will give you the utmost benefit possible—in the shortest time—without any danger or inconvenience, and at the lowest cost. All high-class chemists sell Harrison's Pills at 2/-, 3/- and 5/-. Try any size, and if it doesn't amaze and please you with the grateful ease and renewed youthful activity it brings—you can have back the price of the package! You'll know how good Harrison's Kidney and Bladder Pills are within a few hours!



**Harrison's Pills** Strengthen Weak Kidneys & Bladder and End Rheumatism, Backache, Urinary Ills, etc.—FAST!



## A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



## A message of abiding COMFORT

THE duty of all A.M.P. counsellors is to "carry the message" of the abiding comfort there is in A.M.P. membership; to carry it wherever men and women yearn for a feeling of security.

So that they may learn from each other, and from the senior officers of the Society, of the ever-widening usefulness of the Society's policies, periodical conferences are held; representative counsellors are gathered together from all corners of the Society's vast field. Pictured here is such a gathering dedicated to the task of spreading the message.

What is this message of abiding comfort? Just this: that if a man become a member of the A.M.P. Society half a million fellow members will co-operate with him (aye, and back him with their £93,000,000 of assets) in a plan to give him and his dependents financial security for the future. That's the message! That co-operation is now operating on so wide and grand a scale that the Society has become known as "the greatest Mutual Life office in the Empire."

The Society's policies help men and women to obtain peace of mind; to provide for dependents; to educate children; to build homes; to pay off homes; to succour charities by bequests; to tour abroad; to do so many pleasant and useful things that no man (or woman) should rest content until he has thrashed out, with a counsellor from the nearest A.M.P. office, the rich possibilities of his life.

Write to-day and say: "Send me a counsellor. Evidently I am missing something."

## A.M.P. SOCIETY

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ECZEMA  
SKIN AND SCALP  
DISEASES

Successful even when specialists have been baffled, Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young Sydney consulting chemist, has become famous for the complete relief of many cases of skin disease considered hopeless. His remarkable success is due to his secret formula and unique methods of personal diagnosis. One of the most amazing cures of the most annoying cases of eczema successfully treated by Mr. McHugh is that of an English woman, who had suffered for over five years and had spent over £200 in unsatisfactory treatment of all kinds, which failed.



Mr. J. J. McHugh.

Mr. McHugh's formula has won him fame throughout Australia and New Zealand, and even in U.S.A., for successful treatment of Eczema, Psoriasis, Girth under Nail, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Skinworm (Tinea), Barber's Rash, Dandruff, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, and similar distressing complaints. His treatment ranks among the remarkable advances made in medical science. Hundreds of sufferers have been effectively treated by post as well as personally. The Australian Women's Weekly readers are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope for full details of treatment to Mr. J. J. McHugh, Ph.D., Consulting Chemist, 124W Liverpool Street (First Floor), opposite Bowers, Sydney.

HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon. Phone, MA5029. 3/3

It is the common wonder of all men how, among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike.—Sir Thomas Browne.

Sent in by L.T., Perth.

A chorus man out of a job was given a small part in a play. He merely had to walk on, seat himself and say, "Well, here I am." At rehearsal he did not give satisfaction. "No," bellowed the director. "Try it again. Now, come on like a man." "My goodness," retorted the chorus man, "for \$5 a week he wants me to do character parts."

## FREE TO YOU!

Send your purchase of entire mill outfit of the famous "Red Line" double duty silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 3/11 pair. We offer to you three pairs for 3s. Post free. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include absolutely free, a box of Gosselin "La Parfums" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity.

FURTHER SPECIAL FREE OFFER. Every person answering this ad will be entitled to an opportunity of obtaining a pair of the finest quality Shadow-Stripe Milano Bloomers, worth 4/6, absolutely FREE. Address only: THE SALVAGE STORES (Regd.), 36 York Street, Sydney. Mention the Women's Weekly.

## THE WOMAN Who Rented PARADISE

Continued from Page 6

OVER and over again Blanche Tressider-Brown saying to herself in her soft enchantment of beauty:

"It's that Humbert Earle he's afraid of, Adam is."

For her the days had no dates, they had hardly hours. The little tiny, arid grey ball of her restricted life seemed caught in a soft tangle of unutterable loveliness. Flowers. Honey-colored sunshine. The sea, like turquoise brooches in shining silver-grey leaves. Flowers!

She woke up. She slept garlanded in them, as a bride is garlanded in her new wedding ring. An untravelling child of big grey cities with a meagre, unelastic purse, she had awakened to find herself in Paradise.

She wandered miles up the olive groves behind her daughter's house. Panting, excited as a child, picking red anemones, late narcissus, wild mignonette, and later the burning mauve-pink spikes of wild gladioli. She was never divorced for long from the unutterable wonder of them. Flowers you bought expensively in shops, embroidering the earth unseen in Italy. Yet every now and then she thought hastily like a child who is enjoying itself mightily in a house of illness.

"It's that actor he's afraid of, Humbert Earle, Adam is!"

Dear Madam—  
"You can hear a pin drop in the house now. It's enough to give you the fair pip. I don't know as I shall attack it. She's been doing too much. Got a nurse and hot milk at all hours and massage. No more visitors in the kitchen. Cook won't risk it. There's always pickings for cooks in houses like these. Knows when she's lying soft. Says nurse will go carrying tales. You know what noisy parkers these nurses are. I've got someone to take me out. Chauffeur in private service. We go skating. There's a fine new rink in Richmond, you'd be surprised. Theatres. You should see Evelyn Laye! He's not mean. The best when you're out with him's good enough. Palladium we go to; the Pictures. Well, I don't know as I've much more. I often think of you, but you

Greatly depressed, she knelt and prayed. Just such soft, silly, loving prayers must the white doves have cooed if they had known what was going to happen in the Garden of Eden.

Then she went and stood by the window, her plump hands clasped over her pouter pigeon chest.

The moon lay on the sea in a pale sweep of stinging whiteness. The scent of flowers in the marvellous garden beat on her. A great cloud, like a black galleon, bore down on her across the moon. She gazed at it. So black, so immense that it must split the world in twain. It passed. The sea, the little town, lay pale and lovely, and safe.

"Dear God," said Blanche Tressider-Brown. "Thank you for asking me out here."

THE first time Elf ever thought of Humbert Earle consciously it was in the middle of the night with a start and a thrill.

She thought:

"I wonder if he knows Emily's mistress."

She wanted to climb out of bed and run and ask him. Why hadn't she thought of it before? She was consumed with curiosity to know about this woman from Humbert Earle, as women are consumed with impatience and ardor to know about themselves from their lovers.

Her mind had not bothered about Humbert Earle before that, because it had taken its sharp clear impression of him.

That lucky little Londoner!—while she, Elf, was tied to loveliness and sunshine and Italy for life.

Humbert Earle was good-looking. He was strong and beautiful. He was beautifully used to women. He accepted certain things comfortably, and went on steadily from there. He was successful, smart, charming, and lived in an atmosphere of flattery and adulation.

For the first time since he had been their guest she was in a fret to meet him again. That fret was in her cold, lovely little white mask of a face. Humbert Earle recognised it instantly, although he did not know its cause or origin. It was a lamp he had seen lit too often behind the rosy, secret windows of women's faces to mistake its import.

"Do you know a Mrs. Carfax?" said Elf. "A Mrs. Lionel Carfax? 'Bunny.' I think they call her." She was trembling with eagerness.

"Wasn't it where that girl went Elf?" said her mother.

"What girl?" said her son-in-law. "Everyone knows 'Bunny' Carfax. She's in London. Goes everywhere. Knows everyone. Never misses a first night or a cocktail party. Good sort 'Bunny,' said Humbert Earle, easily.

Please turn to Page 35

## Do You Know?...



THAT red is the universal danger sign. All over the world this color has been the one chosen to give warning of danger, mainly on account of its brightness and the fact that it is visible at a greater distance than any other color.

won't take it as a liberty if I say London's good enough for me—Emily."

So she was out of it, that unknown woman whose life obsessed her. Told by! Elf was surprised at the throbs of gratification that went through her. It was like a love pang. It struck deep, making her feel both weak and gaily light and happy. No longer, when she could not sleep in her gorgeous bed worth a king's ransom, would her mind follow this London woman on her London pilgrimage, tortured, obsessed by this strange fierce green jealousy and London sickness. Her mind could be quiet a bit.

LONDON good enough for her. Oh! Emily! Emily! Lucky, common, gregarious Emily! Emily, granted the glorious freedom of millions of people, and noise, and familiar excitements, and dear common crowd pleasures! Emily who didn't have to live, strained, rarefied in beauty. That woman she envied so passionately, on whom her mind concentrated so unhealthily. Whose day she followed by the sketchy schedule provided by Emily, wishing all the time that it was she.

In the mental hub produced by the indisposition of Emily's mistress in London, the house, and Elf, received Humbert Earle charmingly and appropriately.

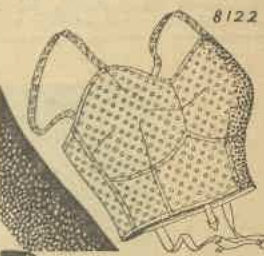
Blanche Tressider-Brown thought unhappily.

"It was Humbert Earle Adam was afraid of."

H. H. HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." The World's Appetizer.\*\*\*



YOU who possess a heavy bust must choose your brassiere wisely. Never should you wear a garment that compresses the bust unnaturally. You need a brassiere that provides absolute comfort, adequate support, and lovely contours. Wear, then, Berlei suspender Brassiere 8122. You'll appreciate the special waist control provided by the front reinforcement. Sizes: 36-44.



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Kidney  
complexion...

Blotches and pimples usually indicate that the kidneys are not efficiently carrying out their job of distilling waste from the blood stream. They mean that the blood is choked with poisonous substances. Unless these poisons are combatted and the functional disorder righted, more serious symptoms are sure to follow.

Backache, sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism, sciatica are some of the most usual symptoms of kidney or liver affections. A proven remedy for all such disorders is Warner's Safe Cure. Three generations have used Warner's Safe Cure with invariable success. Hundreds of letters on our files speak for its efficacy in the treatment of all kidney or liver complaints.

## Warners Safe Cure

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/6



# WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Light . . . color . . . and charm may be diffused throughout the home, with lampshades made or decorated with your own hands

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

HERE are a few simple suggestions for my home-loving friends on how quickly, successfully, and inexpensively to transform plain parchment shades, or give individuality and charm to the ready-made ones, which can be purchased for so little. Directions are also given for making the lovely pleated parchment shades now enjoying such wide popularity.

NOW there are many ways in which you may beautify a shade.

One inexpensive and simple method is to cut out flowers from cretonne, and paste them on the lampshade.

This novel idea enables you to have any number of really beautiful shades for a very small expenditure of time and money. A half-yard of cretonne, showing floral motifs, is sufficient to decorate a shade; or, should you have any left over from curtains or cushions, you may utilize such pieces to make a perfect match.

Here is the way to do this: First cut out from the cretonne several large flowers, or some bunches of flowers, and leaves. If the material has been rolled up or folded, press the cut-out pieces with a hot iron to make sure they are perfectly flat.

Then, using transparent gum, paste them around the shade, arranging them so that the latter looks attractive from whichever side it is viewed.

Do not use too much gum. Just a touch here and there, at the back of each flower and round the edges, is sufficient. Smooth out each piece of cretonne with the fingers, so that no wrinkles appear to spoil the effect.

Finally, varnish the whole of the outside shade with a thin coat of transparent gum or white shellac. If you use the latter, it is necessary to dissolve it in methylated spirits first.

This imparts richer colorings to the

## STAMMERING CURED

by Specialist. MEDICALLY SCIENTIFIC METHOD. WRITE for free booklet. L. W. DODSON, M.B., B.S., 415, 416, Floor, 301 Marquarie Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Late staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals. Low fee \*\*\*

## It's Baking Day at Home!

You know those rich fruity cakes just pinging with big, juicy sultanas—well, they're the sort of fruit cakes Copha makes—but there's a difference! Fruit cakes made with Copha don't leave you with that unhappy feeling that maybe you have eaten too much. They're as light as can be, and so digestible, and they keep much longer, too! You'll like using Copha: it is pure white and odourless, and ever so easy to cream up. Cut out this recipe, you'll find you need it over and over again.

### COPHA FRUIT CAKE

- 1 lb. Caster Sugar.
- 2 ozs. Pure Copha (softened).
- 4 ozs. Plain Flour.
- 2 Eggs (whisked).
- 11 Tablespoons Milk.
- Pinch of grated Lemon Rind.
- Few drops of Lemon Juice.
- 2 ozs. Self-raising Flour.
- Pinch of Salt.

Cream the sugar and Copha for three minutes. Add all together, the plain flour, eggs, milk, and lemon, and beat until light and smooth. Mix in thoroughly the self-raising flour and salt. Then add:

- 1 Teaspoon Plain Flour.
- 1 lb. Sultanas.
- 2 ozs. Cut Peel.

Bake for about 90 minutes in a moderate oven. If you leave out the last three ingredients and bake in a moderate oven for 50 to 55 minutes, you will have a most delicious Madeira Cake!

Whether you do a lot of cooking or not, Copha is the ideal shortening for you. It keeps indefinitely and, unlike other shortenings, it never goes rancid, so you can keep in quite a large stock. So convenient—it saves dashing out to your grocer at the last minute.

Although Copha is splendid for all your pet recipes, you will appreciate the special Copha recipes in the free and post free Copha Recipe Book. They are most interesting and definitely original. Write for your copy 10/-

EDIBLE OIL INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD., Department WW, Box 2625EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

At the same time, we suggest you ask for a copy of the special Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder. Vegetables have much more flavour and nutritive value cooked the Copha way.\*\*\*



FIG. 1.

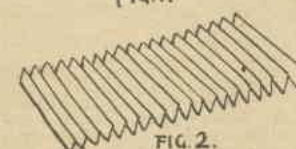


FIG. 2.

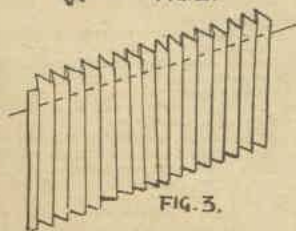


FIG. 3.

cretonne, and makes the surface of the parchment slightly glossy.

The work dries in a very short time, so that the shade is ready for use almost at once.

These floral lampshades also provide a delightful note of contrast in rooms furnished in the modern style, with straight line and plain, restful colors.

Painted bands of contrasting color are attractive, and are easy to do if the lines are first drawn lightly with a pencil, so that, when painted, they will be straight.

Apart from the ingenious use of cretonne, prints, cut-outs, old prints, and pictures, stencils offer many opportunities for decoration, likewise the many charming, decorative wallpapers that are now available. The latter gives a good effect with little trouble if used to cover the whole of the shade.

## The Pleated Shade

NOW here are the brief directions for making the pleated shade which is sketched here and shown together with diagrams. Wall-paper, provided it is glazed first with thin shellac, could be used in lieu of the parchment or even book linen.

**Materials Required:** Two sheets of lampshade parchment, 24 1/2 x 30 1/2. One wire frame, 10 inches in diameter at base. Two yards of artificial silk cord, two gold tassels.

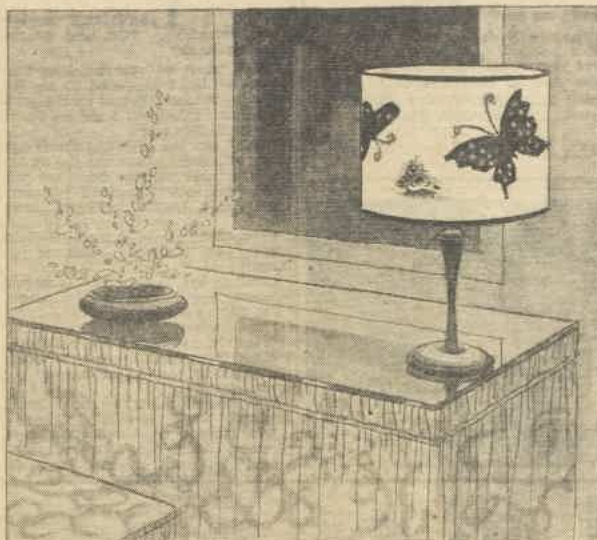
**Method:** Cut, lengthwise, both sheets of parchment, exactly in two. This gives four strips, of which you will need only three.

Measure and mark each strip into divisions of 1 1/2 inches. It is better to measure both top and bottom to ensure the lines being parallel. Then, using a ruler, pencil where you have marked. (Fig. 1).

At each end of strip you will have a piece left over. Trim these off with scissors.

When all three strips are marked join them with strong, transparent glue. In joining, allow the last division of the first strip to overlap the first division of the second, and the last division of the second to come exactly over the first division of the third, so that you have one continuous strip of parchment.

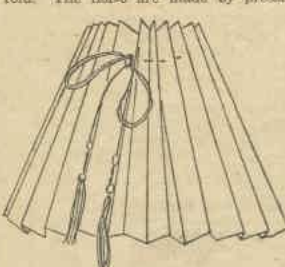
The parchment is now ready for folding. Place a ruler on the first pencil line, and bend the first division up, so



that a straight line is creased by the ruler's edge. Finish the fold by taking the ruler away, and crease flat, so that the fold lies exactly over the next division, the edge running flush with the second pencil line.

Repeat by alternately bringing parchment backwards and forwards, so that each fold is exactly over the previous one. When all folds are made, the parchment will look like Fig. 2.

Holes are then made through the folds at a depth of 1 1/2 inches from the top, in the middle spaces, starting inside the first fold and omitting the last fold. The holes are made by pressing



a knitting needle through. (Fig. 3.)

Thread the cord through the holes and join the two ends of the parchment by sticking firmly with glue.

Bore a hole through the gummed fold at the same distance down and bring one end of the cord through and tie a bow.

Loop the cord through the loop of the tassels and bind the cotton or silk. The cord can be tightened or loosened to fit the top of the shade.

Another simple way to beautify a shade is by the use of transfers and water-color paints in brilliant colors. On this page you will see a sketch of a lampshade decorated with butterflies. We have a pretty Butterfly Transfer at this office which is obtainable for 4d. post free. From this you could trace off any number of motifs on to your shade and paint them in joyous colors with ease.



PLEATED lampshades are becoming the rage. Learn here how to make them.



ABOVE: Water colors, if you're clever with the brush, or attractively patterned wallpaper, may be used to decorate a floor lamp.

AT LEFT: Here, a transfer was used, butterflies traced on to the shade, and then painted in glowing colors. Butterfly transfer is obtainable at our office, 4d., post free.

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sensation



Wherever the fashion-minded shop for figure beauty aids, smart women show their enthusiasm for Fastidia. Fastidia is as light as hand-loomed elastics, yet so firm it actually slims off inches. It's pre-shrunk so that it may be laundered daily. Not the least of its virtues is that it will outwear several ordinary elastics! Here it is combined with brocade and lace, which form the uplift and top.

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*With the delicate bloom of the Rose*

1519 - Is a Pyrama in smart trimmed style in 2-tone effect. High button fastening at neckline, smartly trimmed legs. The fabric used is Dullbloom. You may choose from: Blue, Pearlglow, Woodland, Nile, or Honey-Sunrise. The price is 23/11 in all sizes.

1223 - Is a very dainty Brassiere Vest in Velvety fabric, with a lace fabric Brassiere top, non-stretch shoulder straps. SW. price is 10/6 and this garment matches No. 1113 - Velvety Knicker. This is a very dainty garment, featuring panels of lace fabric, and dainty embroidery. The price in SW. is 10/6. These two styles are obtainable in Aquagreen, Camellia Pink, Pearlglow and White.

1205 - Lustre Dullbloom Round Neck Vest - Opera Blue, Camellia Pink, Aquagreen, Pearlglow, Lemon, White, Black and Beige. SW. W. & OS. 3/11. XOS. 4/11.

1154 - Lustre Dullbloom Bloomer to match, an untrimmed style of high quality. Prices are: SW. W. & OS. 3/11. XOS. 4/11. Colours to match Vest No. 1205.

1306 - Opera Top Slip in Lustre Dullbloom fabric, colours also match 1204 Vest and 1154 Bloomer. If you prefer a round neck ask for 1307. Prices are from 7/11 in 32" 46" size.

1335 - Lustre Velvety Brassiere Slip, neatly trimmed with lace fabric on flouncing and Brassiere top, in Camellia Pink, Pearlglow and White. Price 18/11 in 32" 46" size.

1619 - Lustre Kimono. A double fabric garment of outstanding value. The back is heavily embroidered in contrasting colours. Priced at 27/11 in a choice of lovely shades.

1426 - Is a beautiful night-dress in Lustre ribbed Velvety fabric of the highest quality. This garment has shirred fitting round armholes and attractive V neck. Colors are: Aquagreen, Peach-bloom, Pearlglow, and Opera Blue. The price is 22/11 in all sizes.

1426 - Is a very dainty night-dress in Lustre ribbed Velvety fabric of the highest quality. This garment has shirred fitting round armholes and attractive V neck. Colors are: Aquagreen, Peach-bloom, Pearlglow, and Opera Blue. The price is 22/11 in all sizes.

**Lustre LINGERIE**

FROM YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

## FOUR FRIENDS and DEATH

Continued from Page 23

LEATHART laughed aloud, scornfully. "Oh, and whence this certainty?"

"Well, when we were watching that barque go by, I happened to see the cabin behind me reflected on the port-hole glass. I told you I was an observant devil, didn't I?"

"And I saw you replacing Pickering's glass, with a guilty air, one eye on our backs to make sure we didn't see you. I wondered what the devil you were playing at. . . Until Pickering fell down dead."

"You swine!" exclaimed Garrett, glaring at Leathart. "You of all people!"

Leathart had flushed; but he seemed strangely unconcerned as he answered, "Yes, I killed Pickering."

"You confess?"

"No. Oh, no! For I am not guilty. I killed Pickering. And yet Garrett is the murderer. And yet Pickering died by accident."

"Is this madness, Garrett?" asked Hopkins. "Or is he putting it on?"

"No, I'm not mad," replied Leathart. "I feel peculiarly sane. I know exactly what happened. I knew from the

moment you found that letter in Pickering's pocket.

"Garrett tried to poison me—me, his best friend—because of a paltry gambling debt. Do you wonder I wanted to see him handed over to the police?"

"But then Fate, or Chance, stepped in. For, when your backs were turned, I did a childish thing. Garrett had poured out for Pickering a much larger portion of brandy than for me."

"Half in genuine greed—you know my weakness for cognac—and half in joke, I swapped glasses. When we had drunk I was going to tell you all that I'd swiped the best share after all. What a joke! What a devil of a joke!"

"Did you give Pickering a larger portion, Garrett?"

"I did," admitted Garrett. "As host. But we've only Leathart's word that he swapped them."

"No," said Hopkins. "I told you I'm an observant devil. . . and as we lifted our glasses for the toast, I remember thinking: trust old Leathart to get the fullest glass!"

"You're both lying!" exclaimed Garrett furiously.

"No," answered Leathart, firmly and quietly. "I am not lying."

A shaft of sunlight lit the troubled faces of the three friends.

Or, rather, former friends. For now they were divided by abysses of hatred, crime, and a sudden welling up of unbelievable possibilities from their hidden hearts.

And then suddenly Hopkins burst out laughing. A hard, dry, cold laugh so that at first they thought he had gone mad. Both the listeners felt their flesh creep.

"For God's sake, what is it, Hopkins?" cried Leathart.

"What fools we've been! What utter fools!" And now they saw that he was waving the crumpled chemist's bill. "Look at the date on that! See? July 13!"

"All July 13 we three were at Aintree races, 200 miles from this shop. The poor fool! He left this vital clue! Didn't notice it, I expect, when he tore off the brown paper wrapping."

"But what do you mean?"

"Pickering killed himself!" shouted Hopkins joyously. "He was hoist with his own petard, with a vengeance! He tried to poison Leathart out of jealousy, and he had everything prepared to throw the blame on Garrett, so as to cover his tracks."

AFTER dopping the brandy, he dropped the bottle in the drawer and locked it with a private key—for, as owner, he would have second keys of all lockers. Meanwhile, he had Garrett's letter, which he would produce at the right moment to prove that Garrett owed Leathart money, and so supply a motive.

"He must have been hatching the scheme months before. Perhaps as soon as he got Garrett's letter he saw how it could be used. He must have invited us to go on this trip for that very purpose—you remember we were all a bit surprised by the invitation."

"And he must have been waiting for the first meal that would give him an opportunity for his diabolical scheme; but, thanks to the weather, it wasn't until we beat into Vigo Harbor this afternoon that we sat down together. Then he dropped the poison in Leathart's glass; and our dear old Glutton, with his immortal idiosyncrasy, swapped the glasses and made the devil drink his own medicine."

Hopkins' words died away. Leathart gave a strangled groan of relief. Then there was silence for a few moments.

When the wake of another passing ship rocked the yacht, when once again the shaft of sunlight came groping in, it lit the contented faces of three friends and glittered on their upraised glasses, toasting a friendship that had struck dirty weather and come near being cast away, but, at the last moment, had managed to claw off the rocks and make harbor. (Copyright)

## A TRUE STORY

By a Well-known Australian

whose career depends upon her vivacious good health



"EVERY day of my life has to be planned. Each hour has its particular, allotted duty," says Miss Sylvia Banks, of 5 Fairholm Grove, Camberwell, Melbourne. In a letter she has written to us in praise of Nujol.

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"My success on the stage demands that I do not let up on my daily schedule. I have never been handicapped by illness in the whole of my career, and I attribute that wonderful record entirely to Nujol. The daily dose of Nujol keeps my habits regular and my body in very vital condition."

"This Nujol regularity is the sole cause of my clear complexion, making it possible for me to spend only the absolute minimum of time on make-up."

We are glad to publish Miss Banks' letter because it tells so convincingly the simple secret of popularity and success coupled with good health. Follow Miss Banks' example. Try Nujol yourself. See what it will do for you. Bring your children up on it. Nujol will make them as regular as clockwork.

You can get Nujol at any chemist, now in two forms—plain; and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavoured and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been a regular user for several years, or if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address: Stanco (Aust.) Ltd., Box 1476, G.P.O., Sydney.

## ★ do tell me, Ann

"Don't be offended, dear, but your skin used to be, well, you know..."

"Yes, I do know! And I've got a Radio Talk to thank for the clear skin I know I've now got!"

"A Radio Talk?"

"Yes, I heard Kathleen Court on the air say that cleanliness of the deep pores was the basis of beauty and the death-knell of blotches. She recommended 'Facial Youth' Cleansing and Day Creams, followed with 'Golden Youth' Powder. Sounded easy, so I tried it. It worked all right, and I don't think it's any coincidence!"

"Coincidence be blowed! If those three things did for your skin what something must have done, I need them too!"

"But you've got a good skin."

"Yes, and I jolly well want to keep it!"

"Well, I'll be seeing you!"

**kathleen court**  
london - sydney - new york

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# THE WOMAN Who Rented

Continued from Page 32

## PARADISE

"SHE'S ill," said Elf. "Poor old Bunny. She hates to be out of things."

After breakfast Elf walked down the town with Humbert Earle to get his registered letter from the post office.

Adam Holt, stared after them with his sombre eyes.

Blanche Tressidor-Brown longed to say:

"Now you mustn't go thinking things like that. He doesn't speak Italian. She does."

There were some men you couldn't talk to when you were alone. Adam Holt was one. Blanche Tressidor-Brown thought:

"Now he's going to begin watching them—and when you begin to watch there is always something to see."

She had a moment of panic, blind panic, left there with the unit facade of her son-in-law's handsome face.

Walking to town Elf found out a queer thing. She hadn't to dig deep. It rolled to the surface like a novelist's plot.

Humbert Earle had once been in love with Bunny Carfax—the woman who inhabited London. Their love had been played out to London's most expensive orchestras: smothered in a tight confetti of easy kisses.

"She's a mondaine," said Humbert Earle. "They can't hold a man."

He looked at Elf speculatively. He thought her incredibly strange and beautiful. So white. So black. So long. He was intrigued and irritated. Was she buried in her loveliness in her impenetrable setting, or did she merely, like so many brilliantly married women, sleep? There was no doubt about the brilliance of her marriage. Her fat little, common mother gave that away. How had she brought it off? He was always interested in how women brought things off. You recognised the calibre of the artist by the technique.

There was a letter for Elf at the post office.

"Oh!" she said, "from Emily!"

She was not cold, he decided, started and impressed by the sudden white smile of her face. Unawakened perhaps. The thought made him feel very young and gay and pleasant. He warmed to her like one who suddenly holds up a mirror at an excellent moment. She was lovely. He thought, pleasantly, "I believe I'm going to fall in love!" It was so right for Italy.

"Bunny's up again," she said, reading her letter.

He thought, "She can't like me. It can't be jealousy." Yet he had met women who could hide things. He played the clumsy card Elf had tried to draw.

He began to talk about Bunny Carfax and her life in London and her flat near Piccadilly.

"DEAR Madam,—The nurse has gone and good riddance: and she's up again and full of beans. Too full by half! She's had her hair permed at the usual place off Bond Street, £7/7—. It's enough! It looks a treat. She's letting it grow. You wouldn't know London. You should see Baker Street. All huge blocks of flats, like the Americans. Tea parties! And the car out every evening till two or three. There's a lot of new dance clubs open the police haven't raided yet. I'm keeping those under you sent me. He could afford

HORT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are succulent and tasty.\*\*\*

## Doctor Advises How to Avoid Constipation

Doctors agree that the prevalence of constipation among the community to-day is due largely to lack of sufficient roughage in the modern diet. A well-known medical man recently stated that if more people knew about Santarum San-Brân there would be fewer sufferers from this constipation evil. San-Brân stimulates the bowels to act naturally and regularly. It is an ideal laxative for adults and children alike. Just two tablespoonsful of San-Brân added each morning to the usual breakfast cereal is quite sufficient to ensure regularity in the average person. It is deliciously flavoured; really enjoyable to eat. San-Brân is obtainable in packets from any grocer.\*\*\*

to marry if we lived with his sister for a bit. She's got a lot of spare rooms we could furnish. Not much I say. He's very good. Takes me to the pictures a lot. We went to see Douglas Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask." She told me to go and see that. She's all on to the good things. You should see Marie Tempest. It's wonderful! Oh! Life's all right if you look at it one way."

At lunch her mother suddenly said:

"I was reading in a travel book that it's not very far from here the man in the iron mask was imprisoned. Fancy!"

Elf's eyes flew to Humbert Earle's. They were suddenly alive, green pools full of strange turbulence. He could not read them. He was aware of his host coming between those inexplicable glances, striking them apart, courteously, like a second in a duel. He was excited and disatisfied.

After lunch when they were alone in the garden he suddenly took her long, pale, cool hands and covered his face with them.

"I am not Bunny Carfax," she said, and her voice was rich and sharp with pain and envy.

How could he know that Bunny Car-

fax stood for everything she coveted, yearned for, and had relinquished; for life, for movement, for interest, for excitement, for the rich, noisy, adorably commonplace stream of London life? How could he guess that she was staid with envy, with frustration, this strange, long, lovely woman who had apparently everything in the world? How could he know that in her mind he had no connection with Bunny Carfax, except when Elf chose him for slender self-flagellation by talking of her?

"I love you," he said. "You needn't be jealous of Bunny. She's something that belongs to London. You belong to Italy."

He wondered why she should suddenly look like that. Shut out, and lost somehow, like women when he tired of them.

"Would you care to go abroad, Elf? To Havana? We would go from Genoa?"

"Adam, couldn't we go to London for a bit?"

"I hate London. You know how ill it makes me, and how depressed."

"Yes, I know. It was silly of me."

"Would you care to see South America? There's sun and heat there. They're life to me."

"No, I don't think so, Adam. Not now. Later, perhaps, when mother's gone."

Please turn to Page 36

# New Plasmic

AMERICA'S MOST TALKED OF SKIN PREPARATION

ACTUAL PHOTO (Untouched)  
Mrs. Helen Sogomov, Bond Road, Age 57, Taken on July 12th, 1934.



ACTUAL PHOTO (Untouched)  
Mrs. Helen Sogomov, Bond Road, Taken on July 22nd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS SKIN REJUVENATOR EVER DISCOVERED

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES OF THE SKIN, PIMPLES, etc., DEVELOPED BY OLD AGE OR OTHER CAUSES.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable RESULTS. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. A Gentle but Powerful Corrective of All Facial Impurities and Blemishes. Guaranteed not to induce the growth of hair and to be non-injurious.

New Plasmic in a few moments will sweep away years and leave your skin fresh, young and glowing.

NEW PLASMIC NEVER FAILS

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED. Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, sufficient for 12 treatments, posted to any address for 5/-, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

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# GRACE BROS.

## Two Special TWEEDED Purchases!

BRING KEEN SHOPPERS SIX OUTSTANDING VALUES!

**No. 1** IMPORTED WOOLLENS! Comprises three exceptional bargains—the result of a special discount purchase by our London buyer.

**54" Novelty CHECK KASHIR**

An all wool fabric with a nice soft finish and medium weight. Fawn, Coral, Grey, Apple Green, Powder Blue, Sea Green, and Blush Pink with White check designs. Usual Value, 75/-11 yard. **Special Price - 8/11**

**54" All Wool Angora Tweed**

An exceptionally good wearing fabric for costumes & skirts. Shades of Fawn, Bottle, Navy, Grey, Wine, and Midnight Blue. Usual Value, 75/-11 yard. **Special Price - 8/11**

**54" Angora KASHIR**

In an exceedingly smart overcheck design. This is a nice medium weight fabric and will give exceptional wear. Grounds of Grey, with Navy, Bottle, Lido Blue and Wine overchecks. Usual Value, 75/-11 yard. **Special Price - 8/11**

**No. 2** WAREHOUSE PURCHASE! We offer three outstanding values from a special warehouse Purchase bought at a big discount.

**54" NUBBY KASHIR**

A new weave in an All Wool Kashir, of medium weight, cosy for Winter wear. Rough surface with honeycomb effect. Shades of Fawn, Kashir, Grey, Pink, Biscuit. Usual value, 75/-11 yard. **Special Price, yd. - - 4/11**

**54" CORDED KASHIR**

'The Season's Favourite' Soft mellow finish in All Wool quality. An ideal weight for Winter wear. Self-coloured corded effect. Shades of Fawn, Shellbark, Barktan, Lawn Grey, Wine, Freedom Blue, Royal, Friar Brown, Navy, and Black. Usual price, 75/-11 per yard. **Special Price, yd. - - 3/11**

**36" All Wool KASHIR**

Soft finished All Wool fabric, medium weight, for frocks and light weight top coats. Mesh weave and self stripe design. Colours: Fawn, Bottle, Chona, Friar, Mid Brown, Wine, Scarlet and Black. Usual value, 75/-11 per yard. **Special Price, yd. - - 2/6**

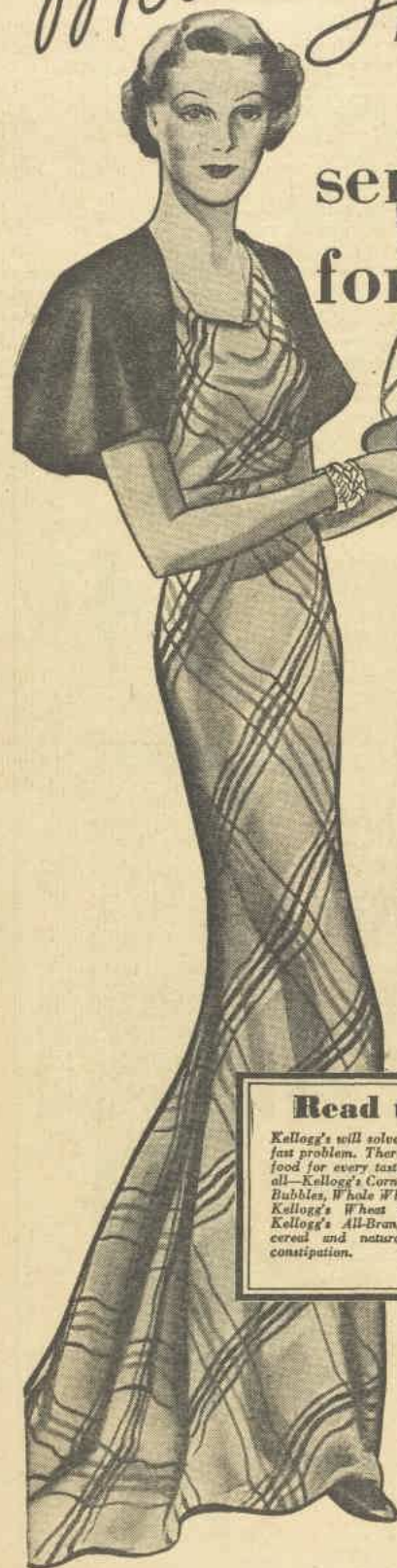
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Modern Housewives

don't  
serve dinner  
for Breakfast



THE fare at some breakfast tables would make a man-sized dinner! Heavy, cooked food which creates heat without energy, and overtaxes the digestive organs. No wonder such a meal leaves men and women feeling half-asleep in mid-morning—no wonder children aren't up to their best in school!

The day should start in the modern way—with light, easily-digested food that is full of nutriment and quickly converted into physical and mental energy. Kellogg's Corn Flakes provide such nutriment and energy. They make the perfect modern breakfast suited to our life and semi-tropical climate. And their delicious flavour is popular with young and old alike. Order some to-day!

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Kellogg's will solve your breakfast problem. There's a Kellogg food for every taste. Try them all—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes, and Kellogg's All-Bran, the health cereal and natural cure for constipation.



Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

EAT A KELLOGG BREAKFAST—You'll feel better!

## THE WOMAN Who Rented PARADISE

Continued from Page 35

"WHY should she go? There's room for her here. She worships the place."

Her mother, too! Her last link with that outside world, immured in Paradise beside her, shut fast in the easy enchantment of sun and flowers.

"I don't think it would do somehow, Adam."

He said:

"Gramier fils of the Rue de la Paix sent me his catalogue. He is selling the late Duchesse de Lointaine's jewels. I bought the pigeon's blood ruby pendant for you. It should suit your black and white beauty. I shall love to see you in it. I never get tired of looking at you, Elf. To me you will always be the loveliest woman in the world. Would you like to go to Monte Carlo and order some new clothes?"

"No, I have heaps. You're awfully good to me, Adam."

He smiled.

At dinner she hardly spoke to Humbert. She seemed to have a pigeon's blood ruby in her mouth. That was how she felt.

"Dear Madam, my luck's clean out. She was going to Cannes with a party and she was going to take me, then at the last moment she backed out. Said she was like a fish out of water out of town. I must say I was fed up! It's hot, and there are such a lot of people in the streets, smelly. Of course it's all right for her, dining and dancing on roof gardens and down by the river in those clubs. The drought doesn't have any effect on the parks, they're a picture. Sprinklers night and day. I go and listen to the band and watch the people. I saw the show at the Pavilion. My word! The dresses! Not a seat, she gave me the stalls. Such a lot of new cinemas. You wouldn't know London. All full. Beats me where the money comes from."

OH! That letter scratched her nerves so that they felt sore. London lure! London lure! Just the place, the noise, the bustle, the stab of lights in your eyes. Cozy! Human! Real!

That night Humbert Earle kissed her. He was amazed at the sharpness of his own emotion, the emotional back kick it afforded him. Elf gauged it as she gauged him. Her mind did not concern itself profoundly with him. She knew she could manage him, probably for a great many years to come.

"Come back to London with me. You're buried here."

"What will Bunny Carfax be doing at this moment?"

"Bother Bunny Carfax, sweet! Beating about some theatre or restaurant. But Elf, you're not jealous of Bunny?"

She beat with her long slender hands on his chest. Her face was convulsed.

"I am! I am! Oh! God! I am!"

That night she dreamed she was Bunny Carfax. She moved in and out of crowds, the noise of London blew on her and filled her with new vitality as if it were the breath of Life itself.

THAT night her mother tottered into her room.

Elf was in her green bed in some queer crepe-de-chine that looked like cloth of gold. She looked pale, marvellous, and racked, a tired saint.

"Elf," said her mother desperately. "You would tell me if there was, dear? Of course, I know there isn't—but I'm frightened and Adam looks so ill. You've got everything. You live in Paradise. Elf. You make me feel so stupid and I had everything ready to say before I came in."

"What are you trying to say, darling?"

"I shall be very glad when he's gone, Elf. So will Adam."

"He's going next week."

"Back to London?"

"Back to London."

"Elf, I never saw anything like that ruby pendant. Some men aren't demonstrative, dear. It's their little way. I know he's devoted to you. He's so lavish. Really lavish. Of course, if you marry a demonstrative man you reckon they did their practising elsewhere. You've got to think of that, haven't you? If ever a girl had blessings showered on her! Why! Just to live here. I should never get over it."

"Neither have I," said Elf.

"I'm pleased to hear you say so, dearie. Now I really am. Why don't you tell Adam that? I'm sure he'd be pleased. You're not very demonstrative, either, dearie. You don't mind my saying that. I feel much happier now in my own mind. Much! Oh! much! So he's going back to London?"

"Yes, London."

"Good-night, darling. I felt I had to speak to you."

"Good-night, darling."

London! London! London! Piccadilly! Charing Cross! Bourne and

Hollingsworth's! Fuller's! Oh! How silly to cry! Of course they'd think she had fallen in love with Humbert Earle. Couldn't help that. He wouldn't be able to leave London. Adam would divorce her, of course.

Her mother peeped round the door. "I just looked out of my window. Oh! Elf—how could that girl! How could Emily! The moon and the Bowers!"

Let your mind dig down to London. Humbert was only one little thing planted there. Lights! Noise! To have broken this glaze of beauty and be out in life again. Emily! Mrs. Carfax! Do you think you're going to keep London to yourself—or Emily? She'd have Emily back. Clever Emily. Of course she'd have to leave her clothes and jewels. Humbert was going to get first-class reservations and send them registered to the post office.

London! London! London! Even with Humbert Earle—London!

DEAR Madam, I'm very pleased at the thought of seeing you again, I'm sure, and if you mean what you say about me coming to you. She can look out for herself. It's nice now, cooler. We walk along by the Embankment at nights. He wants to have a little flat of our own now. I don't know, I'm sure. She's got lovely new furs and things. She's still all gay, always here and there. Really, she doesn't look her age. You'd be surprised. Of course, it's the rich food keeps her going, and massage. She's always thinking of her face, paws it with cream and tonic at night."

Elf Holt sat in the train, caught in ecstasy, in satisfaction too deep to be scarred and scared by one regret. The English country-side gave place to the suburbs. She sat and read Emily's letter again and again. Her Emily now. Her London! Ah, Bunny Carfax—for a year you've tortured me and ridden over the bare places of my heart. I've settled with you now. I've drawn your sting. My London! My Emily! She read Humbert Earle's letter again.

"Elf, my little white Queen, I have marvellous news for you. Oh! you've brought me luck! My precious, precious mascot! Angel."

Exotic? Well, she could cope. She could cope with anything and anybody in London.

Victoria. Humbert Earle. Yes, he was handsome.

They were in a taxi. She was drowned, lost in her own rich, lovely sense of relief. The exile exquisitely returned. The dethroned came back in triumph. No one would ever know what London meant to her. Everything! Everything! Nothing left over. All of life was here.

She drew the noise, the purple, gold stabbed twilight round her like a cloak. She spoke out of it.

"Humbert, you must introduce me to your Bunny—and, Humbert—I've got a parlormaid, darling."

"Then he bubbled over. 'Angel! you won't need a parlormaid. I've signed the contract of my life to play for Gus Forsythe in America. Five years. We sail the day after to-morrow and open up in New York. I'm made!'"

YOU needn't hurry away, Mrs. Tressidor-Brown."

"Oh, but, Adam, it doesn't seem quite decent for me to be here. Not considering . . . Have the lawyers gone?"

"Yes. The case should be ready for next session with luck."

"Adam . . ."

"Yes."

She could not say it. She was alone with him. She wanted to say she was desperately sorry and ashamed. You couldn't talk to him when you were alone. Perhaps that had been the trouble.

She walked to the window. "Oh! how could Emily leave all this! I must have a go at her when I go home."

It seemed—that old futility, the deepest, most poignant expression of her pain.

"Emily!"

"You know, the girl, Adam." But Adam did not know. He would never know about servants as some men never know about stomachs. He did not acknowledge them. Again she was discomfited as she had been that first night.

Strange that Emily was somehow the centre of all her pain, the core.

"They say that some of the mountain they are excavating has fallen."

She sat down again. She forced a reply, and it dried up in one word.

"Fancy!"

(Copyright)

HOLT HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar; it is a brew of excellent quality.\*\*\*



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

## NATURE versus ART!

A few pointers on the skilful application of make-up . . . so that you may look your best this Easter

: BY :  
EVELYN

**B**y practice you may accomplish wonderful things with make-up—providing the foundation is good—skin free from blemishes, and the like. You can camouflage, as if by magic, a large nose, hollow cheeks; apparently lengthen a round, full face, and shorten a long, cadaverous one—and may other things by skilful use of rouge, lipstick, and powder.

**F**OR instance, take that common fault, a large nose. Don't be disheartened about it. Powder the nose scantily with powder a few shades darker than that used on the rest of the face, and if your nose is inclined to be longish a dab of rouge beneath it will make it appreciably shorter.

A broad, flat nose, on the other hand, is apparently slenderised when the rouge is applied far out on the cheeks away from the nose.

Moreover, when attention is drawn more pointedly to a large nose by heavy, dark eyebrows, growing close to the bridge of the nose, pluck the brows carefully until they are an inch apart.

In general cases, the narrow face will appear much more attractive if the rouge is limited to a small spot round the cheekbones. The face appears to be broader if it is put on softly fading towards the ears. Smooth fading is essential. It will be obtained best if the rouge is rubbed in a circle on the cheekbones, so that the color will be fainter towards the outside. The tone of your powder must be between the tone of the rouge and skin. Furthermore, parting the hair in the middle of the forehead

will make the face look broader than it is. Cadaverous cheeks—or rather hollow cheeks—should carry no rouge except for a faint half-moon of it just below the eyes—never in the hollows.

### For the Broad Face

**ROUGE** directly under the eyes, especially near the nose, will make the face narrower. It is only to be applied to the width of three fingers. In case of moist rouge you apply best by dotting with the finger and rubbing it in carefully. In case of dry rouge, apply it with a piece of cotton wool instead of a powder puff.

The broad face should have the hair parted only on the side. And don't fluff your hair out at the sides if you have a broad face—and don't wear button earrings.

### The Oval and Long Face

**A**n oval face asks for rouge to be applied high up on the cheekbones, fading towards the ears. The rouge must have its greatest intensity under the eyes and at the outer edge of the cheekbones.

A dab of rouge on the chin makes the face appear shorter—especially is this advisable for the long chin. Place it in the centre. A long, jutting chin

may be camouflaged to an extent if it is powdered lightly with a darker powder than that used for the rest of the face.

A tiny bit of rouge on the lobe of the ear makes the face look broader in case the ear is not covered. Another suggestion—follow it if you feel inclined: To make a long, narrow face less so, wear your eyebrows straight at the ends, in addition to the rouge far out on the cheeks.

### Strong Cheekbones

**I**f you have got a Slavic type of face, with protruding cheekbones, deeply applied rouge is to be avoided, because it makes you look older.

Use instead, two kinds of powder, a darker for the cheeks, and a lighter one for the other parts of the face. Strongly colored lips are also to be avoided.

Small deep-set eyes can be made to look larger and more prominent by arching the brows in a high semi-circle. Close-set eyes may be made to look larger and farther apart by use of eyebrow pencil and shadow on the outer corners of the eyes. But care must be exercised. Better use both only at night.

To keep round eyes from looking too ingenious, extend the line of your upper eyelids downward slightly by using a pencil at the outer corners. Then smudge it to prevent harsh lines.

The only real excuse for changing the shape of the lips is when they are too thin or too thick. And then, the method is simplicity itself. For thin lips, extend the rouge over the edge. For thick ones, keep it inside the edge. And whenever lips are too thin or too full, the lipstick used should be subdued, and not brilliant in color.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

**PATIENT:** My son, aged twelve, is the prey to very morbid moods, and I am sure at such times he is positively unhappy. He has everything in the world that a reasonable child should want, and yet his discontent is often apparent, and he chooses to go away by himself and brood, instead of playing. What can I do about it?

**WE** are so accustomed to thinking of childhood and youth as a happy time of life that we are necessarily astonished when children claim they are unhappy or sometimes even do away with themselves.

But, as a matter of fact, childhood is in many ways the most difficult time of life there is. Stop and consider how helpless and dependent children are.

Concerning happiness, the child really has all the odds against him. The world is bigger and more powerful than he. His parents are in control of his destinies. He must continually hold his instinctive, primitive, animal desires in check.

"Don't" is hurled at him at every turn. He has to study at school when he wants so much to play. He is continually told that the things he craves doing are naughty, bad, or "not nice."

His whole childhood existence, in effect, is one continual conflict with his elders and his environment.

Then, again, consider how sensitive and shut-in many children are. They are timid, afraid, fearing to let themselves go. They feel they are misunderstood. They suffer emotional ups and downs of all sorts. Now the world seems charming and inviting; now it seems foreboding and repellent.

Whether the reading of suicides in the newspapers by children suggests to a youngster who is thus mixed up an easy way out of his difficulties is open to question. We do, of course, know that children are very suggestible.

It has been stated scientifically that suicide in children under fifteen is rare, but that after puberty the tendency toward self-destruction in the female develops rapidly.

Fear seems to develop strongly in children about the time of adolescence.

Fear, in this connection, is undoubtedly an important factor.

At any rate, parents, teachers, and guardians should not brush the trials and tribulations of children aside as being unimportant. Sympathetic understanding and companionship is what is

### EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



**GERTRUDE MICHAEL**, well-known Paramount player, shows you an exercise for the aching back. Take a coarse Turkish towel and rub briskly across the back from left to right, and vice versa.



### ...BY A DOCTOR...

needed above all else. This is the best antidote for the suicide impulse. It is also the very best way of bringing up children and of strengthening them for the battles of life.

Besides, plenty of out-of-door exercise, in which large muscle groups are employed, is excellent, stress being laid upon competitive sports in which the child does not merely serve as an on-looker but in which he actually takes part himself.

## COMPACTS

TO PUT a really beautiful sheen on your hair, rub a few drops of brilliantine into the hands, smooth them over the head, and give a final polish with a silk handkerchief.

**HAVE YOU** noticed how a fur collar, worn so often during winter, rubs against your neck and makes it discolored? Each night, before retiring, massage your neck with lemon cream, and do not wipe off, so that it will be absorbed into the skin.

**IF YOU** want to arch your eyebrows nicely, without plucking them, buy an eyebrow brush (it will cost a few pence only), and, with olive oil, brush your eyebrows sleekly into the shape you want them to be. This will make them both tidy, dark, and more defined.

**AS WINTER** draws near, many women will find their skin made dry with the cold winds. With the skin food you are applying each night mix a little almond oil and massage the two into your skin.



## BE FREE from PAIN

Women throughout Australia find quick, safe relief from all nerve pains, with Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powders and Tablets. Vincent's A.P.C. is recommended by your doctor, chemist, dentist, nurse. Prepared on a scientific hospital formula. Avoid imitations—they may be injurious. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Grocers or direct from Vincent's Chemical Company Limited, Sydney.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S."



## SPRAINS, BRUISES



Just pat some SLOAN'S on the painful spot—let it sink in—and the pain is gone.

SLOAN'S penetrates instantly, sends a supply of new blood tingling through the painful tissues, clears away congestion and gives amazing comfort and relief. Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.

Always keep a fresh bottle handy SLOAN'S for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, SPRAINS, ACHES, PAINS. All Chemists & Stores.



# SLOAN'S

LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

## Equal in food value and the cup of Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa Costs less!



A cup of BOURNVILLE Cocoa made with milk and sugar equals 1½ cups of MILK—and the BOURNVILLE costs less!

Everyone recognises the food value of milk but when Bournville Cocoa and a little sugar is added to milk the nutriment is increased 45% and then you have as wholesome a food beverage as you could find. Refreshing, sustaining and satisfying!

The rich, chocolaty flavour of Bournville Cocoa is relished by children and adults also! Be sure Bournville Cocoa is on your next grocery order; it is the ideal beverage at breakfast-time, supper-time, and in between times, too!

Cadbury's  
**BOURNVILLE**  
Delicious  
Chocolaty  
Flavour  
**COCOA**

M7 365

## AN OPPORTUNITY... for all HOUSEWIVES

There is Good Money to be Won in  
Our Weekly Recipe Competition

Such competitions are valuable, inasmuch as they help in a really interesting way to overcome a woman's chief problem in the home—how to make meal-time attractive and "different."

If you have a good recipe, enter it—to possible cash advantage—in our weekly competition. Send in the favorite, mark it "Best Recipes," and leave the rest to the adjudicator.

This week's prize-winners are given below:

### TOMATO CUP

Six ripe tomatoes, 1 cup pineapple cut fairly fine, 1 cup of chopped cabbage, 1 tin asparagus tips or fresh boiled asparagus tips.

Scald the tomatoes and remove the skin. Remove the top slice and hollow out the centre to form cups. Place several of the asparagus tips in each cup. Mix the cabbage and pineapple, and fill spaces between the tips. Serve on lettuce leaves with your favorite dressing. Garnish with slices of green pepper or radishes.

This salad may be varied by using diced carrots with or without the cabbage, or using the pineapple alone.

First Prize of £1 to Miss C. Blackley, Campbelltown P.O., S.A.

### DELICIOUS WALNUT CAKE

Cream 1 cup butter with 1 cup sugar. Add separately 3 yolks of eggs, beating each one well. Add 3 cups self-raising flour, sifted with a pinch of salt, alternately with 1 cup of milk. Blend, but do not beat after flour is added. Stir in beaten whites and 1 cup of chopped walnuts. Bake in loaf-shaped tin in moderate oven for about 1 hour. Ice when cold, and decorate with walnuts.

Icing: Mix well 1 tablespoon of butter, 1 tablespoon of cocoa, and 1 cup of icing sugar. Then add another cup of icing sugar, blending all together with 3 tablespoons of hot, strong coffee. Spread smoothly on cake and decorate with walnuts.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. Turner, 41 Belmont Av., Kew, Vic.

### STEWED LIVER WITH SAGE AND ONIONS

One pound liver, 2 large onions, apple sauce, 1 teaspoonful sage, 1/2 tsp. salt, and salt to taste, 1 pint water, suit dumplings.

Cut the liver into neat pieces and dip each piece in seasoned flour. Peel and slice the onions, and mix with the sage; then place a layer of the sliced liver in a stew jar, cover with a layer of onion and sage, then add more meat and onions in layers until all the ingredients are used. Add sufficient water to cover; then simmer until tender about 1½ hours. Serve with suit dumplings and apple sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. A. Canny, Eureka, S.A.

### Diet Hint

#### The Sardine

By R. E. FIGGIS

THE sardine is coming into its own place, not merely as a makeshift, but as an excellent article of food having great value as a preventive of goitre. This is because of its iodine content. Here is iodine in "a natural organic-bound form," as Dr. Lund puts it. These little tins of "brilliant," as the Norwegians call them, are obtainable almost anywhere, are not expensive, and may be used quite freely in inland districts, where the iodine content of the soil is low, and therefore the foods produced in those districts have a low iodine content.

Those whose homes are distant from the sea coast may use the modest sardine to ensure an iodine supply in a palatable and effective form.

### BAKED PEACHES

Select good-sized peaches, peel, cut in halves, and stone. Place a single layer in a baking-dish, hollow side uppermost, and into each half put 1½ teaspoon butter, and the same amount of sugar. Sprinkle mixture generously over the whole, and bake about 30 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. W. Shute, Taree Rd., Wingham, N.S.W.

### VEAL WITH MUSHROOMS

One and a half pounds steak, 1 cup of grated cheese, 1½ pint cream, 1/2 lb. butter, mushrooms, 1 tablespoon water, salt and pepper.

Cut the steak into portions, and fry it in the butter over a very slow heat for fifteen minutes. Put it in a saucepan or casserole, lay the mushrooms on top, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and then add the cream. Put the cream into the fryer-pan and stir over a very slow heat until slightly browned. Then pour it over the steak, put on a tightly-fitting lid, and simmer in the oven for twenty minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Clarence, 8 Coolang Rd., Yarralum, N.S.W.

### ECLAIRS

Make choux paste first. Three ounces flour, pinch cassia sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ gills water. Knead butter. Beat the flour with much of sugar on so a sheet of paper. Put the butter into a saucepan with the water, and when the butter is dissolved bring the water to the boil. When boiling, add the flour, stirring vigorously all the time, and continue to stir until the mixture forms into a smooth paste and leaves the sides of the pan. Then draw the pan aside and cool slightly. Add 1 egg, stir it in quickly and beat well. Then add the second egg and beat again.

TO SHAPE AND BAKE THE ECLAIRS. Take an icing-bag and fill a round pipe in the bottom of it. Put the prepared mixture into the bag and force on to a buttered baking-sheet in sausage shape of about 3½ inches in length, cutting the mixture with a knife dipped in hot water when the required length is obtained.

Place them in a moderate oven to bake. They will take about 25 to 30 minutes to cook and should swell and become almost hollow inside. Cool them in a sieve. This amount will make about 1½ dozen eclairs. Fill with choux paste. Whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured to taste, is the favorite filling. This can be varied by adding chopped glass fruits and different flavorings. Other fillings, such as mock cream or custard, can be used. If pure cream is used, you will need about 1½ gills for 12 eclairs. To fill the eclairs, split them one side and insert the filling, then coat with violet or crystallized fruits.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McGinley, Warwick, Q.



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# Thrifty housewives will welcome these... BRAINWAVES with BREAD!

**Suggestions and Recipes That Will Solve The Problem of Waste in the Most Unexpected & Amazingly Attractive Ways**

**E**VEN in the best regulated household, it is not always an easy matter to gauge the quantity of bread necessary for the family's daily needs, and the amount that is sometimes wasted is appalling. In country homes, of course, ducklings and chickens generally absorb left-overs. But to-day bread costs money, and there is no need whatsoever for wastage since the family can delight in such wholesome, nourishing, and attractive and inexpensive dishes as are suggested hereunder.

**I**F a whole loaf of bread has become stale it can be made almost like a new loaf in the following way. Stand on a sieve, over a saucepan of boiling water for a few minutes. Place on a tin in a moderate oven until it is quite hot. Then take out and use as required.

**Stale Bread With Soup:** If soup is often served in the household, not a scrap of bread need be wasted.

**Toasted Sippets:** Toast stale pieces of bread, cut into cubes. Serve with soup.

**Fried Sippets:** Cut the stale bread into cubes. Fry till golden brown in hot fat. Drain, serve with soup.

**BREAD AS A GARNISH**  
Cut slices of stale bread into triangles, squares, or rounds. Fry till golden brown in boiling fat, or toast a golden brown on both sides. Serve as a garnish to such dishes as mince, or for serving devilled kidney on.

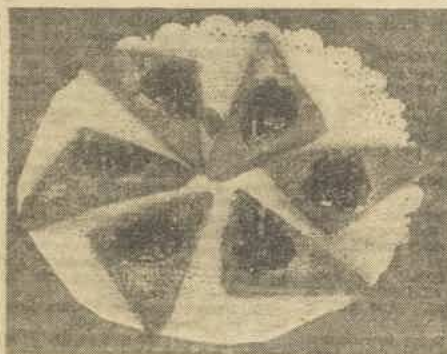
**RASPBERRIES**  
Put any scraps of bread into a fairly hot oven and allow to remain until they are quite crisp, but not brown. When cold, roll them with a rolling-pin, put through a sieve. Store in airtight tin. Use for crumbing fish, cutlets, sausages, etc.

**BREAD RUSKS**  
These are a pleasant change to serve with cheese and are very digestible. To make them, just cut the stale bread into neat pieces and bake in a moderate oven till crisp and a very pale fawn color. Place on a cake-cooler till quite cold.

**TIMBALE OF VEAL**  
Three ounces macaroni, 1 cup breadcrumbs, cold cooked meat, 3oz. ham, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, tomato sauce, cayenne.  
Break the macaroni into even-sized pieces, place in boiling water, cook for 20 minutes; drain. Heat the milk, pour on to the crumbs. Add the chopped meat, ham, sauce, and beaten egg. Line a buttered mould with strips of macaroni. Pour in carefully the meat mixture. Cover with greased paper; steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with brown sauce.

**TONGUE TOASTS**  
Tongue, ham, bread, yolks of 2 eggs, 1 cup white sauce, 1 dessert-spoon grated cheese, salt, and cayenne.

Cut the bread into slices, then stamp into rounds with plain cutter, and toast or fry till a golden brown. Add the



Conducted by  
**Ruth Furst**  
Cooking Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's Weekly.

**BREAD Triangles**  
—another ideal way  
of using up stale  
bread. The chil-  
dren will adore  
them; grown-ups,  
too.

chopped tongue and ham to the white sauce, then cheese and beaten yolks. Stir over gentle heat till thoroughly heated and the yolks cooked. Add salt and cayenne. Pile the mixture on the rounds of bread, sprinkle with cheese and parsley, and serve at once.

**CREAMED CHICKEN IN BREAD CASES**

Half pound cold, cooked chicken (or any kind of white meat may be used), 3oz. ham, 1 cup milk, 1 dessert-spoon plain flour, 1 good teaspoon butter, small onion, salt, cayenne, stale bread, fat for frying, 1 egg.

Cut the bread into square blocks. Hollow out the centre. Beat the egg well. Add 3 tablespoons milk, salt, and cayenne. Dip the cases in the egg mixture and when well soaked through drain well. Fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain. Boil the onion in the milk, melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, then the strained milk. Stir till it boils and thickens, add chicken and ham. Fill the cases with the chicken cream. Sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

**FRUIT PUDDING**  
Fruit, sugar, little water, stale bread, custard or cream.

Stew the fruit with sugar and very little water. Cut the bread into slices, remove the crusts and line a plain pudding basin with the slices, wedging in small pieces where necessary. Pour in some cold stewed fruit. Cover with slices of bread, more fruit, and so on till the basin is full. Cover the top with bread. Pour over any juice. Cover with a plate and place a weight on it. Leave till the next day. Turn out and serve with custard or cream.

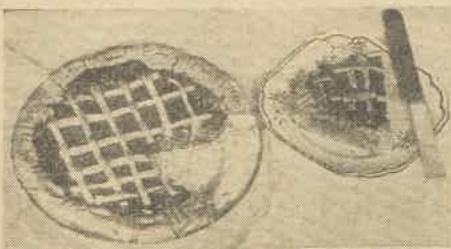
Note: Any kind of fruit, either fresh or tinned, can be used for this pudding.

**LEMON PIE**

One cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1½ teaspoon corn-flour, 1 cup hot water, yolks 2 eggs, 2 lemons, short crust, whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar.

Squeeze the juice from the lemons. Blend cornflour in a little cold water. Mix crumbs, sugar; add cornflour, butter, lemon juice, water. Beat in yolks. Make pastry, line deep plate with it. Pour in lemon mixture. Bake in moderate oven till centre is set and the pastry brown. Cover with meringue, using whites of eggs and sugar. Return to a cool oven and cook till the meringue is set and a pale fawn color. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

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**TREACLE (or molasses)** is rich in those two essentials that form a part of every well-balanced diet—iron and lime. Treacle tart, shown above, combines breadcrumbs, sultanas, and currants.



**CHESTER CAKES** made according to the recipe given on this page are not only delicious, but wholesome and nourishing.

**TREACLE TART**

Short crust, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup treacle, 2 tablespoons currants, 2 tablespoons sultanas, lemon juice.

Mix the crumbs, treacle, currants, sultanas and lemon juice well together. Allow to stand for 1 hour. Make the pastry and line deep plate or sandwich tin. Four in the treacle mixture. Lattice

IN ADDITION to these suggestions and recipes, stale bread may be utilized for crumbs, queen pudding, toast, seasonings, etc.

**Suggested Menu  
For Any Week-day**

Breakfast: Cereal and hot milk. Grilled steak and tomatoes. Coffee. Marmalade. Toast.

Luncheon: Aberdeen sausage with lettuce salad. Hot scones. Tea.

Dinner: Braised ox-tail, Mashed potatoes, pumpkin, Carlton Pudding and stewed fruit.

across the top with thin strips of pastry. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with custard.

**BOILED BREAD PUDDING**

Half pound brown bread, 1 cup butter or dripping, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup currants, peel, spice, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 eggs, self-raising flour.

Soak the bread for 1 hour. Squeeze out all water, and break up. Add the sultanas, currants, peel, beaten eggs, golden syrup. Dissolve soda in a little water, and add mixing in well. Then add sufficient self-raising flour to make into the consistency of a cake mixture. Tie firmly in pudding cloth. Boil 3½ hours. Turn out and serve with custard or sauce.

**COCONUT BREAD PUDDING**

One cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup coconut, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch salt, nutmeg, vanilla essence.

Soak the crumbs and coconut in the milk for 15 minutes. Add the beaten eggs, sugar, melted butter, and essence. Pour into a well-greased pudding. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in a moderate oven till the custard is set. Serve either hot or cold.

**BREAD TRIANGLES**

Bread, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon sugar, jam, butter, cinnamon.

Cut the bread into thick slices. Remove the crusts and cut into triangles. Beat the egg well, add sugar, milk, and essence. Dip the bread into the custard mixture. Fry in boiling fat or butter till a golden brown all over. Drain on paper. Put a little jam on each triangle. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and serve at once very hot.

**APPLE CHARLOTTE**

Six apples, rind of half a lemon, little water, 4 tablespoons sugar, butter, slices of stale bread.

Prepare apples: add lemon rind, sugar, and little water. Cook till clear and soft. Remove the crusts from the bread. Dip the slices of bread into melted butter and line a pie-dish evenly with it, wedging triangular pieces in at the corners. Pour in the cool stewed apple. Cover with bread dipped in butter (butter side up). Bake in hot oven till bread is brown. Turn out on to hot dish. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Serve with custard.

**CHESTER CAKE**

Half lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 4oz. raisins, 3oz. candied peel, 1lb. fine breadcrumbs, spice, and nutmeg to taste, level teaspoon carbonate soda, 3 eggs, flaky pastry.

Mix all the ingredients well together, bind with the well-beaten egg, allowing to stand half an hour. Make the pastry. Cut in half, roll each portion out thinly into a square about 8 inches. Lay one portion in a well-greased Swiss roll tin. Spread on the cake mixture to thickness of 2 inches. Cover with other portion of pastry. Mark into squares with floured knife. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into the marked squares. Leave in tin till cold.

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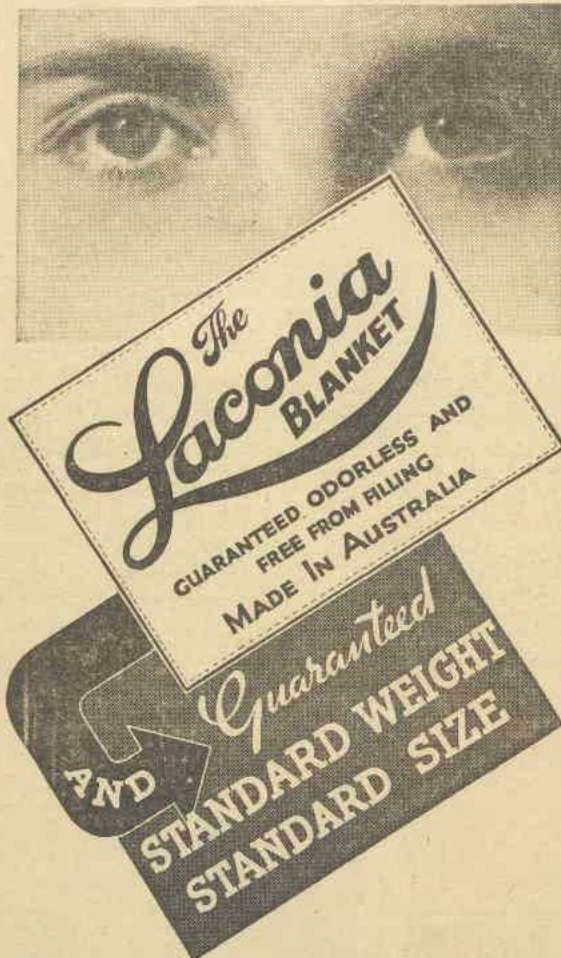
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FATON

5/3

**MAKE "Good Night" A CERTAINTY**

## Lost Energy Regained

No woman, however physically strong she may be, can go on—day in, day out—doing her own housework without experiencing, at times, periods of exhaustion "nerviness" and general disabilities of health. It is unfair to expect to feel always vigorously bright and well unless provision is made to "make good" the energy

expended by hard, hot-weather work about the house.

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**WINCARNIS**  
must do you good

## HOLIDAY LOVE

Continued from Page 7

**B**Y coincidence, he was dining that night at the Paines', and, although en route he endeavored to keep his exultation in check—for, of course, even his augmented income wouldn't sound to Elsa like anything but pocket money—he failed therein completely. In fact, she had no sooner entered the drawing-room than she exclaimed:

"Why, Bruce! What's happened?"

He blurted it out, and she became almost as excited as himself. Anderson lost his head. Forgetting everything except her presence, near and dear, he seized her and kissed her. It was wholly unpremeditated and impulsive, but it was also fatal, for she didn't resist him.

"Ahum!" said Mr. Paine from the doorway.

He came in slowly, while Anderson braced himself for the explosion. But oddly enough Mr. Paine's voice had never been half so gentle.

"Bruce," he said, "I'm not blaming you—not a particle. I'm blaming myself. I've been as blind as a bat. I'd imagined that for once Elsa had a friend who was going to stay friendly. I'd imagined that you and I understood each other. But let that pass. Only you know, don't you, that this sort of proceeding is absolutely impossible?"

Anderson cleared his throat.

"But, Mr. Paine," he said audaciously, "is that really for either one of us to say? I mean, isn't Elsa in it, too? And—and if she'd wait?"

Mr. Paine turned to his daughter.

"Well, dear? Don't you think we'd better have this out?"

Elsa went to him, but her eyes were for Anderson.

"Yes, Daddy," she said, subdued. "It's either Bruce or—or somebody else. I don't know. I just don't know."

Anderson cleared his throat repeatedly. "Mr. Paine, I've been fighting this for six solid months. But it's bigger than I am. And with a little luck—"

"Luck!" said Mr. Paine impatiently. "You count on luck!" He threw back his head. "Boy, you disgust me!"

"I'm sorry," said Anderson, and there was a prolonged silence.

Mr. Paine broke it.

"Bruce, I suppose you're counting on luck because you've never had any. But I never had any either, and that's why I don't believe in it. I earned my place in the world, boy! Earn yours, as I did—or show me a lot of stronger evidence than this that you're going to—and I'll have nothing more to say. Otherwise you'll have to elope." He touched his daughter's hair. "Are you capable of it, dear?"

"You know I'm not!" she said, just audibly.

**T**HAT makes two of us, then!" said Anderson. "So perhaps we do understand each other after all, Mr. Paine." He squared his shoulders. "And I'll collect that evidence just as fast as I possibly can."

There was another silence.

"In the meantime," said Mr. Paine, gravely, "you're welcome here, just as you've always been. That is—as a friend. Not otherwise. Don't let's have any nonsense or any melodrama about it." He coughed with much diffidence. "Hasn't dinner been announced yet? Is it late again? Elsa, I don't like this! And therefore—forward he was as gruff as ever."

Anderson was genuinely puzzled by his own immediate feelings. Instead of being crushed, he was relieved. A certain tension had been removed. Granted that he had about as little chance as a three-legged horse in a steeplechase, yet at least he was admitted as a competitor under the prevailing odds. Therefore he threw himself into the work of his new department with unbounded energy, and called at the Paines' quite as regularly as before.

Elsa was wonderful. She was so wonderful that whenever he was with her he forgot Blanchard entirely. He forgot the intensity of his distance between them. He forgot Mr. Paine's requirements. For Elsa said to him: "But, why shouldn't you talk about it, Bruce? It's much better than to repress everything, isn't it? And if you should happen to—to do something spectacular, as father did—why?"

Yet when he was alone in his own room, and realised in cold blood how monumental the odds against him were, he shivered, and his recent sense of relief wasn't quite so prominent.

And then, in a flash of blue and sunshine, it was spring, and on three memorable occasions when Mr. Paine hadn't commanded him for golf, Anderson spent a whole Saturday afternoon with Elsa. The last of these precious monopolies was in early June, just as the Paines were about to leave for Seabrook.

"If you've decided that I'm a hopeless wash-out," said Anderson soberly, "I'd rather you'd tell me so now, before you go."

"Things haven't altered," she said, with some difficulty. "I haven't decided anything. Except—that I wish you'd write to me."

Fortunately, at this period, Anderson's duties were temporarily doubled. He blessed the burden; it diminished his leisure and therefore his introspection.

"They tell me you're going like a house afire, Bruce," Mr. Blanchard said to him. "That's fine!"

Anderson wished that he could hate him, but he couldn't. Rival or no rival, Blanchard was a prince. So much so that Anderson felt almost reprehensible to have crossed him. Almost.

In mid-July his department head drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"Well, Bruce," he said, "Stevens is leaving us next month. That will mean another peg up for you, as my assistant. You'll be a bit young to draw eight hundred a year, but I believe you'll be worth it. Shake hands."

Yet when he was praised for his conscientiousness he became warm with guilt. He was merely seeking solace in labor. To be sure, Elsa was writing to him—and her letters were adorable, even if vaguely impersonal—but it was only yesterday that Blanchard had started on his holiday. He had gone to Seabrook. And Anderson's own holiday this year wasn't until September and he hardly thought it intelligent to carry the war into the enemy's country. It could only result in a pitched battle, in which Blanchard would have every advantage.

**A**ND so through the summer Anderson stuck to his guns until one day in August, in the middle of a busy week, he went straight to the head of his department and demanded a day's freedom. On the morrow he caught the first train to Seabrook and in due course was ushered into the presence of his employer.

Mr. Paine's reception of him, however, was curiously unimpassioned.

"Hello, Bruce!" he said curtly. "What are you doing here?"

"I came down to have a private chat with you, sir," said Anderson.

The old man glowered at him.

"Well, what's your trouble?"

Anderson inspected him sympathetically.

"Why—I don't honestly think you're feeling in a mood to go into it just now, Mr. Paine. And yet—"

Mr. Paine was peremptory.

"If you've got anything to say, Bruce, for Heaven's sake say it!"

After an instant's hesitation, Anderson burned his bridges. "Well—do you remember how often you've told me that if I earned my place in the world as you did—"

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned Mr. Paine, and put both hands to his forehead.

A door opened and Elsa appeared on the threshold. Anderson took a single step forward, then froze, for her face was utterly strange to him. Suddenly her drawn features relaxed, and, with a choking cry, she fled straight into his arms.

"Oh, I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!" she sobbed. "I willed you to come! I knew you would!"

Anderson was far more shaken by her emotion than by his own. All selfishness was gone out of him, and her father ceased to be; Anderson was too wholly occupied with a miracle. He held her close to him; he soothed and petted her until eventually she rested quiet. Then, at length, he lifted his eyes to meet the devastating gaze of Mr. Paine.

Mr. Paine laughed gratingly.

"Yes," he said, with infinite sarcasm, "this makes it the end of a perfect day. Both for me and for Walter Blanchard." He began to pace the floor heavily. "Walter!—a man like Walter!—thrown overboard as though he'd been a spoony youngster. Bundled back to London! And then—this!" He halted. "What are you planning to do next, Elsa? Elope with Bruce? Well, don't lose sight of one thing! I'll keep my word, whether you keep yours or not!" He resumed his pacing.

Anderson looked down at Elsa.

"You—sent Blanchard away? Why?"

She pressed closer to him and said nothing. But one of her hands stole upwards to touch his cheek.

Anderson disengaged himself.

**M**R. PAINE, you profess to keep your word, do you? Well, you always declared you liked me personally. You always said you had a single objection to me. You always said you'd withdraw it if I could prove that I could earn my place as you did. Well, I'm here to give you the evidence you wanted. I've done exactly what you did; I've worked like a dog and had the luck of the devil."

"Luck!" said Mr. Paine furiously. "You're an impertinent young puppy!"

Anderson put his free arm round Elsa.

Please turn to Page 42



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## ARE YOU SUFFERING BE- CAUSE OF MIDDLE AGE?

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WW190A WW191A WW192A

## HAS SLIMMING EFFECT

**WW190A.**—This new design has a definitely slimming effect. Front blouse has a shaped yoke which provides the fastening. Collar is of contrast. Skirt is shaped over the hips. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## TAILORED CHARM

**WW191A.**—A tailored frock featuring wide revers through which a scarf is threaded. Four-gored skirt has a double pleat at the base of the front panel. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## IDEAL WINTER MODE

**WW192A.**—A style suitable for the new winter tweeds and ornamented with large buttons. Two-piece sleeves are shaped at the wrists. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## NEW DESIGN.

**WW193A.**—A fashion favors evening frocks cut on tunic lines, choose this new design. Tunic has a panel in front and a slit at the seams. Round neck is relieved with a trim extending to the waist, at the back. Material for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## SO TRIM AND MANLY.

**WW194A.**—What a manly little chap he will look in this coat! It has wide revers and double-breasted fastening. Back has a seam down the

centre. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material: 1 yard, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## A DEAR LITTLE COAT WW193A

**WW193A.**—A dainty and inexpensive mode for a child's winter coat. It has a deep-pointed yoke trimmed with heavy stitching. Sleeves and collar may be edged with fur. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material: 1 yard, 54 inches wide. 1½ yards fur. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## IT'S SMART

**WW195A.**—Replenish her wardrobe with a new blouse and skirt. It is useful and sporty. Blouse has a roll-collar and front fastening and skirt two inverted pleats, back and front, forming a centre panel. Pattern for 10 to 12 years. Material: Blouse—1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Skirt—1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## CHIC COAT

**WW197A.**—Choose a style like this for your new winter coat. The high collar is fitted with darts to stand up easily round the neck. One-piece coat-sleeves have the wide fur cuffs. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. 1 yard, 36 inches wide fur. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

## EVENING CAPE

**WW198A.**—A striking design for an evening cape. It is in one piece, darts on the shoulder. The Medici collar is new and chic. Material for 36-inch bust: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## OUR Free PATTERN



Lady's Blouse

FOR this week's free pattern we have chosen a blouse of distinction which gives a youthful look. It may be worn with either collar illustrated, and, of course, outside the skirt in jumper effect. Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust.  
Material Required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Peaked Collar and Cuffs: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Square Collar: ¾ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.



## Without Diet or Exercises!

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain nature's own ingredients for reducing naturally without diet or exercises. Just a regular dose of Schumann's, first thing every morning, and, at the end of one week, you will be amazed at the improvement in your health and appearance. An important feature of Schumann's Salts is, that whilst slimming you, it provides a health tonic to the whole system. Internal as well as external accumulations of fat vanish and, together with slowness, come stronger Nerves, better Digestion, better Breathing, more Energy and, in the case of women, a clearer and more Beautiful Skin.

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Send in the top of a Schumann's Salts carton to the address printed thereon and you will receive a modern chart on slimming entitled:

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When the bowels become clogged with a mass of poisonous stomach waste, the headache with all its attendant misery, belching of gas, stomach pain and general discomfort, are sure to follow. You need a mild and gentle laxative, one that will carry off the congested mass without upsetting the stomach or griping the bowels.

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FOR THE STOMACH & BOWELS



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Large tube 1/3

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**Neave's Food**  
On sale everywhere.

## HOLIDAY LOVE

Continued from Page 40

"MR. PAINE, you've seen what has happened just now. Well, I had no reason to anticipate that. But now that it has happened I'll go on with what I came to tell you. Your business has been shaken to its foundations lately—hasn't it?—because Messrs. Whelan and Pepper, your American agents, have decided not to renew their contract to sell your goods in the United States?"

"Yes, but that's my business," snorted Mr. Paine. "And we'll get over it. Whelan has chosen to handle a Paris firm's output instead of ours, but we'll get some other people in New York."

"Granted," said Anderton. "But Whelan and Pepper have ten times the organisation of any other firm of its kind in America, haven't they, and we shall lose something like ninety per cent. of our business with America when we lose Whelan and Pepper. That's your own statement. It means, in other words, that we shall lose at least a third of our total world's trade, which will be a terrific blow."

The old fighting lion stuck out his chin.

"But we'll recover lost ground, if it takes us ten years to do it."

"Ten years," Mr. Paine listened to me. "We've done it already. I've done it."

Mr. Paine looked at him puzzled.

"You're—your're crazy," he said.

"Yes, crazy with happiness, sir," agreed Anderton. "Mr. Whelan left your office two months ago, determined not to renew the contract. And you—if you'll forgive me—weren't exactly amiable with him about it. In fact, you both lost your tempers. Well, I had one or two chats with Mr. Whelan before that, and he'd even invited me to cross the Atlantic and join his forces over there. But I refused, for obvious reasons. This week I happened to meet him in the Strand, and he stopped me. We had lunch together, and he opened up considerably. A lot of water has flowed under London Bridge since that last interview he had with you. Whelan and Pepper have not been able to come to any satisfactory terms with the Paris firm they intended dealing with."

"H. O. ho!" interjected Mr. Paine.

"Quite so," added Anderton, "but unfortunately you were, well, very personal in your final interview. Told Mr. Whelan, in fact, to go to the devil. And Mr. Whelan declared to me he would rather carry out your precise instructions by going to the devil than have anything more to do with Paine's products because of your personal attitude. He was perfectly sincere, for, as you know, he has several other very good strings to his bow. Well, that was my opportunity. If I never take the credit for doing anything cleverly again, as long as I live I'll claim I tackled that problem cleverly. We spent three hours thrashing it out. I had a good deal of logic on my side, and figures, because you must admit I do know our business. Also, fortunately, I'm a fair student of human nature. First of all I convinced him that a heated word or two in business didn't cut any ice, though it was unfortunate. Then I told him I was as good as a junior partner in the firm—actually would be made a junior partner this week, I had reason to hope."

"Elsie don't get you anywhere, anyway, young man," said Mr. Paine astutely.

"But it wasn't a lie. I did hope it then, and I believe it'll come true now."

"Listen, with that semi-authority I talked to him as man to man, showed him that it would actually be to his advantage to renew the contract instead of gambling with somebody else's goods, especially as the Paris affair had fallen through. So finally he came round to my way of thinking, and I've invited him to meet us at luncheon in town to-morrow. He's promised he'll sign the contract, but, of course, I make one condition—about the partnership. You can count it the most junior of partnerships in the world if you like, but it'll save your business from being half-wrecked, and it'll save you from a ten-year uphill fight."

There was a prolonged stillness while Anderton held Elsie to him and wondered.

For the man who sat before them was an old, old man, and proud.

"That was luck," he said. "Luck and brains. Boy, you've got a nerve. Damned impudence, I call it, but—"

He broke off. "Come here, Elsie. Come here, Bruce. Boy," he said gently, "do two things for me. Love her be-

HOST HOLBROOK says: No amount is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.



Allure Presented in Three Different Ways. . .

## OUR Three-in-One FREE PATTERN!

A pattern specially designed to make you bewilderingly lovely for "important" occasions. At theatre, dinner, dance, or party—at times when you must look your very best—this pattern, with its gently slenderising moulding, will back you up.

WHO would dream that three such different models could have been made from the one pattern? Yet this

is precisely the case—we are giving a really helpful service to readers, so that without any expense they may make three different frocks, all smart.

The first, the dinner gown, is chastely simple—an old-world gown with cowl neck, clipped by a single jewelled bar.

Bodice is brought to a peak, above a broad waist sash. Intriguingly, sleeves are slit from shoulder to elbow to show the gleam of white.

The sleek, evening gown has a soft swathed finish at the neck, completed with two clips.

For graceful sophistication this charming dress, number three: Long sleeves, with a medieval finish, swathed velvet sash, falling in front in heavy tails—completed by chic gauntlets and clips.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust. Material for the three frocks: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide.

Send in to our offices for pattern, with full directions. Use coupon below.

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(Three-in-one coupon, 20/4/35.)

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(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.  
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Readers need not claim the prize unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS  
See special notice on the pattern page.

GOING THROUGH THE SAME  
OLD MOTIONS WON'T CLEAN  
YOUR TEETH UNLESS . . . . .



Your toothbrush fits like this and is water-resisting

● Outside—well, any good toothbrush will clean there, Tek included, of course. But inside, that's different. Old brushes miss, because they are not shaped to fit. Change to Tek, and notice the difference. Tek is curved out to fit inside. And Tek is water-resisting, too. That is so that it will retain its better shape after long, hard use and constant drenching with water.

At 2/- Tek is better value. Better shape and better quality. Six colours to choose from. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard). For the kiddies, get Tek Junior. Same quality, same shape as Tek, only a smaller size. Price 1/3.

**Tek**  
the modern toothbrush

● A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Moxon's, etc.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL  
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

If you feel sour, tired and weary, and the world looks blue, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine. For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause.

The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste, and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blotches. Your head aches, and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes three good old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, working when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes, 1½ and 3½. Result a substitute.



# CLEVER, Smart, COSY . . . and Undeniably DESIRABLE

No wonder, for this Exclusive, Ribbed Jumper Blouse was secured for you from Paris!

**K**NITTING lovers will find this very modern jumper-blouse extremely easy to knit, for it is composed entirely of that very familiar rib-stitch: Knit 1, purl 1. The color of the original, from which artist Petrov made this enchanting sketch, was beige; and the way in which the little brown-and-green spotted silk bow is introduced is typical of Parisian chic. Moreover, the embroidered lines, worked with the self-colored wool, add immeasurably to its individuality.

**H**ERE are a few points that will help you in the making: The body is commenced from under the arm and worked across. For the basque and cuffs the stitches are picked up along lower edge of sleeves and body and ribbed on the steel needles for three inches.

The collar and tab are knitted separately and sewn on.

The work must be stretched out to measurements, pinned firmly to the ironing blanket, and pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth and left pinned out until quite dry.

The lines are embroidered on after the work is pressed.

Now for the expert working directions:

**Materials:** 10 skeins of beige 4-ply wool, pair of No. 12 steel needles, pair of No. 9 bone needles, a brown and green spotted silk bow and 2 matching buttons, 1 hook and eye, a medium steel crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Length from shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches; bust, 34 inches; sleeve seam, 20 inches. These measurements include ribbing.

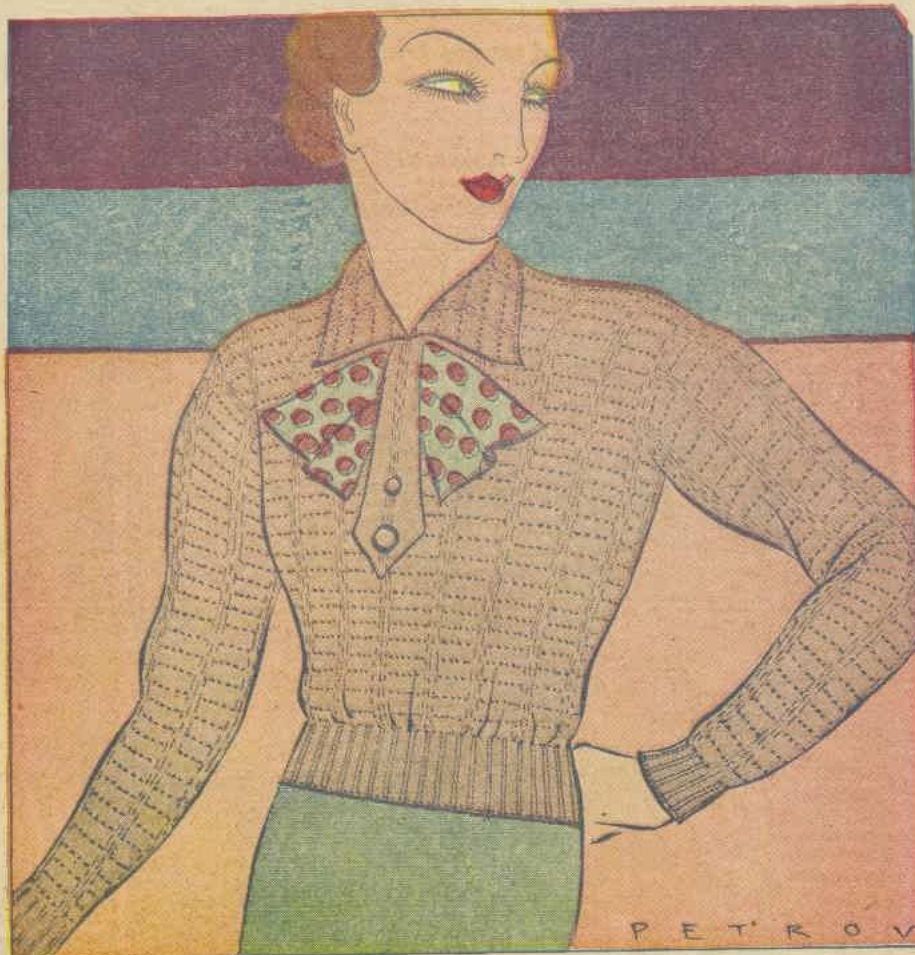
Tension: 9 sts. in width, 4 ribs in depth—measured after pressing.

## The Back

**WITH** No. 9 needles cast on 65 sts. (do not knit into the back of cast-on sts. unless stated). Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 8 rows. Increase 1 st. at the beginning of the next row (this will be the armhole end, and all shaping will be made at this end). Rib 1 row, repeat last 2 rows 3 times, increasing 1 st. at the end of the last row. Next row increase 1 st., rib to end. Next row rib to end, increasing 1 st. at the end. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Next row cast on 26 sts., rib to end. Work 4 rows without shaping, increase once at the beginning of next row, rib 13 rows. \* Increase once at beginning of next row, rib 13 rows, repeat from \* once, increase once at the beginning of next row.

This completes first shoulder. Rib 43 rows, then start opposite shoulder. Rib 6 rows, \* decrease once at beginning of next row, rib 13 rows, repeat from \* 3 times.

Rib 4 rows, next row cast off 26 sts., rib to end. Next row rib, decrease 1 st. at end of row. Next row decrease once at beginning of row. Repeat last 2 rows twice, next row rib, next row decrease



PETROV shows you the exclusive, ribbed jumper-blouse in color containing so much high fashion interest. That it is sufficiently "dressy" to wear with a smartly tailored skirt, without an accompanying coat, is yet another point in its favor. Follow the expert directions given on this page, and you will quickly knit your way to smartness, plus undeniable cosiness.

once at beginning of row, repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Rib 8 rows and cast off.

## The Front

**WORK** the same as back until right shoulder is finished. Cast off 20 sts. for neck, rib to end. Next row rib, decreasing 1 st. at end of row. Next row rib. Repeat last 2 rows 6 times. Work 4 rows without shaping, on next row cast off 39 sts., rib to end. On next row rib to where sts. were cast off, cast on 20 sts. This is for neck opening. Work other side to correspond, increasing where you decreased and decreasing where you increased.

## The Sleeves

**BOTH** alike. Cast on 16 sts., rib 2 rows. Cast on 8 sts., rib to end. Rib 1 row, repeat last 2 rows twice. Next row increase once at the beginning of the row and cast on 8 sts. at the end of the row. Next row rib. Repeat last 2 rows until there are 103 sts. Now increase 1 st. at beginning of every row at shoulder end until there are 121 sts. Rib for 26 rows more, without shaping, then decrease 1 st. every alternate row until 103 sts. remain.

Next row rib; next row cast off 8 sts. and rib, decreasing 1 st. at the end of the row. Repeat last 2 rows 6 times. Next row rib; next row cast off 8 sts., rib to end. Repeat last 2 rows 3 times, rib 1 row, and cast off.

## COLLAR

Cast on 30 sts. and rib k. 1, p. 1 for 12 inches. Cast off.

## TAB

Cast on 6 sts. Row 1: Rib. Row 2: Cast on 10 sts., rib to last st., k. twice into it. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 62 sts. on the needle. Now continue increasing only at the broad end until there are 66 sts. on the needle. Rib 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at the peak end every alternate row until 62 sts. remain. Cast off 10 sts. at narrow end and k. 2 rows at peak end until 6 sts. remain. Cast off.

## To Make Up

**PRESS** as directed above, thread a darning needle with double wool and fasten at bottom of neck opening, working away from you and in a straight line to lower edge of front, work in the following way:

Having the thread to the left-hand side, put the needle under the first rib and draw it out with the point facing you: now put the thread to the right-

hand side, the needle under the next rib, and draw it out with the point facing you.

Keep on in this way, putting the thread to the left and right alternately, until the line is finished, drawing the stitches evenly and keeping them quite flat.

Work this stitch in lines 2 inches apart down the body, sleeves, and collar. Work 1 line down centre of tab.

Press on the wrong side carefully.

Pick up the stitches at lower edge of front with the steel needle and reduce stitches to 110. Rib for 3 inches and cast off. Repeat for back. Pick up 60 sts. at lower edge of each sleeve and rib for 3 inches or longer if required. Join shoulder and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves.

Work single crochet all round tab and edge of collar, sew on collar, sew hook and eye to neck, sew bow to one side of neck, bring tab over the bow and catch down with the 2 buttons, 11 inches apart.

## NEW POWDER SHADES.



that ENLIVEN your own skin-tones

—originated by Dr. Pacini, cosmetic expert

**H**ITHERTO, women have had to be content with powder shades that indifferently matched the skin. Now Dr. Pacini has created for Kissproof four NEW powder shades that blend perfectly with the skin; more, he has added a subtle radiance of tone never found in usual powder shades. In each NEW Kissproof shade is included a special ingredient—Dr. Pacini's own discovery—which enlivens natural skin-tones; gives to dull complexions the vivacity of youth.

Dr. Pacini has named these NEW Kissproof shades Flesh, Rachel, Ivory, and Tan. You can obtain them at any perfumery counter.

Mute your eyes lovelier with Delico-Brow, Dark, sweeping lashes add beauty to your eyes. Accent your lashes, and brows, too, with Kissproof Delico-Brow. Waterproof. In black, brown, and blue.

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# BRICK BRADFORD IN THE CITY BENEATH THE SEA

A wonderful new picture serial of romance and adventure among a lost tribe of Indians in the mysterious, hidden city of Amaru. Within this city await peril, mystery, and death.



An expedition led by Professor Salisbury is seeking the lost city of Amaru. June his daughter, accompanied him, and Brick Bradford and Gable Zane, both airmen, are members of the party. Zane acts the traitor, shooting down Brick's plane, and betraying

June into the hands of Inca Hasta of the Beetle Tribe. Broken by this misfortune, Salisbury returns to America. In the meantime, Brick has been taken to Amaru by Manco, heir to the throne. Brick and Manco are firm friends, each having saved the other's life. They hear news that Inca Hasta is plotting with Zane to

invade the city beneath the sea. Brick is hailed by an ancient soothsayer as Ayu, the White One, who will defend Amaru against its enemies. June is still held by Inca Hasta, who will claim him as his bride as soon as he and Gable Zane conquer Amaru.



DISASTER OVERTAKES PROFESSOR SALISBURY'S EXPEDITION TO FIND AMARU. BETRAYED BY HIS PARTNER, HIS DAUGHTER LOST AND BRICK BRADFORD APPARENTLY KILLED, THE PROFESSOR LEAVES PERU.



SOMEHOW, DR. HOLTSMANN, I CANNOT BUT BELIEVE MY DAUGHTER AND YOUNG BRADFORD ARE STILL ALIVE.



MY DEAR FRIEND - YOU HAVE PROOF OF BRADFORD'S FATAL AIR PLUNGE - AND YOUR DAUGHTER COULD NOT SURVIVE THAT TERRIBLE JUNGLE!



SOON YOU'LL BE IN AMERICA - BACK IN YOUR BELOVED MUSEUM - SALISBURY. YOU'RE TOO GREAT A SCIENTIST TO PERMIT PERSONAL TRAGEDY TO STOP YOUR WORK.



I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT, DR. HOLTSMANN - I MUST FORGET.



BUT JUNE SALISBURY IS NOT DEAD. DEEP IN THE GREAT PERUVIAN JUNGLE SHE IS A PRISONER OF HASTA HUARACA AND ZANE, WHO PLOT AGAINST AMARU.



JUNE, DEAR MAY I - PLEASE! WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO SEE ME ABOUT?



PLENTY, GIRL! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU THE 'GREATEST' QUEEN THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN!



BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL! IF HASTA KNEW MY PLAN - HE WOULD SLAY US BOTH!



FIRST I'LL BUMP OFF ROCCA - MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT OF COURSE -



AND THEN, AFTER WE TAKE AMARU I'LL FINISH HASTA, MAKE MYSELF KING - AND YOU QUEEN!



YOU TREACHEROUS, MURDERING FIEND - I'M GOING DIRECT TO HASTA AND TELL HIM!



OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU TELL AND THE NEXT TIME I HIT YOU - YOU DIE!



I'LL FINISH ROCCA RIGHT NOW - THEN IF JUNE GLAZES TO THE CHIEF I'LL INDICATE HER!



WHERE'S PRINCE ROCCA - YOU LAZY DOGS? WITHIN THE HUT NOBLE WHITE HAWK!



ROCCA WILL YOU FLY WITH ME OVER THE WATERFALL? I WISH TO LOOK FOR THE GREAT GATES AGAIN!



ROCCA HAS NEVER FLOWN BUT IS UNAFRAID - I WILL GO! AND FOUR EYES ARE SHARPER THAN TWO!



YOU ARE IN NO DANGER, ROCCA - SO HAVE NO FEAR! I TRUST YOU, WHITE HAWK, FOR YOU ARE MY FRIEND!



I WISH TO SEE MY SON ROCCA - BRING HIM! O LORD, HE IS NOW FLYING WITH THE WHITE HAWK!



NO NO IT IS TOO DANGEROUS - STOP HIM! TOO LATE MY LORD! I HEAR THE BEAT OF THE GREAT BIRD'S WINGS!



TO BE CONTINUED



# CHILDRENS CORNER

CONDUCTED BY  
PAL CONNIE

## My Dear Pals

HERE we are again in quite a new playground, and I know we are all going to be very happy.

Pals are always welcome, so if you want to join our merry band you must spread kindness, read our section every week, and send in only your very best work. When you have adhered to these rules you are a real Pal and a member of our jolly club.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter goes to Jean Kelly, Bowen, North Queensland. Jean's letter was neatly written, well expressed and quite a pleasure to read. Good-bye for one short week. Cheerio.

From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.

## Just Chatter

PETER BILLS, of St. Leonards (S.A.), always spends his holidays in the country. ROSEMARY LOCKWOOD, of Handwick (N.S.W.), does clever stenography. HELEN BARNHAM, of Caulfield, Melbourne (Vic.), is fond of swimming, reading, and writing verse, short stories, etc. FLOREY COONEY, of Burnie, is one of our new members. BETTY PINTO, of St. Kilda (Vic.), is very fond of sketching. KATIE THOMPSON, of Camberley (N.S.W.), enjoys reading and drawing very much.

PATRICIA WEBSTER, of Wages (N.S.W.), is at present learning shorthand. FRANK MORAN, of Mildura (Vic.), recently visited his aunt in Sydney. MOSTYN BYRNES, of Tagh's Hill (N.S.W.), writes good short stories. WINNIE SHEDDEN, of Hamilton (N.S.W.), has hope in feeling much better. GERTY GOODFELLOW, of Orlambona, lives 410 miles from Sydney. GLORIA LACHLAN, of Toowoomba (Qld.), is fond of painting. JUNE HARTLEY, of Westwold, Vic. (N.S.W.), attends Katoomba Intermediate High School. AUDREY OLIVER, of Tamit, via Mildura (Vic.), lives on a sheep station. STEPHEN HARGREAVES, of Queensland (S.A.), is recovering from a nasty accident.

VALERIE ADAMS, of Caberlah (Qld.), lives 12 miles out of Toowoomba. JOYCE MITCHELL, of Friday Creek, via Karah (N.S.W.), is 10 years of age. EDNA SPRUCE, of Punchbowl (N.S.W.), writes good verse and does pretty sketches. JACK MCNEIL, of Rockingham (Qld.), is 14 years of age. This May, GRACE JONES, of Carmila West, is fond of painting. EVELY FOLEY, of Castille (N.S.W.), has a white mouse and a little dog for her pets. JIM DONOVUE, of Melbourne (Vic.), is at present in Sydney and will stay there for Easter.

MARIE AMOS, of Grafton (N.S.W.), was very sorry she missed her last week's paper. EUNICE HIBBERT, of Carlton (N.S.W.), does clever paintings. ALISON ANDERSON, of Gladstone, Macleay River, writes a very interesting paper. NANCY BARTLES, of Elwood (Vic.), is 13 years of age and is in 5A grade at school. F. HAMMOND, of Bathurst (N.S.W.), is very fond of painting. MORRIS, of Port Pirie (S.A.), has a big dog called Jimmie. GLORIE BLANCH, of Alton Bay (N.S.W.), has a canary, two cats, two horses, two cows, and two hens for her pets. ISOBEL DE GROOT, of Chelms (N.S.W.), has a horse called Bluebell.

MADJORIE FAULKNER, of Avondale (Qld.), has two young brothers.

## Midnight

By MAURINE CAHILL

THE clock struck twelve loud strokes That made all Tangle's quake. 'Twas midnight in the nursery, And time for toys to wake.

The Teddy Bear claimed Judith Anne, And danced with her all night. The Jack-in-the-Box popped here and there, And gave them all a fright.

Then suddenly the clock struck one, And fast away the toys fled. The toys all scattered to their shelves, And silence reigned once more.

Prize of 5/- to MAURINE CAHILL (13), 4 Melbiana Rd., Artarmon, N.S.W., for this original verse.

# VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 5

NEVERTHELESS the old man denounced Seremy, as the latter strode away. "Our fathers," he cried, "was wiser than us. They said: 'Put the rod that's like Aaron's rod, on the altar, and leave it there, cause if you don't,' they said, 'stap me if something don't happen to you.'"

Seremy, well on his way to the Council House, made no reply. The Pastor, who had declared his intention of keeping away from the iniquities purposed by the Lord High Chief, hastened to conceal himself, in a spot where he could look on, himself unseen. Countenancing the affair was one thing, keeping away in actual fact was quite another. He wanted to see.

With sceptre in hand, purple-crowned and pearl-necklaced, the Lord High Chief stood before the Council House, ordering Addie to come out. And Addie came.

Now there was really silence among the crowd; the stirring and murmuring ceased; children who spoke or cried were promptly cuffed into quiet. Like moonlight falling on a shadowed plain was the light that swept across the surface of the crowd, as every eye fixed itself on Addie. Every face was turned one way.

"Shem, come forward," ordered Seremy, enjoying himself extremely.

Shem took a step towards Addie. He had made no attempt at adornment, beyond the closest shave that a bit of volcanic glass could compass, and a new haircut, that only brought into further prominence the graying roots of his hair, and the desert regions in the midst of it. He made a figure not altogether repulsive, being a tall man, with bony but well-built limbs, and an expression fairly good-natured; but his heavy, almost negroid face, too red for his age, his eyes that leered and glistened, proclaimed him sensualist by nature. Addie, not understanding, nevertheless, shrank from the look of him as she would have shrunk from any slimy, writhing creature strange to her eyes, but to her instinct abhorrent.

"Shem," said Seremy, in a harsh, loud voice, "this is the woman you have drawn. Ask her will she marry you this day."

Shem, grinning, came a step nearer, laid his hairy paw on Addie's shoulder. "Eh?" he demanded, being a man of few words. Something in Addie's face constrained him to add: "Stap me, I going to make you a good husband!"

Charles suddenly followed: "Tell him to go to hell—I beg your pardon!"

"I won't marry him, I won't," cried Addie, in a shrill voice, half hysterical. And she made one spring towards Charles. With her arms locked round his neck, she proclaimed her intention of sharing his fate. "I'll go with him. I'll jump in myself," she panted.

Seremy said, with a sort of dangerous quiet, "I'll look after you presently. Now, you Margaret. You and I going to be married, eh? You like to be Lord High Chief's lady?"

Lady Gilliland, turning white and red by turns, answered him in a steady voice, "No."

"Then this man"—pointing to Buzacott—"goes to the sharks to-night."

MARGARET summoned all her forces, turned upon Seremy. "What has he to do with it?" she demanded. Robinson and she, holding conclave earlier in the day, had decided on this way of meeting the emergency: it was a forlorn hope, but still—

Seremy, one hand wreathed about the shining sceptre, allowed himself to meet her query with a grin.

"All you are thieves," he said. "All you can be executed."

"It has not been your custom to do so," Margaret answered him.

She was defying him. He hadn't thought the woman lived who would dare to do that. Seremy liked her none the less. He thought as Robinson, as Sir William Gilliland, had thought before him, that she was cut out by nature for a ruler's wife. He was determined that she should be one. Or at least a ruler's principal wife, with others, maybe, in the background. If that red-headed girl hadn't gone and drowned herself—

She was going on: "You said that if any woman would not take the man who had won her, you'd kill the man to whom she belonged. I do not belong to Mr. Buzacott."

There was a slight stir in the background. The wide shoulders, the dark head of Malachi, showed above the crowd. Where had he been? He and the pastor were the only two missing, up till now. He did not press forward. Sheltered by the trunk of a big mango tree, he stood watching, silent. About him as he stood a little eddy arose, a ripple among the crowd, unaccounted for by any visible cause.

Lady Gilliland, a stately, self-possessed figure, waited for Seremy's reply. Certainly she had made things difficult for him. He could not exert James Robinson. The island was

have risen against him. He was, of course, convinced that Margaret "belonged" to the strange Pastor, but that did not help. And there was Buzacott, grinning at him, enjoying his discomfiture. Buzacott, whom he could with one word consign to horrible death. Was he, or was he not, Lord Chief of Vainamu?

Seremy was no fool. He had a twisting, clever mind that again and again had served him in emergency. It served him now. With a great voice he cried out: "The girl heart hasn't married the man what drew her. Her man, Buzacott, I will kill, because of that." And he threw a glance at Margaret that said plainly enough: "But you can still save him, if you like."

The eddy in the rear of the crowd became more marked. Ripples of disturbance began to circle forth from it. Through the outermost circle, Malachi's strong boulders were seen pushing their way. Behind him, half-bidden,

her arm through his, came a woman dressed in the tappa cloth tunic of Vainamu with sandals and with garlanded hair.

Seremy paid small attention to the woman. Malachi was always having flirtations. Nobody minded that. But Malachi's tendency to seek the limelight that should have concentrated itself on the Lord High Chief, and on him alone was another matter. He wanted putting in his place. "Go away, and take that woman with you," Seremy shouted with a glance of disapproval. Then he paused. The sceptre trembled in his hand. Was this an island woman, this slim creature with the red-gold hair, with ivory limbs, untanned by the suns that darkened the skin of Vainamu folk? This tall, triumphant-looking woman with brown eyes, holding to Malachi's arm? Or was this the girl whom, from the very first, he had picked out for himself, the strange woman Eleanor?

Please turn to Page 46



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# VICTORIAN Family ROBINSON

Continued from Page 45

"Leggo!" It was all that occurred to him for the moment. The sight of Malachi holding proprietorially to Eleanor's waist, her arm linked through his, drove him nearly mad. The blue sea turned to blood before his eyes. There was a sound as of hurricanes in his ears, not all imaginary, for the day, unnoted, had turned as tropic days, beautiful, treacherous, so often do to a brilliant menace of storm and thunder. Copper-colored clouds were piling in the west, streams of massive light, as yet far off, began to tear the sky. Giants began, with bumping and crashing, to throw great cannon balls about. Seremy, unconscious of it all, saw only the woman he desired, and whom he thought he had lost for ever, standing before him encircled by the arm of another man.

All day he had been lashing himself to fury with draughts of palm wine, drowning the scruples that, in the face of his determination to follow his own will, kept rising from the depths of consciousness to trouble him, to suggest that after all the Pastor might know best—that the Pastor's curse indeed might carry weight. Now the heady drink, taking possession of him, drove him to madness. He would take Eleanor by force from Malachi—he would make her marry him, no matter what had happened. He knew now, with certainty, that it was this piece of young, tempting white and red he wanted, not the dignified, middle-aged, still handsome Lady Gilliland. Unless he could have them both—that would be the best and to Hell with the Pastor—was not he Lord? If there wasn't a law for plural marriages, he would make one.

He stepped forward, confronted Malachi. "Give up that woman," he said, through his teeth. "If she does not marry me, I will have Buzacott, her man, thrown to the sharks before the sun goes down." That will fetch her he thought. She doesn't care a rap about this young devil of a Malachi, with his beard hardly grown.

Malachi met him with the light, humorous look that Seremy always had found infinitely provoking. It seemed to savor of disrespect. What was there about himself to cause amusement? He was as far as possible from understanding that there are men who by instinct meet all life with a smile; a bitter smile, a forced smile, maybe,

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but always a smile—till the last smile that closes on lips crown cold.

"What 'y grinnin' bout?" demanded the Lord High Chief. "I give you my order, thass enough. Step aside."

Malachi took a closer hold on Eleanor's waist.

"This woman," he said, and the smile that played over his features was like the lightning that began to dance on the palm-tree tops, over the sea—"this woman is my wife. Pastor married us this morning."

"You've married her?" Seremy demanded, breathing hard. He knew that the answer was "Yes." He knew that the strongest, the most unbreakable taboo of the island ran against the carrying off, by force or otherwise, of a Vainamuan's wedded wife. Wiser heads than those of the Islanders of that day had decided on this long ago. All the island would be with Malachi, that dangerous young upstart, and against him, the Lord High Chief, if he tried to take Eleanor from her husband, a true Vainamuan married by the sacrament Pastor of Vainamu.

"Yes we are married," Eleanor herself informed him. Everyone was watching the High Chief. No one saw—no one but Charles—the sudden whitening of David Buzacott's face, that had kept its color before all the hideous threats of ugly death, the sharp clenching and unclenching of his sun-burned hand, as he looked on Eleanor—married. And Charles, with his arm about Adelaide, still hoping against hope that, somehow or other, things would come out all right for himself and her.

Charles was conscious of a stab of pity for the sailor. Unlucky devil! No one, looking at Eleanor's face, and at Malachi's, could doubt where Buzacott came in; and that was just nowhere at all.

Malachi, delighted with the success of his great coup, was in that moment less observant than usual. He flung proud glances at the onlooking crowd. He drew himself up to his full height, making himself appear as dignified as any big gamekeeper of a few hours' standing possibly could. Hadn't he managed it well? Hadn't he got his effect? Wouldn't he make a fine Lord Chief as soon as Seremy was toppled over, and himself in Seremy's place? The people looked as if they thought so, too. There were grins, hand-clappings, there were shouts of congratulation from one and another of Malachi's special friends. Eleanor herself, hanging her weight on Malachi's arm, and delighted to feel herself a feather, against that strength—Eleanor murmured praises sweeter than any: "No one like you!" "Sweetheart, you've been splendid!" He squeezed her waist; threw her a glance that was fire and honey.

And Seremy, with the fatal sceptre in his hand, Seremy, head full of palm wine and heart full of jealousy, sprang forward and struck Malachi on the temple.

It was a mere tap compared with some of the first blows given and taken among the men in friendly, or even in angry combat. It made no sound, unlike the hearty smacks that had echoed in the club house a day or two before, when wooden dinner-bowls, spoons, plates had been brought down on heads and shoulders. No man on Vainamu had ever handled a bar of heavy iron, either as tool or weapon. They did not know what it could do.

So, when Malachi felt like a palm-tree struck by lightning, and lay as Eleanor's feet, eyes open, fixed, jaw falling down, they were not seriously concerned. There was some anger with Seremy. He had no business to spoil the show. It would have been fun to see how things would go between him and this young upstart; but there was the upstart, lying on the grass, and looking very sick. And there were two of the policemen carrying him away into the Council House, out of the sun, and there was the girl Eleanor, running after him, and beating her hands together, as if something had really happened. This was not what they had come to see.

BUT the play went on. Seremy, alarmed for a moment, saw that Eleanor was stooping over Malachi, throwing water in his face, and that the young man had moved a little. "He only got what he deserved," the Lord Chief told himself, wondering all the same what was making the girl look so frightened. Why she was feeling Malachi's ears. Probably it was some queer custom of the people from beyond.

He pulled himself together. This wasn't business. He mustn't let the show slip out of his hands. There was Lady Gilliland defying him, and Adelaide hanging on to Charles, and declaring that she'd jump in to the sharks with him—almost thought she'd do it too, the little fool—and Minnie Black, white-faced, crying, calling on Gerald to protect her. . . Well, he'd finish that job anyhow.

"Gerald!" he called.

Black had been waiting, a little way off. He, alone of the stranger men, wore Vainamuan dress. He was decked out almost as gaily as Seremy himself, with all the ornament that the island could afford. He had been willing away the time before Seremy appeared, showing off various feats of strength, and he now came forward followed by a train of admiring youngsters, boys of fourteen or fifteen, hobbledeys a few months older (they came soon to manhood on Vainamu), and one or two grown men, laughing and telling each other what a wonderful man he was. Seremy thought Black very wonderful. He had no more intention of throwing him to the sharks than of jumping in himself. Black, in his opinion, was calculated to improve the base of the country, if they got him married to someone more fitly than that little pale Minnie. Black couldn't be spared.

But Seremy had decided that in the matter of Black, in order to warn the others he must dissemble.

"Minnie, come here," he said. Minnie came, all the pride, the starch out of her. Trembling for fear of what might be going to happen. The storm that had hovered over Vainamu since noon was coming nearer now. Thunder cracked close at hand. Lightning spat. She couldn't bear lightning. She was afraid. There was Gerald; why did he not come to her, tell her, as he always did when a thunderstorm came on, that she was a little silly, and that there was nothing to be frightened about? She never believed it, but it soothed her every time.

"Minnie," the Chief said, leaning impressively on his sceptre. (Why did Malachi, lying on the pavement of the Council House inside, keep so quiet? And what was that girl doing with his head?) "Minnie, you going to marry Jonathan?"

The stumpy, stodgy Jonathan came forward fingering his chin and grinning. He was quite willing, so it seemed. He had a kindly face. Buzacott, sick, stunned by the path of what had happened to himself, yet found time to think of Mrs. Black; to realize that, if it wasn't amazing up the Seventh Commandment too much, the wench'd be better off with a chap like that than with that doubly-blanked unprintable Gerald.

He was to have further reason for decorating Gerald in his mind with nautical oaths. Black, coming forward at last, stood beside Minnie, a figure like something in an illustrated Roman history, tuniced, sandalled, wreathed, bull-necked, and coarse.

"Well, girlie," he said, with a hypocritical smile, "are you going to let your husband be eaten up alive?"

Of course it had been arranged. Of course they meant to fix the thing among themselves. Buzacott could see—

But if he could, with the experience of a lifetime in the wide world to help him, it seemed that others could not. Minnie, her hand across her mouth, eyes staring wildly, seemed to be struck dumb. In another moment she'd give in, say she would take the Vainamuan—or would she? Hi! What was that?

The women: What were they doing? Ritzpah, Asenath, Judith, and two or three more. They were coming up, creeping nearer, with some intent that Buzacott couldn't fathom. What was going to happen? There Minnie had done it, but not quite as he expected. She had burst into tears, and said she couldn't marry anyone but her husband and how could they dare to threaten him? She wasn't in earnest, but Seremy chose to behave as if he thought she was. In a loud voice he shouted: "Very well. He goes to the sharks. Gerald, and Charles and Buzacott, too. I am Lord Chief, I order it."

"By gum he means it," thought Buzacott, with a stab of dismay. "At least as far as I'm concerned, come him, and Chaire, too. Now what—"

The question was never finished. Ritzpah, Asenath, Judith, rushing forward in a concerted movement, tore each woman the tunic from her body, and leaving herself clad in a mere scrap of loincloth, flung her "petticoat" over the man nearest. Charles found himself blinded by the tunic of Judith. Buzacott was astonished and dismayed to feel the garment of Asenath flapping round his neck. And Gerald Black was not at all surprised to find Ritzpah's gorgeously decorated rock crowning his head and shoulders.

It was the ancient ceremony of Vainamu, almost forgotten in the lapse of years. The ceremony that the people had evolved from their own ideas of what was fitting, helped perhaps originally by some vague remembrance of a Pocahontas and a Captain Smith. When a man was condemned to death an unmarried woman (or, as in this case, a woman with an old or invalid husband) could always claim the victim, save him, by throwing her "petticoat" over his head. Thenceforward he belonged to her.

Seremy had thought of many things, worked everything out in his ingenious, crafty mind. But he had not thought of this.

To be continued



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# HAS ENGLAND Found Another Suzanne LENGLEN?

Mary Hardwick Is a Rising Star

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

Mary Hardwick is the tennis sensation of the year. Dozens of columns in this week's papers have been devoted to her brilliant play and attractive personality and to prophecies that she will prove to be the "English Lenglen."

ON Friday, March 29, she won the women's singles in the covered courts tournament at Queen's Club. On Saturday she partnered Miss Betty Nuthall, and beat Mrs. Peartley Whittinghall and Mrs. B. M. King, two Wightman Cup players, 6-3, 4-5, 6-3, and then she and Aoki beat P. D. B. Spence and Miss Whittinghall, 6-1, 6-4, in the mixed doubles final.

Expert critics are predicting that this 21-year-old girl will win Wimbledon within the next couple of years, or at any rate before she is 24.

One well-known tennis critic writes:

"I know of no other woman player who has such a variety of shots and uses them so intelligently. She can move across the courts as quickly as Mlle. Lenglen. She is even more severe in strokes."

"At times," he writes, "the similarity between their strokes is astonishing. She has the same dancing feet as Suzanne, the same beauty of movement, the same wonderful anticipation which prevents her ever being hurried. Never does she make an ugly shot. She has a magnificent service, of good length, a powerful forearm, and a perfectly-executed backhand. She has no weak spot in her armory."

"Her perfect technique and control, her grace and charm of manner on the court, will endear her to those thousands of critics who swoon down on Wimbledon. She has no irritating mannerisms. She smiles when she misses the ball, or hits a wild one."

WHEN Mary Hardwick reaches the heights of championship expected of her this year she will probably set a new fashion in tennis dress just as Lenglen started the vogue of hair bandeau and full-pleated skirt. Mary Hardwick will never wear shorts: "I have never worn them, and do not intend to wear them," she says.

She wears a square-necked dress with a few immaculate pleats at the back and front, and a neat belt. Every girl, who wears a racket would like the pattern of Mary's stock, so neat and tailored it is. As neat as shorts, but smarter. Asked if she dieted, she laughed merrily: "Heavens, no. I never think of it. I eat cream and butter, and drink plenty of milk. Exercise does the rest."

## Influence of Cochet

MARY is very beautiful, tall and slender, with lovely golden hair and small features. She says that when she saw Cochet play she determined to concentrate on the game. Five years ago she had never handled a racket, although she has a beautiful court in her home in Poissy, where her father has a large drapery shop.

"I did not like tennis until someone took me to Wimbledon and I saw Cochet. He was marvellous. I suddenly realised that what I wanted most in the world was to play tennis like that. I grew terribly keen, and the keener I am the better I play. The funny thing is that I have been practising against men, and, of course, all my best shots came back to me. Playing against women, I find they do not. Evidently it's good practice to play against men."

"My 12-year-old brother is keen. He stands at the net and lets me hit balls at him. I have not done anything special to make myself quick-footed except that I skip. Of course, I should like to play in the Wightman Cup. I want to be world champion."

"I should so love one day to go out to Australia. I have so many tennis friends there. I played with both Joan Hartigan and Mrs. Hopman last season at Peebles and Bournemouth, and we were great friends. I admire the Australian girls tremendously."

MISS MARY HARDWICK, the English tennis player, for whom a brilliant future is predicted. Miss Hardwick has expressed a wish to visit Australia some time in the near future.

## ELECTRICITY Helps in Our SPORT

### Outdoor Games Played at Night

By RUTH PREDDY

An innovation in games was tried out recently in Melbourne, where two teams of footballers met and played under arc lights and with a luminous ball. The result was highly satisfactory, and is likely to lead to more games being played under these conditions.

MELBOURNE appears to be the home for night sports, and even the various women's sports organisations are endeavoring to make the after-dinner sports popular.

For some years now night basketball has been quite the vogue. It is something of an accomplishment to have over one thousand members playing and taking part in night basketball. Several of the other States have small groups playing these games, and in New South Wales there is a movement at present to start night basketball.

Besides basketball there are quite a number of other sports played by the aid of artificial lighting.

Perhaps there has never been such a boom in sports as when it was made possible for tennis to be played at night under non-glaring lights. At first it was thought that it would be too great a strain on the eyes, then it was anticipated that incandescent lamps would soon break, when exposed to the night air, but a slight alteration in the lighting system and an improvement in tennis put made night tennis an enjoyable game.

ICE hockey has always been played at night. Unfortunately Australia has to rely on holding most of her ice sports indoors, but practice for field hockey has often been had by playing with a white ball and the aid of some well-lighted sports ground.

In a like manner football practice has been carried out, and it is on record that several years ago two teams of women played a football match at night in Sydney. There was a great outcry

## ENGLISH GOLFERS

By Air Mail

THREE members of the English women's golf team to visit Australia have been chosen and have accepted the invitation to tour. The three are: Mrs. Greenlees, Miss P. Wade, and Mrs. J. B. Walker. It is expected that three or four more players will be chosen before the team is completed.

at the time against women playing football, and the game after one or two matches, fizzled out as being unfit for women.

The women of France still continue to play football matches, but Australian women are not likely to fall under its spell. They prefer to wax enthusiastic by watching the game—played by the men—from the grandstand.

Several cricket games for charity have been played at night time, and I think the world-famous Don Bradman actually took part in one of these at the Sydney Sports Ground.

Miniature golf was another game that caused, perhaps, one of the greatest booms in sports in Australia, and that game was played mostly at night—but like all games that are easily mastered it soon lost its fascination and faded out of existence.

## Boys and Girls!

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# THE THIRD MAN

By C. K. THOMPSON

## CHAPTER 1



"I CAN SEE no extenuating circumstances whatsoever in this case. It is quite clear that the accused sought out the woman Brierley with murder in his heart and it is only through an error of judgment on his part that he has not faced the jury on the major charge. However, the jury has found him guilty of attempted murder, and it is my bounden duty to protect the public. The accused is sentenced to 10 years penal servitude. He may be removed."

A slight shudder ran through the well-built frame of the man in the dock as he heard the sentence, and there was a hard light in his eyes as he faced the judge. Already the door of the dock was open and a constable was beckoning him to come out. Ignoring the man in blue, John Hammersmith gripped the top rail of the dock with both hands and, in level tones, addressed the Bench.

"Your Honor," he began in steady tones, "I should like to say a few words to you before our friend here hauls his forth to the dungeon."

Mr. Justice Bassington, who had lost all interest in the prisoner after passing sentence on him, looked up in annoyance.

"You were given the opportunity of addressing the Court before sentence was passed on you. I am afraid that it is too late to speak now," he said coldly.

"I beg your Honor not to get out of your Honor's pram. Our friend in blue here will retrieve your Honor's dummy should your Honor so desire it."

**A**N impudent smile spread over the prisoner's face as he spoke. There was dead silence in the Court while all eyes were turned on the audacious individual in the dock. Mr. Justice Bassington was speechless.

He regarded the prisoner in stupefied fashion for several moments, and then the storm clouds gathered on his brow.

"Constable, remove that man immediately!" he thundered. "Good heavens! In one of His Majesty's Judges to be spoken to in this fashion? I—I—"

"Just one moment," said the prisoner as he shook off the constable's imperative hand. There was no trace of impudence in his voice now, while his eyes gleamed with a hard light.

"Naturally it is useless for me to again profess my innocence," he said grimly. "When 12 feather-brained fools get their heads together like cattle sheltering from a thunderstorm, and notice that it is almost tea-time and that they will be probably locked up for the night if they don't return some sort of a verdict, innocent men suffer."

"It's O.K., constable. I'll be with you in a moment, but kindly keep your hands off me. I beg of you," he added impatiently as the policeman made a tentative move as if to drag him bodily from the dock. "Just on second."

He swung round and faced the Bench again.

"I'm sorry that I cannot say all I'd like to you, Honor, but one last word. As soon as I get out of gaol, I'm going to settle scores with you. Perhaps I should also settle accounts with the jury, but they know

no better. See you in 10 years' time, and look out for squalls."

Mr. Justice Bassington was too amazed to say anything, while the Court officials had long since been rendered speechless. By the time they had recovered themselves, the prisoner had departed under the escort of three officers. They hustled him from the Court, successfully dodged a battery of Press photographers, and literally threw him into the waiting patrol wagon which was to convey him to the lock-up pending his departure for one of His Majesty's prisons.

"Hammersmith, you're a damned ass of a man," remarked Detective-Sergeant Green as the patrol wagon rattled through the streets. "What on earth prompted you to make that silly speech in Court?"

Hammersmith allowed his eyes to rest on his manacled hands a moment before he replied: "Then—"

"Didn't it go big?" he asked whimsically. Green gave a snort.

"Oh big? Blessed if I can understand why the old Judge or his associate didn't rise in their wrath and slay you with the Court inkpot! Why did you do it?" the detective demanded.

John Hammersmith, with ten years' hard labor stretching ahead of him, smiled very grimly and allowed his eyes to wander around the narrow confines of the Black Maria. Finally they settled on the Detective-Sergeant, and the smile died away. By all the laws of primitive nature, he thought he should hate this burly police officer, but somehow he didn't. It was Green who had arrested him after the all-night fight at Mary Brierley's flat when he had gone with the expressed intention of shooting the woman.

No, he pondered, if he hated anyone more than Mary herself, it was the be-wigged old scoundrel who had just awarded him ten years hard.

**A**S if in answer to portion of his unspoken thought, Green leaned forward.

"Why have you got it in for old Bassington?" he asked. "I've heard dozens of them sling off at Judges and threaten to murder them if the chance occurs, and it always beats me. I could understand a man slanging the jury which really tries the case, but they never do—they just let the Judge have it. Why?"

Hammersmith laughed, but there was no mirth in his tones.

"If I leave gaol alive, I'm going to fix that old sinner. You mark my words, Green. It goes much farther back than to-day, old chap. I'm not saying any more just now."

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you are wise. Don't think I'm trying to pump you for information to be used against you in 10 years' time, but—"

Hammersmith looked at him thoughtfully.

"It's a curious thing, Green," he said, "but somehow I don't feel badly towards you, even though you did put a spoke in my wheel. Perhaps I should even feel grateful to you for preventing me from filling Mary Brierley with lead. God knows she deserved it though."

"Why did you do it?" asked Green with interest. "I'm chatting to you now as a friend, not a policeman," he added.

Hammersmith looked at the other policeman in the patrol, and then at the driver and his comrade whom he could see through

the bars which separated them. Then he turned to Green.

"Least said, soonest mended, you know," he replied, and the detective gave it up.

"I've talked too much as it is," added the prisoner, a trifle ruefully.

"You'll certainly bear watching in gaol," retorted Green, and Hammersmith laughed softly.

**D**ETECTIVE-INSPECTOR WILLIAM BASSINGTON leaned back in his chair and eyed his subordinate in perplexity. Green was sitting on the edge of a chair meditatively scratching his ear.

"You don't seem too pleased over the matter. That's what beats me," complained the Inspector. "To my mind it's been a great case all the way through. It's a pleasure to get a straight-forward job once in a while. Exactly what is crawling on you, Green?"

Green ceased scratching his ear and began to rub his chin.

"To tell you the truth, Inspector, I'm sorry I have had the leading part in jugging a chap like Hammersmith. There is no doubt that Mary Brierley led him a dance, and although we can't allow chaps to wander through the village reducing the population with revolvers, Hammersmith had his provocation. Hang it all, Chief, I feel sorry for him," he wound up frankly.

Bassington nodded.

"He certainly collected a stiff sentence, but then my little brother is renowned for his stiff sentences. Did a great deal concerning Hammersmith's relations with the girl come out in evidence?"

Green shook his head.

"Not too much. Anyway, suppose it had all come out, would it have made any difference to the sentence?"

"Maybe not," remarked Bassington, "but I'm inclined to think that it wouldn't have come to the sentence stage. I have a feeling that the jury would have acquitted him. It's rather strange that Hammersmith himself didn't spill the beans."

Green looked thoughtful for a moment.

"I guess he didn't expect the sentence he got, and was hoping that he might be free to settle scores with the woman himself. Be that as it may, the evidence wouldn't have shown him up in too favorable a light."

Bassington burst into a sudden chuckle.

"They tell me he roasted brother Horace from the dock," he said with a grin which developed into a full-throated roar of laughter as the Detective-Sergeant described in detail the scene in court.

"I can picture Horace's dial when Hammersmith told him not to get out of his pram!"

Green indulged in a reminiscent chuckle. "His Honor," he remarked, "was quite astonished!"

"He would be!" grinned Bassington. "Oh, he is a lad is the same Horace! Now to look at me, would you think it possible that I had a brother who is a Supreme Court Judge? The answer is circulated around the various police stations—you wouldn't!"

"I suppose," Green remarked after a short silence, "that Hammersmith is on his way to Maitland by this. I understand they were carting him off by the afternoon mail."

Bassington's eyes wandered to the large clock over the mantelpiece and shook his head.

"Train leaves at a little after 3 o'clock."



and its only five to. Why, are you going to see him off?" he asked.

GREEN smilingly shook his head. He was sorry for Hammersmith, but there were limits to that sorrow. As far as he was concerned the episode was closed. He got up from his chair and yawned mightily and then, with a nod to Bassington, departed. The inspector turned his attention to a pile of reports on his desk and proceeded to get busy.

He was destined to be interrupted, however, and by Green himself.

That officer, without ceremony, suddenly burst into the office in some excitement.

"Here's a nice how-d'-you-do, Inspector," he snorted. "Hammersmith has escaped!"

"What's that?" exclaimed Bassington, all attention.

"He gave his escort the slip at Central in broad daylight, and made a clean break for it," amplified the Sergeant.

Bassington looked grave.

"Hum," he muttered grimly. "Someone's due for a nasty kick in the ribs. Who was the escort?"

"A warder from Long Bay and Constable Black, they tell me."

Bassington toyed thoughtfully with his pen for a moment.

"It's up to you, Green, to dig him out," he said at last.

"Eh?" howled Green. "I don't see it. I arrested him, and if some flat-footed mug chooses to let him go, why pick on me?"

"I'm not picking on you, Green. As I see it, it's a reflection on the whole of the force," the Inspector replied.

Green made for the door and paused with his hand on the knob.

"Right! The most important thing is to warn Mary Brierley that her light of love is at large again, and also that young brother of yours," he said grimly, and was gone.

## CHAPTER 2

### DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR

WILLIAM BASSINGTON strode briskly up the severely-beat gravelled path which led to the front door of his illustrious brother's home. In response to his insistent ringing of the electric bell, the door swung open to reveal the diminutive figure of a maid. She smiled brightly when she saw who the caller was, and stepped aside.

"Horace in?" asked the Inspector. "If so, show me into him."

The maid informed him that the Judge was in his study, but that she would not take the responsibility of showing even his own brother into his presence without first ascertaining if his Honor would consent to see him.

Bassington smiled. He was quite aware of the fact that his brother was a domestic martinet. He insisted that his servants always refer to him as his Honor, and address him as your Honor. The detective was inclined to wave the maid aside and dive straight into his brother's august presence, but, on second thoughts, decided not to. The maid would suffer for it, he knew.

As he stood in the wide hall awaiting the summons, he thought hard. He was prepared to be laughed at for his warning that Hammersmith was free and would certainly look the Judge up. Brother or not, he was determined to talk to Horace pretty straight. It had been his own suggestion that he personally warn Mr. Justice Bassington.

"I'm about the only policeman he will listen to for more than five seconds," he had informed the Superintendent when that officer had suggested sending Green along. "Leave brother Horace to me."

Green had heartily agreed with him. He himself did not want to beard the lion in his den.

His Honor's name was a by-word in police circles, and whenever a policeman entered the witness-box in Bassington's

Court, he did so in fear and trembling. The Judge had a bitter tongue and used it, chiefly on Crown witnesses, and always on the police. Why he should do this, no one had ever been able to discover.

It was thoughts such as these that coursed through the Inspector's mind as he waited the return of the maid. She was a devil of a long time, he considered.

"Guess I'll bust in and see what's doing," he resolved at length, and was on the point of making for the study when a musical voice spoke behind him.

"A penny for your thoughts, Uncle Bill," it cried.

Bassington swung round with a smile on his face and confronted the owner of the voice.

"You shouldn't scare the wits out of your useless old uncle like that, my dear," he said with mock reproach. "I'll tell your father about it."

### AYESHA BASSINGTON

smiled. "I'm sure you wouldn't like your only niece to get into an awful row," she said as she kissed him lightly. "Daddy would surely strap me hard if he knew that I was disturbing his brother's peace of mind."

"I doubt it," retorted the Inspector with a slight snort.

"You do not visit us much these days," said the girl after a moment's silence. "Aren't we good enough for Uncle Bill now?"

Bassington looked at the girl affectionately. He had a very warm spot in his heart for this beautiful motherless niece of his, and at times felt rather sorry to think that she should be cooped up in this great house alone with her autocratic father. Ayesha was twenty, and in his eyes, beautiful beyond description. To Inspector Bassington this girl was the very embodiment of radiant Australian girlhood, from the crown of her luxurious golden brown hair to the tip of her dainty shoe.

"Been very busy lately dear," he said feebly.

She pouted. "Too busy to look me up? Now, Uncle Bill, if you were a younger man and not my uncle, I'd feel very much insulted."

"If I were a younger man and not your uncle, my dear Miss Ayesha, I'd sleep on the doorstep," he said gallantly. "Bless me, but I can't understand why you haven't been carried off by some sneak long before this."

She reached forward and gently patted his cheek.

"Oh, Uncle, if father heard you say that he'd be very angry. I wish . . ."

"His Honor will see you, sir," came a voice from behind them, and they turned to observe the maid. The Inspector nodded and turned to follow her. When Ayesha made as if to do likewise, he waved her back.

"Private and confidential, my dear," he said.

"But I want to see Daddy . . ." she objected.

"Leave it until later on, Ayesha. I must see him alone for a few minutes. It's very important."

She nodded and smiled.

Bassington went straight to his brother's study and surprised the learned Judge in the act of gazing abstractedly at a large grandfather clock which stood in a corner. The thing was over six feet high and two feet wide, and elaborately carved. The Judge looked up with a start as his brother entered, but there was no welcoming smile on his face. The Inspector expected none.

Very gravely the Judge extended his hand, and as gravely his brother shook it and sat down without invitation.

"How's the business, Horry?" he greeted.

Mr. Justice Bassington shuddered ever so slightly. Breezy talk always got on his nerves. Looking at him, the Inspector could

realise what a shock he must have got when Hammersmith begged him not to get out of his room. He smiled to himself as the thought crossed his mind.

"I am very well, thank you, William," replied his brother in a precise voice. "And you?"

"Full of beans as hell's full of devils," said William deliberately and grinned slightly as the Judge's frame shook.

"Sorry, Horace," he said with a smile, "but you do invite it, you know."

HORACE did not deign to reply to such a statement. Instead he crossed to his desk and sat down.

"You wished to see me?" he asked after he had settled himself comfortably.

Without further waste of time, the Inspector told him of the reason for the visit, and concluded with a warning that the Judge look after himself. He even hinted at police protection.

Mr. Justice Bassington was annoyed, and showed it.

"William, this is ridiculous," he exclaimed in irritated tones. "I am not going to say anything concerning the woeful lack of efficiency in a police force which allows a desperate criminal to escape from custody, but this I will say: I refuse absolutely to allow my house, and property to be over-run with hordes of blundering police officials."

"Listen to me, Horace, and do be reasonable," said the Inspector patiently. "Brother or not, your person must be protected. Think of the outcry that would be raised if a Supreme Court Judge was found murdered by a man whom he had recently sentenced to ten years' gaol."

"Threatened men," remarked the Judge tritely, "live long."

The Inspector muttered something under his breath.

"Maybe so," he said, "but most threatened men do not have a Nemesis like this fellow Hammersmith on their tracks. I understand, too, that Hammersmith has you set for something else besides the sentence you gave him." He paused and looked at his brother curiously.

"What have you been up to, Horace?" he demanded.

Horace faced his brother sternly.

"William, I will not be spoken to even by my brother in such a manner. I have been up to nothing, whatever you may mean. I do not know this man Hammersmith. Even you will realise that one of His Majesty's Judges would not associate with such persons as this fellow."

"Sure you didn't pinch his girl?" asked the Inspector coarsely.

Mr. Justice Bassington rose to his feet, outraged dignity oozing from him. He looked at his policeman brother in disgust and walked across the room until he stood facing the old clock. He looked at it for a moment, and then he turned to face William.

"If you have come here to insult me, William . . ." he began, but the Inspector waved an impatient hand.

"Why not be human for a minute, Horace?" he begged. "I tell you that this danger from Hammersmith is very real. Now what are you going to do? You had better let me send a couple of men along to watch the place. I promise you that they won't be in the way . . ."

His brother interrupted him with dignity.

"I WILL not have any policemen watching me," he said definitely, and then changed the subject.

"What do you think of this clock, William? I am informed on very good authority that it is over a century old."

Inspector Bassington looked at the clock absent-mindedly and asked if it would go.



He seemed to have touched on a sore point, for the Judge gave a distinct snort.

"At present, no, but that defect shall be remedied. It was only delivered to me this afternoon, and an expert is visiting the house to-night to set it in motion. Wonderful work of art, is it not?" he asked.

"Beautiful," said the detective absently. His brother's passion for collecting antique rubbish did not interest him. His thoughts were occupied with more modern affairs such as the probable murder of a Judge. He hoped that Green's visit to Mary Brierley had been more successful. He guessed it would be, and that Mary would pack her things and bolt immediately she heard that Hammermuth was free. He determined to have another try.

"Well, I'll send those men along as soon as I get back to headquarters," he said as he stood up.

"You will do nothing of the kind, William," replied Horace testily. "I shall complain to the Commissioner if you do."

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Have it your own way," he said, and wished his brother good-bye.

He retrieved his hat from the hallstand and beat a hurried retreat from the house. He did not want to meet Ayasha and submit to her questions concerning his visit. There was no need to frighten the girl by telling her that her father's life was in danger, and he hoped that the danger would pass away. He had already decided to have two men watch the house discreetly but continually, in spite of his brother's edict.

As he walked up the street, he glanced at his watch. It was nearly six o'clock. Hammermuth had been at large about three hours, and in that time, as far as he knew, the city had swallowed him up. Putting himself in the man's place, he decided that if he wanted to kill the Judge, he would attempt it as soon as possible. No, on second thoughts, he would lie low until the hue and cry had died down and then get his man. One thing was certain, however, and that was that his brother must be guarded in spite of himself.

Reaching headquarters, he immediately sought an interview with his Superintendent, and that official agreed with him that the house should be watched. As the Superintendent remarked, old Bassington lived in such a self-created exalted atmosphere that he could not understand a common person wishing to do him harm.

"I'm inclined to watch the dashed place myself to-night," remarked Inspector Bassington. "I've got an idea in my head that things will move out that way. It's what the Yanks call a hunch."

The Superintendent nodded.

"You can please yourself, of course, Bassington," he said. "In any case, it is just as well that we put a couple of efficient men on for a few nights at least. We've got to remember that a Supreme Court Judge is quite a big man in his way, and it would never do to have the job bungled."

Bassington agreed.

"I'll take Green along with me," he replied. "If Horace spoils us, he can't very well slung his little brother and report him to the Commissioner. Mind you, sir, I wouldn't put it past him, but I guess he won't do it."

WHEN the Inspector put his proposition before Green, that detective received it without enthusiasm. He did not like the Judge, but duty came first, and he merely nodded when the Inspector told him.

The clocks were striking eight o'clock when the two detectives arrived at the Judge's residence at Pott's Point. The house was a blaze of light, and the Inspector felt more content. They managed to find their way into the extensive grounds

and began a silent survey of the lay of the land. The house was surrounded by a high wall, over which an intruder would have to climb, always supposing that he did not do the obvious thing and enter brazenly by the front gate.

Bassington and Green made a complete circuit of the grounds twice and then took up their positions under a large, old tree in the shadows. Here they settled themselves down for a long wait. The Inspector knew that his brother would not retire before ten o'clock.

"I shouldn't think that Hammermuth, if he intends coming here to-night, would put in an appearance before midnight," mused Green as he silently and efficiently disposed of a beetle which had insinuated itself between his shirt collar and skin.

"All the same, it's just as well to be on the job early, not that I disagree with you," replied the Inspector. "We can get a pretty good eyeful of what is going on from here, but as it gets on it would be just as well for us to keep on the move, or at least establish ourselves in different parts of the ground." He broke off suddenly.

"Hullo, a visitor!"

Green also had heard the click of the gate latch, and both detectives keenly watched the progress of the visitor, a man carrying a small case, as he made his way up the path to the tradesmen's entrance. The bearing of the individual, and the fact that he had not used the main entrance, tended to show that he was not unexpected.

"That," remarked Bassington with a faint smile, "will be the limpet expert."

"How's that?"

"Brother Horace has a clock which won't go," the Inspector explained. "He . . ."

"Just as well to keep tabs on that cove all the same," interrupted the Detective-Sergeant. "We can't afford to take any chances, you know."

Bassington nodded. "Go to it," he instructed.

Green left the shadow of the tree and began to make his way cautiously towards the house. He had just reached the corner of the building when he heard footsteps, and was mildly surprised to perceive that it was the supposed jeweler returning. The man could not have entered the house at all.

Green crouched in the shadow of the wall and debated the question as to what he should do. In the meantime the other man had reached the gate, passed through it, and was making his way leisurely up the street. The Sergeant quickly returned to the tree which still sheltered the Inspector. Bassington consoled him.

"He had no time to do any dirty work," he said. "No doubt Horace's clock does not need attention after all. Anyhow, if we want the man we should be able to pick him up easily enough."

GREEN was still a little perturbed, and showed it.

"But, Inspector, supposing he isn't a watch-fixer after all?" he demanded. "Seems to me that we're taking a lot for granted. I tell you straight this job is not to my liking at all. We just can't afford to take chances. If anything happens to that old timer, begging your pardon, of course, then you and I will be up the spout—well and truly."

Bassington reached forward in the semi-darkness and patted his colleague on the shoulder.

"Come on and I'll put you out of your misery," he said, and rowed to his feet. Green followed him. The Inspector led the way through the shrubbery, and presently came to a stop behind a large, old rosebush. By peering around it they could see into the Judge's study through a chink in the heavy curtains. At the desk, busily writing, sat Mr. Justice Bassington. Green heaved a sigh of relief. He was satisfied.

"Somehow, I think this little posy will

do me from now on," he said. "I want to have the old chap under my eyes all the time."

After a short discussion it was agreed that as the spot was reasonably secluded one of them should watch from there while the other patrolled the grounds, in turns.

It was a very tedious and monotonous job, thought Green, as he crouched behind the rosebush with his eye glued to the Judge. The Inspector was somewhere about prowling. He was beginning to feel cramped and was on the point of standing up when the Inspector joined him.

"You can do your parade now," said Bassington, and the Sergeant granted with relief.

The hours passed slowly. Ten o'clock came and went, but still the Judge sat writing. The two guardians were beginning to think that he was engaged in writing a never-ending book. On occasions they saw him leave the table and vanish from their sight for several minutes, but he did not leave the room. The only door was to the right of the table, and the Judge always went to the left.

By Bassington's watch it was just five minutes from midnight when Green set off on his tenth patrol. The Judge was now at the table, but he was not writing. He seemed to be gazing abstractedly into the corner—to the left, of course. Suddenly he got up and walked out of sight, in the direction which he had been gazing, and at that moment Green returned.

He was about to pass a remark of some nature to the Inspector when a clock began to chime inside the study. They counted the strokes together. Midnight! Bassington and Green grunted in unison.

"He must have got the old thing to work, and now he's standing there admiring it," said the Inspector, and then broke off with a sharp yelp as Green's nails bit into his hand.

"SOMEONE coming into the room," hissed the detective in his ear.

Bassington looked sharply into the study and beyond the desk, where he could see the corner of the door. It was opening steadily, and around the edge of it came a hand, then an arm.

The Inspector's gaze was not riveted on the arm, but the hand and what it held—a long, curved knife!

From the rosebush to the window it was perhaps fifty yards, and the two men covered it in a series of bounds.

"Round the front, quick!" bellowed the Inspector as he reached the sill, and Green darted off without replying.

When Bassington glared through the curtains he saw that the door was now closed. He tried the window, found it unlocked, and swung it open.

The sight that met his eyes staggered him. Lying on the floor in grotesque positions were his brother and another man. In the hand of the stranger was the knife he had seen in the mysterious hand at the door, but that did not attract his attention.

An involuntary cry of horror rose in his lips as he stared down at the body of Mr. Justice Bassington. It was lying in a great pool of blood, and the head was cleanly severed from the body!

#### CHAPTER 3.

DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR BASSINGTON was one of the most efficient officers in the C.I.B. and next in line for Superintendent. He had risen from the rank of uniformed constable by sheer merit, and not a little of his success had been due to his ability to deal with the unusual situation.

But as he stood in that luxurious study, confronted by the bodies of two dead men, and one of them his brother—men who had met their death by horrible violence—he



# THE THIRD MAN

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felt weak. For minutes his faculties refused to work. Blindly he felt for a chair and sank into it, to be aroused from something akin to stupor by Green, who arrived via the open window fully five minutes later.

Green took in the scene with one comprehensive look. He did not understand it in the least, and shuddered violently as his eye rested on the thing on the floor which, ten minutes earlier, had been a living man.

The body of the judge lay a few paces from the big clock in the corner, the severed head lying a few feet to the right. The second body was sprawled nearby, the hand grasping the huge knife outflung, the blade of the weapon resting on the floor in the centre of the pool of blood.

"This is what I call a hell of a mess," muttered the Sergeant as he wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He crossed to where the Inspector was still sitting and shook him by the shoulder.

"Got to do something, Inspector," he said apologetically. Bassington left the chair, went to the desk, and seized the telephone. He was the efficient policeman again.

"Better rouse the servants, Green," he said as he replaced the receiver. "I'll give this turn-out a preliminary once-over." When the Sergeant had left the room, he first turned to the body of the unknown man. A glance at the twisted face told him that the man was a stranger to him. With an effort he rolled the body over, and then received a shock.

Half of the right side of the face was missing! The ear and right cheek had apparently been laid open, and when the man had been turned on his back that portion had fallen away from his head!

**B**ASSINGTON preferred to wait for the arrival of the doctor and the help from headquarters before he proceeded any further. He crossed the room and locked the window and went outside, locking the study door behind him. In the passage he met Green, ushering before him a terrified maid and a startled-looking chauffeur.

"Go, Milly, and arouse Miss Ayesha, but do not tell her what has happened," said Bassington quietly. The maid burst into a fit of weeping, but departed. The Inspector told the chauffeur to hang around, and then drew Green aside.

"I don't profess to know how this thing happened," he said, "but there was a third man in it—there must have been! You saw nothing when you went round the front?"

Green shook his head dubly.

"How they got into the house without our seeing them beats me," he confessed. "There's going to be hell to pay over this night's work."

"With you and I, Green, figuring prominently," added the Inspector grimly.

"Poor Horace," he went on bitterly, "done in under our very eyes. Good Lord! We'll have to do some pretty tall thinking to get out of this issue."

The discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the Government Medical Officer, who brought with him no less a person than Superintendent Perry. After a brief greeting, the four men entered the study, where the doctor began his examination. The policemen watched him in silence, but the examination did not last long.

"This knife," he said, indicating the murderous weapon with his foot. "Know what it is?"

"Never struck anything like it before," said Bassington, with a shake of the head.

"Well, I have," retorted the medical man. "It's one of those sweet things the Indian troops used on the Turks in the war."

"A kukri? The Gurkha's favorite plaything?"

"You've said it. Capable of chopping a

man's head off all right. You haven't got far to go to find the thing that did this gullotine act."

"You think . . ." began Green, but the doctor broke in briskly.

"No, I don't," he said.

"Your job. Go to it." And with a nod he was gone. In the hall he passed a girl in a dressing-gown, but did not give her a second look. Ayesha looked after him with fear-stricken eyes and then rushed to the library. Bassington met her in the doorway and motioned her back, closing the door behind him.

"Oh, Uncle Eli!" she gasped out, "what is it?"

"Your father has met with an accident," he said gravely.

"An accident?" she repeated. "But I don't understand. Why are you here at this time of the morning, and who was the man who just went out? Let me go into the study."

Gently he took her by the arm and half-led, half-dragged her to a seat.

"Better not, dear. I may as well tell you, Ayesha, your father is dead. He has been murdered."

She recoiled as if she had been struck. Her hands went to her face in horror, and she gave a little scream. Bassington quickly, but gently, took her in his arms, and she clung to him. Suddenly she burst out into a fit of convulsive sobbing and he let her cry on his shoulder. His own face was care-worn. In half an hour he had aged ten years. Under his eyes, practically, his own brother had been foully murdered.

"My dear," he said at last, "will you do your old uncle a favor and go back to your room. I was a fool to have awakened you. Here, Milly, take Miss Ayesha to her room and remain there with her." he added as he caught sight of the terrified-looking servant standing nearby.

The girl clung to him as if loath to go, but he gently disengaged her embrace, and then, with the assistance of the maid, he led her to her room. At the door he kissed her gently, and as it closed behind her shaking figure, he furtively wiped a tear from his own creased cheek. Then, squaring his shoulders and with a grim look in his eyes, he returned to the study.

Superintendent Perry nodded slightly as he came in.

"We've made arrangements to have the body taken to the morgue," he mentioned. "It is not a nice sight." He referred to the late Judge. The other body was of secondary consideration for the moment.

"Nothing further can be done here. I'll leave a couple of plainclothesmen to see that nothing is touched, and we'll go back to headquarters," said Perry.

He had brought two men with him, and these were given their instructions. Then, with Bassington and Green, the Superintendent departed.

At headquarters a preliminary conference was held. This lasted until nearly four o'clock, and then broke up.

As Perry bade the others good-morning, his tones were grim.

"There'll be a conference at ten, and you can expect some fireworks. In the meantime, the main thing is to keep this out of the papers."

**T**HE Commissioner himself presided over the conference. In addition to Perry, Bassington, and Green, there were several other high officials, and the keynote of the affair was deep gravity. A Judge of the Supreme Court had been murdered under the very eyes of two police officers who were supposed to be protecting him. The thing promised to develop into the sensation of the State, if not of the Commonwealth. Bassington had not

the slightest doubt that he would be suspended, or, at the very least, superseded in the case. Green felt positively unhappy and ill at ease as he waited for the Commissioner to speak.

The grey-haired chief of the New South Wales police was a man of few words. In front of him on the table lay the reports of the three officers, put in writing immediately on their return to headquarters early in the morning.

"Gentlemen," said the Commissioner, gravely, "there is no time or sense in indulging in recriminations or to blame this man for that, or that man for this." He looked at Bassington and Green, who colored slightly. "The magnitude of this crime, while it shocks us as citizens, is one that, if not immediately cleared up, will shake the force to the very root of its foundations."

"Before I say anything further," he went on, "I want this fact clearly understood—I do not in any way blame either Detective-Inspector Bassington or Detective-Sergeant Green for what has occurred." He paused and began to drum the table with his finger-tips. Bassington intercepted a look of relief from Green, but was too preoccupied to heed it.

The Commissioner was speaking again. "Gentlemen, we are all aware of the attitude adopted by the late Judge towards the police. While that is entirely beside the point insofar as our investigation of his murder is concerned, there is this in it to remember—he did not want our protection; in fact, he would have caused a considerable disturbance had he known that he was being guarded. He would take no heed of warnings, and did not assist us in the slightest."

"Bassington and Green did their best, I am convinced of that. Remember, gentlemen, the late Judge was the Inspector's brother, and it is not possible that Bassington would have been guilty of a dereliction of duty, that being so."

"I have full confidence in both officers," said the Commissioner gruffly, throwing a quick look around the room as if inviting dissent.

"Am I to understand from that, sir, that this case will not be taken out of my hands?" demanded Bassington eagerly. "All I want is a chance to get my hands on the fellow who murdered Horace—"

The Commissioner interrupted him.

"It was in my mind, Inspector," he said thoughtfully, "to supersede you in the case. Not," he added quickly, "because I had lost confidence in you, but you would have such an incentive to hunt down the murderer that perhaps your rigid sense of justice might suffer."

"Bassington looked hurt.

"I do not think you need have any fear of that," he said.

"Neither do I, Bassington, I must confess," replied the Commissioner, and then his manner changed.

**L**ISTEN all of you. We've got to get right down to tin tacks, and see just where we are," he said. "The whole resources of the force must be thrown into this case. Have you men any suggestions to make?"

"Who is to handle the case, Chief?" asked Perry.

The Commissioner looked at him thoughtfully.

"As chief of the C.I.B., Superintendent," he remarked, "you shall be in charge, with Bassington and Green as your chief subordinates. The whole of the force is behind you if necessary. Have you anything to say?"

Perry shook his head.

"What does strike me," he said, after a pause, "is the desirability of keeping this thing from the newspapers. Naturally,



we cannot hide the actual crime, but the fact that it was committed within a stone's throw of two C.I.B. men would, if made public, raise an outcry. The fact that the officers in question were powerless to prevent the crime might not weigh with the Press, Chief."

The Commissioner agreed with him, and said so.

"It is now up to us to get down to first causes and plan our campaign," he said. "This is the biggest crime for many years, and we cannot be too careful. Has the identity of the other man been established yet?"

"No, sir," replied Perry.

"It would appear that a third man was present at the murder, and if he was, then it is safe to assume that he was the murderer. Now the question arises, was it this fellow, Hammersmith, who escaped yesterday?"

Nobody answered, so the Commissioner proceeded along the line of his own reasoning.

"Two things must be done at once," he said: "find Hammersmith and discover who the other man was. That task will be the harder of the two. It should not be so difficult to establish the identity of the second dead man. Curious," mused the Chief, "that he had no papers of any sort in him."

"Bassington," he shot out suddenly, "what were Hammersmith's relations with that woman, Brierley?"

The Inspector looked surprised at this sudden deviation, but gave the required details, which led up to the trial of Hammersmith. When he faltered as to facts, Green supplied the information.

Mary Brierley was an unknown quantity as far as the police records were concerned, although rumor had it that she had had to leave Brisbane suddenly over some affair with a young squatter, which ended in the latter spectacularly suiciding by leaping from a four-story window on to the particularly hard concrete below.

As far as could be ascertained, she had lived in her Paddington flat three months before she became acquainted with Hammersmith, who at the time was living at Kensington, where he maintained a first-class racing establishment. He was a man of independent means, owned a Melbourne Cup winner, and was much sought after by persons of both sexes.

Where and how they had met neither Green nor Bassington could say, but the fact remained that they had become very intimate friends and were often seen about together—on the lawn at Randwick, at most social events of importance, indeed, anywhere that the elite in its erratic fancy patronised.

**T**HIS state of affairs progressed for nearly eighteen months, and then, like a bolt from the blue, the path of true love became like a sheet of badly damaged corrugated iron. Miss Brierley complained to the police that Hammersmith had threatened to shoot her, and claimed police protection. Green was sent around to interview the woman, and arrived just as Hammersmith was on the point of filling her with the contents of a Browning automatic.

"The rest," Bassington concluded, "we know."

"No, we don't," said the Commissioner testily. "What was the row about?"

"Mary Brierley," replied the Inspector deliberately, "blamed, or rather named, him as the father of her child!"

The Commissioner looked interested.

"Hum, is that so? But it's hardly a motive for murder."

"According to Hammersmith, she blackmailed him good and hard, although that evidence, for some reason, was not brought

out by his counsel in court," said Bassington.

"I'm blessed if I can see any daylight," confessed the Commissioner.

"You asked for suggestions a moment ago, sir," put in Superintendent Perry. "May I suggest that it would be more to the point if we tried to discover what relations existed between Hammersmith and the late Mr. Justice Bassington?"

The Commissioner turned to the Inspector.

"Tell us all about your brother, his habits, and so on," he instructed.

"Well—" began Bassington.

"How old was he?"

"Fifty."

"How old is Hammersmith and this woman Brierley?"

"Brierley is about 30. Hammersmith is 34."

The Commissioner tapped the table with his fingers while the rest of the conference looked at him in some perplexity, unable to see what the Chief was driving at.

"Did your late brother know Brierley?" he asked at length.

"It is hardly likely," returned Bassington dryly, "that Horace pirated Brierley from Hammersmith."

"Who suggested such a thing?" roared the Commissioner. "Damn it, I won't have any levity at this inquiry! Let us be serious and get down to work."

They did. The conference lasted another two hours, and when it broke up a plan of action had been formulated, duties allocated, and the case formally handed over to Perry.

"Green," said Bassington later in the privacy of his own office. "I've got an idea in my head and I'm going to work it off on Stumpy Phagan."

Green looked surprised.

"Where does Stumpy come into this business?" he demanded.

"Never you mind, my lad. Wait and see,"

**G**REEN snorted.

"Well, I'm going to grill Mary Brierley," he announced.

"Why?"

"Wait and see," chuckled Green and adroitly dodged.

Together the two men threaded their way through the busy streets and came to a halt on the corner of Pitt St and Martin Place. Green's eyes roamed leisurely over the passing traffic, presently coming to rest on a crowded Railway-bound tram which had come to rest opposite, and was busily taking in passengers. As he watched he saw a closed car shoot by the tram, nearly knocking over several intending passengers. "I'd grab that joker for dangerous driving if I wasn't on much more serious business," he remarked to Bassington, who was also eying the driver of the closed car—a taxi—with disfavor. There was a passenger in the rear.

"Looks drunk," commented the sergeant as the car drew level with them. Suddenly he gave a sharp cry and grabbed the Inspector's arm.

"Hammersmith, by all that's holy!" he shouted.

#### CHAPTER 4

**T**HE car had swept by before Bassington had a chance of glimpsing the passenger. Green, heedless of the swirling traffic, dashed into the middle of the street and had sprung on to the running-board of another car before Bassington could collect his wits.

"I'm from the police," bellowed Green into the ear of the startled driver. "Chase that blue sedan, and if you can catch it, I'll make your fortune!"

Without waiting for a reply he vaulted over the door and sank into the seat be-

side the startled driver who, fortunately, did not have a passenger to worry about.

Bassington stood on the kerb and glared after the car which contained his confederate and then, with sudden decision, swung himself on board a passing Railway tram, which deposited him at Central. He dived into the subway and came out into Chalmers St.

A five-minute's walk brought him to the mouth of an evil-smelling alley into which he dived like a determined rabbit, presently coming to a full stop before a dilapidated back gate.

Threading his way through a medley of old boxes, tins, and other rubbish, he came to a small door on which he rapped heavily. He did not have to wait, the door swinging open with startling suddenness, to reveal a decrepit-looking old hag, who drew back in some confusion when she recognised the visitor.

"Don't be scared, Sadie," said Bassington pleasantly. "My mission is one of peace. Is Stumpy in?"

"Wot's 'e bin up to now Mister Bassington?" she demanded shrilly. "If 'e's bin on the pinch I know nothink about it, a'welp me I don't."

**B**ASSINGTON regarded her gravely.

"Guilty conscience getting you down and worrying you?" he asked.

She leered at him in horrible fashion and cackled.

"None of your jokes, Mr. Inspector," she said, wagging a dirty finger at him.

Bassington looked at the hag with ill-concealed disfavor and, motioning her to stand aside, entered the dingy hall. Apparently he knew his way about for, without pause, he ascended the rickety stairs and banged on a door on the first landing. Without waiting for an invitation to enter he kicked open the door.

Stretched out full length on a dirty bunk in a corner was Stumpy Phagan—professional pickpocket, racecourse tout, and ex-jockey. He sprang to his feet with a surprised oath when he saw Bassington.

"Say, wot's the little game, Inspector?" he howled. "You ain't got nothink on me, an' where's your licence to come bargin into a man's room like this? You cops think you can do anythink you like to a bloke just because you've pinched him once or twice?"

The Inspector smiled pleasantly at the crook's discomfiture. Stumpy had been well known on the best courses years before, but known in a different guise to that in which he now appeared. An ingrained inability to ride straight had lost him his jockey's license, and an outraged committee of stewards had eventually warned him off the course for life.

A little man with a broken nose, a bare lip, and sandy hair—that, in short, was Stumpy Phagan.

Without invitation, Inspector Bassington sat down on the only chair the room boasted, and waved Stumpy back to the bed in the corner.

"To set your mind at rest, my dear Stumpy," he said, addressing the bewildered and alarmed ex-jockey, "I have to inform you that this visit is quite unconnected with any crime of yours, past, present, or contemplated. This is a private visit, designed to allow you to give some of that aid to the police that you have been simply bursting to give all these years."

Phagan sat on the bed and lighted a cigarette, his hand trembling slightly as he did so.

"Come out into the open, Inspector, and say just what you mean," he invited. "Fancy the cops wanting Stumpy Phagan to help them. Suffen the crows, but that's rich!"

He laughed in a cracked key, and then, with a sudden change of manner snarled,



# THE THIRD MAN

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"I'm no stool pigeon, so if you want to jug anyone, you can do it on your own hook, old horse."

"Stumpy, my friend, don't get nasty," warned Bassington. "You should think yourself highly honored that a full-blown inspector is visiting you."

"Cut it short, Mr. Bassington," begged the tout. "You can bet your bottom dollar that there is something big doing behind all this palaver. Let's have it straight, and then I'll tell you if I'll help you any."

"Well," began the inspector after a slight pause, "what do you know about a man called John Hammersmith?"

"Nothing," replied Phegan, with deliberate celerity.

"You used to ride for him when he kept a string of horses at Randwick," said Bassington patiently.

## STUMPY

nodded. "I did, but I know nothing about him," he repeated. "Anyway, he's in quod for ten years, thanks to that brother of yours. Evidence framed, of course."

"Of course," replied Bassington with grim courtesy.

"Good Gawd," went on Stumpy bitterly, "isn't it enough for you coves to jug a man for ten years without wantin' to kick him while he's in there? Oh, I know your brother and his sweet ways. Sent me to quod once for three years for next to nix, and—"

"Leave my brother out of it, Phegan!" said Bassington sharply. "It might interest you to know that Mr. Justice Bassington was murdered last night, and that Hammersmith is at large, having slipped his escort. It will be in all the papers this afternoon, I guess. Now what have you to say?"

"Nothing, insisted Phegan. "Say, is that true; I mean about the Judge getting killed, and Hammersmith getting away? Guess you ain't got far to look for the murderer, eh?"

"I want you to tell me all you know about Hammersmith," Bassington repeated. "Why?"

"Never mind why my friend. Now come on, out with it," said Bassington curtly. "You're rather a pal of Hammersmith's, aren't you?"

"Where do you get that stuff from?" sneered the ex-jockey. "I'd make a fine friend for a rich joker like him, wouldn't I? My oath I would—yes, I don't think."

"Tell me this, then," said Bassington, looking at him squarely. "Why does he pay you a fiver a week for nothing?"

"Oh, I know all about it," he continued as Phegan gave vent to a smothered exclamation. "It doesn't matter how, but I do know. Let me have the truth, Phegan, and quickly, too."

"Why shouldn't one cove help another cove if he wants to?" asked the tout sullenly. "Anyhow, now that he's in quod, I won't get anything from him at all."

"He's not in quod, I keep telling you!"

"Neither he is," mused Phegan thoughtfully.

"If Hammersmith wishes to give the undeserving poor money, he should not send it to them by cheque. Easy things to trace, cheques," said Bassington.

"Oh, so that's how you found out, is it?" sneered Phegan. "Do you know, Inspector, for a minute I thought you'd done something real clever!"

"What is that money for?" demanded Bassington.

"I won't tell you, and you can't force me!" roared Phegan.

Bassington got up from his chair. "So be it, Stumpy," he said, and left the room without another word, leaving Stumpy as bewildered as he had been when the detective first arrived.

Bassington made straight for head-

quarters, and the first man he met on his arrival was Green.

"He gave me the slip on the Parramatta Road," said the sergeant, mournfully. "We got stuck in a traffic jam, and when my car got through Hammersmith had vanished."

"You are quite certain that it was he?"

"Positive," said Green definitely.

Bassington told him of the visit to Stumpy Phegan and hinted at hidden possibilities and the potentialities of the interview. He also issued certain instructions to another detective, and then, taking Green with him set out for the scene of the murder.

White-faced, and bearing evidence of the terrible tragedy which had descended upon her, Ayasha met them in the hall, and led them to the spacious drawing-room where the Inspector seated himself on the lounge at her side.

"Bear up, my dear," he said, gently, as he patted her hand.

The girl favored him with a wan smile, but did not answer.

"I'm not going to bother you with any fool questions, Ayasha," he said, "but I want to talk to the servants, and particularly to the maid. You may stay here while I question her, or leave, just as you want to, my dear."

"I'll go and get her," said the girl, and, with a smothered sob, rose and quitted the room.

## BRAVE

little woman, that," muttered her uncle, and Green nodded his silent agreement.

When the trim maid entered the room, she looked from one to the other appealingly. Bassington motioned her to a chair and spoke reassuringly.

"I won't keep you long, my dear," he said.

"Yes," said the girl in reply to his first question, "the man from the jeweller's turned up last night, but I had orders to tell him when he arrived that the clock was going and that he was not needed. I told him so, and he went away at once."

"Can you tell me at what time the clock started going?"

The maid thought for a moment.

"I think it was about seven o'clock," she said. "I heard his Honor moving about in the room about that time, and I also heard the clock strike. It must have been that old clock because he hasn't got another striking clock in his study."

"Where were you at midnight?"

"In bed, sir," replied the girl.

"Who locked the house up?"

"Jim, sir."

"Go and get him," said the detective briskly, "and say nothing to him."

"Now, Jim," he said a few minutes later when the chauffeur confronted him, "at what hour exactly did you lock the house up before you went to bed?"

"About half-past ten, sir, as usual," replied the chauffeur.

"Were there any visitors between seven o'clock and that hour?"

"No, Inspector."

Bassington looked at him.

"Two men entered this house some time before midnight last night," he fired out, "How did they get in?"

The chauffeur looked confused.

"Blessed if I know, Mr. Bassington. I'm positive I locked up everything securely before I went to bed, and this morning everything was in order," he said.

"Green and I kept a strict lookout in the grounds, too, and we saw nobody," mused the Inspector. "It's a mystery all right."

"Now look here, Jim," he said aloud.

"Could anyone get in here early and hide themselves anywhere? I know it sounds like a fool question, but, well, could they?"

"I suppose they could, sir, if they were

quick, but I'm blessed if I know where they could hide themselves. A bloke would have to know the run of the place for one thing."

"Did you see the body of the other man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Recognise him?"

"No, sir," said Jim, "matter of fact, I didn't see his face."

Bassington grunted.

"Well, you'd better get down to the morgue at once and have a look at him. If you have seen him before, let me know at once. Now, Green, you and I will get along to the study and have a look round particularly at that clock."

## EXCEPT

for the absence of the bodies, the study was exactly the same, as when they had seen it the previous night. Green could barely repress a shudder as he viewed the ghastly evidence of the crime on the expensive carpet and polished woodwork of the floor.

Bassington stood before the massive old clock and thought deeply. He raised his hand and began to pound the front of it, and the resulting dull boom did not seem to satisfy him.

"I'm suspicious of this clock, Green," he said, turning to his colleague. "It would just about house a man in its interior, and I think—"

"That theory won't wash, Inspector," objected the Detective-Sergeant. "I take it that you are visualising a man being carried into this house inside the thing. Remember, we distinctly saw the man with the knife enter by the door."

"Yes, but what of the mysterious third party? I'm convinced that there was a third man at the show, otherwise how do you account for the double killing? I dismiss the theory of suicide in the case of the second man. Supposing he did cut the Judge's head off, I'm blessed if I can see how he could chop his own cheek like he did. It looks to me as if both men were felled with one gigantic sweep."

"By that Gurkha kukri?"

"Maybe so," said Bassington thoughtfully, "but it was clenched in the unknown man's hand, and I cannot believe that the third party had time to shove it there and make his escape."

"He couldn't have made his escape," said Green, a trifle irritably. "I was watching the place for five minutes before I came in here. Of course, if the fellow had a knowledge of this house, he might possibly have lain hidden somewhere until the coast was clear, but that doesn't seem to convince me."

Bassington did not reply. Instead, he subjected the old clock to a very close scrutiny. There was a small, ornate ruler on the desk, and his measurements established the fact that the clock was six feet high, two feet wide, and two feet deep. The face was only six inches in diameter. "Plenty of space for a man to hide in," he mused.

"What about the works?" put in Green impatiently.

"Most of the works would be underneath the face with only the pendulum swinging inside," answered Bassington.

"Well, say we get an axe and bust the thing open and prove it, one way or the other," snorted the Detective-Sergeant.

Bassington smiled a little at his colleague's impatience, and continued his examination of the front of the clock. He could not discover any keyhole, nor signs of hinges in the front panel, but just underneath the clock face he found a small circular hole.

Without commenting aloud, he crossed to the table and pressed the bell. When the maid arrived he shot a terse question at her.

"Yes, Mr. Bassington, there is a key to



hat. I think it is in that right-hand drawer of the desk," she said.

Investigation revealed a key which bore a striking resemblance to the opener of a wardrobe at the end. Turning to the clock, the Inspector juggled with it for a moment, and then, with a deft turn of the wrist and a pull, opened a small door about six inches square. Glancing inside, he could discern the works of the clock. They were fitted just under the clock face in a small cavity, in the bottom of which was a slit through which the pendulum rod protruded downwards. With a grunt of dissatisfaction he shut the door and returned the key to the drawer.

"Does this bottom door open at all, I wonder?" he mused aloud.

The girl shook her head.

"No air," she said, "I heard his Honor say that it was never meant to be opened—that all clocks like that had solid interiors."

"Do you mean to say that that bottom part is all solid wood?" demanded Green incredulously.

"His Honor said so," replied the trim maid demurely.

"Well, he ought to know," said Bassington, whose respect for his brother's knowledge of antiques was profound.

Green, whose respect was not at all profound, tried to lift the clock bodily, and, although he succeeded in his design, he desisted with the grunted remark that it was heavy enough, anyway.

THE two men spent a great deal of time in the study, but their investigations did not reveal much. Before they departed the Inspector sent for Ayesha.

"What are you going to do, sweetheart?" he asked when the girl entered the room. "You cannot say in this house, not for some weeks to come, I guess, and, being a crusty old bachelor, I cannot offer you the hospitality of a home I do not possess. Had you better not visit your Aunt Ethel for a little while?"

The girl nodded listlessly.

"I must get away from this house, Uncle Bill," she confessed.

"But, of course, I will not go until after poor father's funeral."

"I did not expect you to, my dear. I will see that you are not called as a witness at the inquest," replied Bassington, placing a fatherly hand on her shoulder. "You run along up to Maitland and try to forget this thing."

A conference between Superintendent Perry, Green, and Bassington took place immediately on their return to headquarters. Perry had a little information for them.

"We've had that Indian weapon tested," he said. "Only one set of fingerprints was found on it, and they belonged to the dead man, as yet unidentified."

"Then that kukri did not do the killing?" asked Green.

Perry looked at him significantly. "I think we can safely put that from our minds. I at least am convinced of the presence of a third man in that room," he said impressively.

Bassington mentioned his conversation with Stumpy Phegan and Green's chase after Hammersmith. Perry flicked his tongue regretfully at the latter piece of news, but nevertheless he congratulated the Sergeant on his initiative in chasing Hammersmith.

The Superintendent smiled slightly when he heard Bassington's theory concerning the grandfather clock, but was sympathetic.

Suddenly the deliberations of the conference were interrupted by the pealing of the telephone bell. Perry answered it. His conversation lasted a few minutes, during

which time he issued several curt instructions to his unseen interlocutor.

Replacing the receiver he turned to Bassington.

"That," he explained, "was the man you put on to watch Stumpy Phegan. He tells me that Stumpy had just left the house bearing a suitcase, and wearing a new suit of clothes and a furtive air. Nettleton spoke from Central Station, and it appears that Stumpy has just taken a ticket for West Maitland. The train goes in ten minutes time. I suppose you heard me tell Nettleton to follow Stumpy, even if he goes to the end of the earth."

"There is one bright spot in this case," said Green. "And that is the unfamiliar unlimited scope we have."

"Yes," said Perry, a trifle vaguely. "Anyway, Nettleton is going to stick to Phegan like glue, Maitland or no Maitland—Sydney or the bush!"

#### CHAPTER 5

THREE days later Ayesha Bassington sat in a Northern-bound train at Central Station and gravely conversed with her uncle as she awaited the signal for departure. The girl was dressed in black, but even this sombre hue could not detract from her charms; while the tragedy itself, bringing with it the unwonted gravity, gave an air of added grace and quiet dignity to her face.

The train was a fast one, and was not crowded. By good fortune the girl had managed to secure a first-class compartment to herself, for which she was thankful. The thought of boisterous companions was very distasteful to her.

Suddenly there came to their waiting ears the shrill whistle of the guard. Inspector Bassington hurriedly kissed the girl and silently pressed her hand. No word was spoken—there was no need for conversation. These two understood each other perfectly.

With a sigh, Ayesha listlessly picked up a magazine as the train slid from the platform on its long journey, but she could not fix her mind on the printed pages. She gazed out of the window on the sunlit panorama which flitted rapidly past, but she gazed on it unseeing.

AS in a dream she heard the door of the carriage open and shut at Strathfield, but it was not until the train was almost to Hornsby that she became aware of another occupant of the compartment. It was a man, and he was gazing at her profile in undisguised admiration.

Ayesha stared at him, and he had the grace to blush slightly. Then she turned her eyes away and resumed her unseeing contemplation of the flying landscape.

Suddenly a quiet but whimsical voice broke in on her thoughts.

"Er, excuse me," it said, "but have you any objection to my smoking? Not a foul pipe or an obnoxious cigar, but a small cigarette."

"This is not a smoking compartment," she replied in a low voice, without troubling to look at him.

"That's so," he admitted. "Sorry, I suppose I must let it pass."

He spoke in tones of humorous regret. Ayesha turned and looked at him. She saw a humorous glint in his eyes and wondered what was amusing him. She was in no mood for promiscuous train acquaintanceships, and decided to put this stranger in his place immediately.

"You may smoke if you wish," she said quietly, "but on one condition."

"Any you like," he said eagerly. "What is your choice?"

"That you refrain from addressing me or annoying me further," she said icily and gazed out of the window again. The sudden movement dislodged the magazine, which

fell to the floor. The handsome stranger retrieved it and handed it to her. She thanked him in distant tones and placed it on the seat beside her, and then she became aware that this annoying man was making weird signals to her. What could he be doing?

As if in answer to her thoughts, he whipped out a pencil and wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which he passed to her. She took it and read:

"Since I am forbidden to speak to you, I write. May I borrow your magazine? It will hold my attention and help me to refrain from annoying you."

She crumpled the paper in a ball and threw it out of the window, but handed him the book. He did not attempt to read it, and she again became conscious of his gaze. She deliberately turned her back on him.

When the train crept out of Hornsby, she stole a look at her companion, and noticed that he had changed his seat. Up to this time he has been sitting at the window facing the engine, and on the left, while she sat in the same position, but on the right. Now he was sitting on the opposite seat and facing his former position.

IT was while the train was rushing down the steep grade which finishes at Hawkesbury River that it happened.

Without any warning there was a tremendous crash. To the girl's horrified eyes it seemed as if the opposite wall of the compartment was rushing to meet her. Involuntarily she ducked her head, but something struck her and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

It seemed as if hours had passed when she regained her senses. Her head was throbbing terribly and she was lying on the side of the track—and in the arms of that preposterous stranger!

All around her was a scene of desolation and turmoil. Men hurried to and fro attending to the injured. She tried to wrench herself away from the man, but her senses were muddled and, after a few vain efforts, she closed her eyes and remained passive.

Presently she felt herself lifted in a pair of strong arms and carried a short distance. Now she was alone.

Dazedly she sat up and looked around her, slowly realizing that she had been in a train smash.

To her came a kindly stranger who inquired how she felt.

"You were lucky, miss," he informed her when she told him that she felt better. "Your gentleman friend had you out of that compartment in a trice—and just in time, too. The carriage is a wreck, and was the only one that caught fire. If you had been in there alone you would have been ashes now."

She shuddered at his words, and fell suddenly faint again. The man was still talking.

"He's down there now, working like a down man, helping 'em pull the rest of them out," said the stranger. "We hit a goods train coming up the grade. It was lucky for us that she was only going slow, as there would have been a hell of a mess—begging your pardon, Miss. As it is, it is bad enough."

She struggled to her feet as the man passed on and began to stagger towards the engine. Heaps of splintered wreckage surrounded her. From a hurrying official she learned that a relief train was ready to take passengers to Newcastle and the North and, with a sigh of thankfulness, she made her way towards it.

She was halfway there when she felt a light touch on her shoulder and swung round to confront the stranger. In his hand was her suitcase, slightly battered. He offered it to her with a silent smile.

"I don't know how to thank you," she



began impulsively as she took the case, and then broke off in slight confusion.

He nodded, still smiling, and she blushed.

"You—you may speak," she said.

With an air of proprietorship he took her by the arm and hurried her to the other train and helped her on board. They were able to get another compartment to themselves, but Ayasha was embarrassed. Noticing it, the man did not trouble her, nor did he speak until the relief train was moving. Then:

"I trust you are unhurt?" he inquired solicitously.

She nodded.

"Good," he said tersely.

"And you?" she asked.

"Quite O.K., thanks, Miss— He paused inquiringly.

"My name is Ayasha Basington," she said.

"I'm William Smith, er, Bill for short," he replied.

She blushed again and felt confused. Mentally she hated herself for it; why, she could not say.

"**F**ORGIVE the question Miss Basington," he said, "but are you related in any way to the late Mr. Justice Basington?"

"He was my father," she replied in a low voice.

William Smith drew a deep breath and regarded her with a keen glance.

"Miss Basington," he said slowly, "I really cannot tell you how sorry I am for having annoyed you earlier in this exciting day. I could not, of course, have known—"

"However, your dress should have— forgive me, Miss Basington, I don't know what the dickens I'm talking about!"

He broke off shortly and looked at her. "Please do not apologise, Mr. Smith," said Ayasha gravely. "Any offensiveness on your part is quite atoned for now."

"Thank you," he said simply, and did not speak again for the remainder of the run to Gosford, where he left the train.

It was with an air of embarrassment that he offered the girl a cup of tea a few minutes later. Ayasha, who felt in great need of the refreshment, thanked him warmly. It seemed to break the ice, for after the train had set out on the long non-stop run to Newcastle, they were chatting like old friends.

Ayasha, although it was the first time in her life that she had been on such friendly terms with a member of the opposite sex, and a stranger at that, warmed to her companion. A railway smush is a great ripener of friendships, especially if one is saved from injury, possibly death, by one's acquaintance.

Her dominant feeling was one of regret as, some hours later, the train steamed into West Maitland station. She did not wish to see the last of this newly-made acquaintance.

The same thought was in the mind of William Smith. He told himself that he did not ever want to lose sight of this lovely and interesting girl, but he had to. He knew it. He had to put her, of all girls, right out of his life.

"You will, of course, have friends to meet you, Miss Basington?" he asked.

She nodded.

"Yes, my Aunt Ethel. She lives at Lora."

"I myself expect a friend to meet me," said Mr. Smith. "A curious little gentleman—but here we are. I am glad to have been of some slight service to you, Miss Basington. I knew your father."

He suddenly wrenched open the door and, before the train had come to a standstill, he was gone. She ran to the door and saw his form heading swiftly up the steps towards the exit. Then she lost interest in him temporarily in greeting

her aunt who stood on the platform eagerly scanning the various carriages.

"Oh, Ayasha," I'm so glad you came through that terrible accident all right," cried Aunt Ethel. "I knew you would be on that train. Troubles never come singly. What with the murder of poor dear Horace anything might happen to us these days. I shall get murdered in my bed, or knocked down by a car. I know I shall. There must be a curse on the Basingtons."

**A**YASHA smiled.

"But you aren't a Basington any longer, Aunt Ethel," she protested. "Added to that you have a husband to protect you."

Aunt Ethel made a noise which, in another person might have been termed a snort of disgust.

"Your Uncle James Silverstone could not protect anyone," she said, deprecatingly, as she led the way up the station steps to the luxurious limousine which waited outside.

Just outside the entrance in Church Street, Ayasha observed William Smith. He was in conversation with a little rat-like man who seemed to be remonstrating with her late acquaintance on some matter.

"I tell you, sir," she heard him say, "you are a fool to come up 'ere in daylight like this. Someone might spot you easily. Good Lord, guv'nor, ain't you got any sense at all?"

She could not hear the low-spoken reply, but she watched the ill-assorted pair as they walked towards a large closed car standing just in front of her aunt's. Then she received a shock which left her pale and trembling.

A man quietly alid from behind a row of waiting taxis and approached the other car. She saw his hand grasp William Smith by the shoulder and swing him round. Quite clearly she heard the stranger's level tones:

"John Hammersmith, I want you!"

Quick as a flash, "William Smith" swung round and planted a flat squarely between the stranger's eyes. He fell backwards into the gutter, and at the same moment the car sprang forward. The man was on his feet again and rushed to her car.

"I'm from the police," he said. "Sorry to trouble you, but I want your car. Follow that taxi, quick."

Mrs. Silverstone's driver twisted round in his seat and looked at his employer. In that lady's eyes was a gleam of excitement.

"Hop to it, Peter," she cried, and the car darted off. The stranger in the seat near the driver.

Up Church Street the two cars drove furiously. Turning into High Street the front car narrowly averted a collision with a startled youth on a bicycle, but kept on, swung into Belmore Road, raced across the bridge over the Hunter, and along Bolwarra Road at top speed.

The car in front had a lead of several hundred yards, but this gap increased steadily. The following car was slowing down.

"What in Hell is wrong with the contraption?" yelled Planelclothes Constable Nettleton in Peter's ear.

"Petrol supply fading," said Peter philosophically as the car came to a stop.

Nettleton sprang to the road and looked about him. Not another car in sight. With clenched fists he glared after the retreating motor containing John Hammersmith, convict, and groaned.

"Why to blazes don't you keep your tank filled?" he blared at the unfustered Peter.

"Orders," said Peter. "Only must have enough juice in to cover the trip contemplated. In this case, from Lora to station and return."

Aunt Ethel approached the raging detective with the intention of calming him.

"I always practice economy in these matters..." she began.

"Blast economy," roared the detective.

"There goes a damned murdering scoundrel and I can't catch him. Hey, you!" He suddenly bawled to a young man who came panting along on a motor-cycle. "Give me that machine!"

"Why should I?" demanded the youth, indignantly.

"Police," roared Nettleton, as he deftly jerked the youth from the saddle. Within a moment he was mounted and away on a chase that looked hopeless from the start.

"Oh, Aunt!" said Ayasha, with tears in her eyes, "I hope he doesn't catch him!"

"So do I," said Aunt Ethel grimly. "I've never been spoken to in my life like that. I'll report him to Inspector Rippingsale!"

#### CHAPTER 6.

**A**YASHA BASSINGTON strolled through the spacious grounds of the Silverstone home, and held silent communion with the stars. In the house itself she could hear merry voices raised in song while the stirring strains of a military band emanating from the radio mingled discordantly with the human vocal efforts.

With a sad smile she thought that the least thing her aunt could have done was to have allowed her peace and quiet on the first night she was staying at Lora. Aunt Ethel was a little thoughtless. Her own brother and Ayasha's dear father had been foully murdered not so very long before, but the fact did not weigh heavily on Ethel Silverstone's shoulders. Ayasha had watched her opportunity and had slipped quietly through the open French windows into the garden.

Presently she found what she sought—a seat in a secluded portion of the grounds, and she sank down upon it, a prey to her own thoughts. Irresistibly they turned to "William Smith." Was it possible that he was John Hammersmith, whose sensational escape while on his way to gaol had electrified Sydney? She remembered vaguely that Hammersmith had been found guilty of an attempt to murder a woman. He had been the last man sent down by her dead father. Could that man be a murderer? She trembled at the thought and tried to thrust it from her. Then she remembered his exhibition of violence outside the railway station and shook her head.

**H**OW had that offensive detective fared, she wondered. Of course, he was only doing his duty, she knew, but somehow in her heart she could not wish him success. She sighed, and wished that she could banish "William Smith" from her thoughts.

A light touch on her shoulder caused her to turn, and she gave a little gasp of consternation as she saw the object of her thoughts standing behind the garden seat.

"Why, Mr. Smith..." she began in a voice that trembled.

"Sorry if I startled you, Miss Basington," he said softly, "but there is something I must see you about. I have been awaiting this opportunity for quite a while."

Without invitation he sat down near the startled girl and fixed his eyes on her white face.

"How did you know where I was staying?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Quite simple," he said easily. "There is a deal of talk in the town concerning the little episode of this afternoon, and everybody seems to know the chief participants in it. I learned that your car belonged to Mrs. Silverstone, and an obliging native pointed out the residence to me. Well, the rest was easy. I have been hanging around on the off chance that I would catch you alone."

"Why?"

"I'm going to tell you a story," he replied.

"First of all," said Ayasha, "tell me the



meaning of this afternoon's excitement. I heard that man call you John Hammersmith. Are you indeed he?"

"I am, Miss Bassington."

Instinctively she moved away from him, but he did not heed the movement. Instead, he began to speak slowly.

"Of course, I do not know if you are interested or not, but we gave that detective the slip quite easily. His motor bike must have been a dud for we simply flew away from him. However, that does not matter."

"You—you are a criminal," she breathed.

"The law would call me one certainly, but in my own eyes I am nothing of the kind."

"Miss Bassington," he went on, "I took this risk to-night for the sole purpose of telling you my story."

"Supposing I do not wish to hear it?" she said coldly.

"I knew your father very well," he said, disregarding her statement. "It was he who sent me to gaol—sent me down for ten years because I attempted to rid the earth of some of its scum."

"Scum?" demanded the girl. "Why, Mary Brierley, so the papers said, was a particular friend of yours?"

"Friend?" he scoffed. "Please do not call a person like that a friend of mine!"

"By the way," he added quickly, "have the police discovered the murderer of your father?"

She shook her head, and then a sudden thought struck her.

"Mr. Hammersmith, what have you against my father? Why did you revile him from the dock? You said that you knew him. If you did, you knew nothing evil about him."

"Your father, Miss Bassington, is dead, and that wipes out all."

"But why did you do it?" she insisted.

"Because," he replied in level tones, "he was responsible for my being in the dock, and he knew it!"

"What do you mean by that?" she said hotly. "Really, Mr. Hammersmith, I cannot sit here and listen to you speak of my dead father like that. You threatened to kill him when you came out of gaol. . . ."

She broke off and gazed at him in horror. "You did kill him!" she cried tremulously and started to her feet.

Quickly he rose and grasped her by the hand. With a cry she wrenched herself free and ran towards the house. He did not attempt to follow her, but, turning around, dived into the shrubbery and vanished.

Reaching the verandah, Ayesha, with rapidly beating heart, paused. From the direction of the street she heard the purring of a car which presently grew fainter as it vanished in the direction of the town.

QUICKLY she made her way to the telephone, and in a few moments was speaking to the police station. She panted out her tidings, and was put on to no less a person than Detective Nettleton who, returning from his fruitless chase, had called into the station.

With a promise to be round at the house as soon as possible he rang off.

There was a great deal of excitement in the Silverstone home when Aunt Ethel, by dint of coaxing, extracted the story from her daint, niece. When Nettleton arrived the excitement reached fever heat, but the detective frustrated all efforts on the part of the guests to be present at the interview he had with Ayesha. That took place in a little sitting-room.

The girl kept nothing back. She told him the full story of the train smash, and of her conversation with Hammersmith in the garden.

Nettleton looked grave.

"I may as well tell you quite frankly,

Miss Bassington," he told her, "that we suspect Hammersmith of being implicated in the death of your father. He had threatened to kill him, you know. I suspect that he has a vendetta against your family for some reason, and has followed you to Maitland, even at a great personal risk. I beg you to be very careful, and if he comes near you again, do your best to detain him until you can communicate with us."

"Can you tell me anything about him?" she asked.

Nettleton colored slightly.

"It is not good hearing," he said.

She repeated her question, but the detective shook his head decisively.

"He was mixed up with a woman," he said tersely. She nodded and did not pursue the subject, much as she would have liked to.

"I—I think I'll return to Sydney . . ." she commenced.

"Don't do that," he said quickly. "You would be of immense use to us here."

"As a decoy for Hammersmith?" she said with heightened color. "No, thank you, Mr. Nettleton."

The detective looked confused.

"Of course I did not mean that," he said lamely, and rose to go.

Immediately on his return to the police station, he put through a trunk call to headquarters, and was fortunate enough to get Inspector Bassington. He told him briefly what had occurred during the day, and promised to have a detailed report in writing sent on at once. Something the Inspector told him seemed to afford him great satisfaction, for he was smiling as he turned away from the telephone in the charge room.

"Good news?" asked the lock-up keeper absently.

"The best," returned Nettleton, still smiling. "That was Detective-Inspector Bassington. He tells me that they have identified the other corpse—it was a chap called Harry Brierley."

"Don't know him," said the lock-up keeper with a yawn.

"He's a brother of the woman Hammersmith tried to murder," explained Nettleton.

"Is that so?" asked the other interestedly.

"Yes, Bassington said that Mary had been around imploring protection from friend Hammersmith, and had mentioned that her brother was missing. At the same time a chap who worked for the Judge, a chauffeur named Jim something-or-other, came in and told them at headquarters that he had identified the body at the morgue. Mary was trotted around to have a squiz, and she identified him, throwing a fancy faint immediately afterwards."

"You coves seem to have a lot of excitement down there," said the lock-up keeper with envy.

"Tons of it," said Nettleton modestly, and launched out into a highly-colored story of a fictitious murder which he had investigated single-handed. The lock-up keeper did not believe a word he said, but it helped to pass the time away!

"That all the news you got from down south?" asked the man after the story had been told.

"Not quite all, but the rest will keep for a bit," replied the detective, and quitted the station.

The post office clock was striking midnight when he saw Stumpy Phegan. It came about in this fashion. Nettleton was strolling aimlessly along High Street in the direction of Horseshoe Bend when he noticed a car without lights rushing towards him. Something about it caused him to take a closer look, and it was with a thrill that he realised that it was the same car in which Phegan and Hammer-

smith had made their spectacular dash through the streets earlier in the day.

HE was helpless in the matter of stopping the car, and did not attempt to do so, but as it flashed past him he heard a shrill cry and was astounded to see a man fall heavily from it into the roadway. The car continued up the street without a pause.

It was without surprise that the detective bent over the fallen man in the road and found it to be Phegan. Somehow, he had expected it. He raised the man's head in his arms and looked around. A uniformed constable who had also witnessed the occurrence was coming up the street with great strides.

Having explained who he was, Nettleton instructed the man to call up the ambulance. Phegan was unconscious, and he did not come to before he was whisked off to the hospital. Nettleton went with him in the ambulance, determined to be on hand when the man spoke, but when daylight arrived, Stumpy was still unconscious.

The detective spent a great deal of the day alternating between the hospital and the police station. He was expecting a message from headquarters, and when it did arrive, late in the afternoon, it gave him unexpected tidings.

On the previous night Bassington had informed him that in all probability he would come to Maitland himself and take charge of the hunt for Hammersmith, but the Inspector did not arrive. Instead, he informed Nettleton that he was too busy to get away, and instructed him to keep a strict eye on Phegan. This he had told him that morning.

The message Nettleton was expecting arrived later in the day.

Hammersmith, Bassington informed him, had been arrested in Sydney at midday!

#### CHAPTER 7.

HAMMERSMITH'S arrest had been simplicity itself. He had stepped off a northern train at Central Station right into the arms of Detective-Sergeant Green, who recognised him immediately and took him in charge. Hammersmith had not attempted to put up any struggle at all, and had been led to headquarters, or rather taken there in a taxi, like a lamb.

He was now sitting in a small room facing Superintendent Perry, Inspector Bassington and Sergeant Green.

"Looks just like a Yankee third degree hole, gentlemen," he said with a smile. "I know you want to ask me a lot of questions, but before you do so, I want to tell you this: I came back here to give myself up, so Green needn't take any kudos for an arrest which does not belong to him."

Superintendent Perry looked at him squarely.

"We will put aside the question of your escape from lawful custody for the moment," he said, "and confine ourselves to the murder of Mr. Justice Bassington. We want to know how much you know about it."

"I don't know anything."

"Well, I'm going to ask you some questions about your movements on that date," said the Superintendent, and formally cautioned him.

Hammersmith smiled whimsically.

"YOU know my movements up to the time I escaped from that fool escort, anyhow," he said. "Well, I made a beeline for a certain joint and stayed there until the morning I caught the train for Maitland."

"That would be Stumpy Phegan's joint," nodded Bassington.

"I didn't say so, but we'll let that pass."



As a matter of fact, it wasn't Stumpy's place at all."

"What was your idea of trying to kill Phagan in Maitland by throwing him out of a car?" demanded Perry.

"The fool was drunk and fell out," retorted Hammersmith.

"Why did you go to Maitland?"

"Reasons," said the captive evasively.

"Well, to get back to this murder. Do you want to tell us all about what you know, or do you want to make a statement?"

Hammersmith pondered for a moment.

"I'll make a statement later, I think," he answered.

"Hammersmith," said Bassington slowly, "do you know a gink called Harry Brierley?"

"Harry Brierley? Sure, I know him," he retorted grimly. "Harry, the man of few words, and most of them unprintable!"

"Where is he these days?"

"Blessed if I know. Living in that joint of his at Redfern and existing on cash his worthless sister dragged out of me," replied Hammersmith bitterly.

"Harry is not a cobbler of yours then?"

Hammersmith laughed mirthlessly, but he did not answer.

Perry leaned forward and looked at him. "I put it to you that you saw him on the night of the murder—were in his company in fact," he said.

"I don't like your way of asking questions, Super, but I will answer it. I wasn't in his company that night."

"Where were you?"

"I've already told you that."

"Well, tell me this then—does Harry Brierley know Mr. Justice Bassington?"

Hammersmith showed signs of restlessness.

"Why don't you ask him these questions himself?" he asked wearily.

"Because," said Perry quietly, "he is dead, and unless you can give a satisfactory account of your whereabouts on the night of the Bassington murder, I may take you into custody on a charge of having killed him."

"What is this damned foolishness?" exclaimed Hammersmith hotly. "I refuse to answer any more of your questions. You can go to the devil!"

"What is the reason of your vendetta against Bassington?" went on the detective relentlessly. "Out with it, Hammersmith."

The man sprang to his feet and faced them hotly.

"I will not answer another question, I tell you," he shouted hoarsely. "This third degree stuff doesn't go down in this country. You can go to hell, the lot of you."

"All right then," drawled Perry. "I suppose you won't make a statement now?"

Hammersmith had calmed down by this, and he shook his head. Then he looked at Bassington uncertainly.

"I'd like to have a word with the inspector on his own if I may," he said.

Immediately Perry and Green got up and left the room. When the door closed, Hammersmith turned towards the inspector.

"I'm going to tell you something now, Bassington, which will make you laugh like anything and will also want to make you kill me—I love your niece, Ayesha!"

Bassington gazed at him, dumbfounded.

"Oh you do, do you?" he said weakly.

"Yes, I do, and I'm going to tell you this: It is for that reason that I refuse to tell the police why I had it in for her father. Do you know, I kept my eye on her for some time after the old man was murdered, just waiting to tell her the sort of man her father was. My reasons? To hurt her! I escaped about three o'clock. Where I went to doesn't matter. When night fell I hung around her house debating the possibility of seeing her and, through her, getting at her father. I failed."

"But why beat around the bush?" he went on quickly. "I stayed at Phagan's dump

that night all right, and arranged for Stumpy to clear out to Maitland after your visit to him. It was while I was going north to join him that I met Miss Bassington and realised what a wonderful girl she was. Maitland was as good as any other place in which to lie low, and that was the reason I took the trip.

"When your brother was murdered, I saw at once that suspicion would fall on me, so I decided to get out of the city."

He told the Inspector of his meeting with Ayesha and the events which followed.

"I'm going to say no more," he concluded, "except that after meeting that girl I came to a resolve, and that was, even if I had to stand trial for the murder I'd keep my mouth shut before I'd speak a word which might injure her."

**B**ASSINGTON had listened to this confession in a dream, but it was a dream that quickly passed.

"Why tell me all this?" he said. "You know I'll use it all against you in evidence."

"Never mind that. Do you know what kind of a man your brother was in his off moments?"

"Out that out. . ." began the Inspector sternly.

"Just as you please, but let me tell you this: he was the man who should have been in the dock over Brierley, not me."

"I don't attempt to try and understand what you mean by that, but why not let me have the full yarn of your dealings with Mary Brierley? It might clear up some rather knotty points."

Hammersmith shook his head.

"That's all over and done with, I guess. By the way, what is this about Harry?"

Bassington told him the whole story, watching him narrowly as he did so. He was rewarded by noticing a glint in the other's eyes.

"So Harry was on vengeance bent too, was he?" he muttered.

"Look here, Hammersmith, what is behind this? Where did you meet my late brother, and what do you know about him? Did he know Mary Brierley?"

Hammersmith shook his head obstinately.

"I'm saying nothing," he declared.

Bassington rose without a word and threw open the door. Perry and Green entered. Bassington shook his head in answer to the unspoken question. A few minutes later Hammersmith was lodged in a cell, and the three detectives were in close conference. At the end of their deliberations it was resolved that Mary Brierley should be rounded up and questioned closely.

It was Green who brought her to headquarters and introduced her to her chair, which faced Perry, Bassington and himself. Perry studied the girl with interest before he began to question her. He saw a woman dressed in the height of fashion, and dressed in clothes that became her. She was extremely handsome in a blonde sort of way, and appeared entirely self-possessed.

"I have brought you here, Miss Brierley," said the Superintendent easily, "to ask you a few questions concerning a certain matter. You have facts in your possession which I am sure will assist us very much in our investigation of a certain case."

"The Bassington murder?" she questioned as she idly toyed with her dainty handbag. "If so, I'm afraid I cannot throw any light on that!"

"No, not the Bassington affair, Miss Brierley," returned the Superintendent, "but another small matter in which you yourself were interested not so very long ago. I am referring to John Hammersmith."

"Have you got him yet?" she asked eagerly.

"We have hopes of an early arrest," said Perry cautiously. "More than that I think

I might confidently say that we can place our hands on him at any moment."

"As long as that man is at large I won't have a moment's peace," she said. "I'm glad to hear your news, Superintendent. Now what is it you wanted to know? Surely I won't have to give any more evidence in court?"

"Oh, no," he assured her. "Hammersmith will face the Judge on a charge of escaping from lawful custody. Nothing will be mentioned about the previous trial."

**S**HE sighed with relief. "I'm glad of that," she said.

"Miss Brierley," said Perry evenly, "I want you to tell me all you know about Hammersmith. Where you met him, his reasons for wanting to murder you; in fact, everything you know."

"But you already know everything," she exclaimed. "Hammersmith and I were friends for a time until I kind of tired of him. I told him so, but he would not heed, insisting on calling me up, visiting my flat, and continually pestering me. At length, when I could stand it no longer, I told him to go away and not to worry me any more. He became enraged, and only for the timely arrival of Mr. Green there, he would have murdered me."

As she said this she shot a languishing glance in the direction of the Detective-Sergeant, but it failed to impress him.

"This is a different story to what he told us," drawled Perry.

"What did he tell you?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the Superintendent airily. "He did mention that you had been blackmailing him and a few other interesting items."

She hotly denied the soft impeachment. "If Hammersmith said that he lies, and he knows he lies," she exclaimed. "I have told you the reason why he tried to shoot me, and it is the truth."

"Of course, I do not doubt you, Miss Brierley," returned Perry in soothing tones. "One cannot believe all one hears from a criminal, of course." Suddenly his tones changed and he looked at the woman sternly.

"Miss Brierley, where did you meet the late Mr. Justice Bassington?" he shot out.

Mary Brierley looked at him in a startled way.

"Why, why, Superintendent, I did not know the Judge. What on earth made you ask such a question?"

"How long then has your brother known him?"

"Harry? Why, poor Harry didn't know him either," she replied.

Superintendent Perry looked at her for a few seconds in silence. She shifted uneasily under his concentrated stare, and began to toy nervously with her handkerchief.

"Miss Brierley," he said, speaking slowly and distinctly. "I did not tell you this before. Your brother was found dead in Mr. Justice Bassington's private room with a large Indian knife in his hand—found at the same time as the Judge. What have you to say to that?"

She looked at each of the three men in terror.

"What—what did you say?" she gasped. "You told me that he was picked up in a back lane in Surry Hills, and that you thought he had been set upon by some gang! You didn't say anything about the Judge when I saw him at the morgue."

"Look here, Superintendent," she went on, hurriedly, "you can't put anything over me like that. Harry did not know the Judge, and neither did I. What are you hinting at? Please, please tell me!"

"I have told you the truth. Your brother was found as I have said. Now, why did he go there that night if he did not know Justice Bassington? Miss Brierley," went on Perry grimly, "this is a very serious mat-



ter, and the police are determined to probe it to the very bottom. If you know anything about the late Judge, you should tell us for your own sake. Now, what do you know?"

"I don't know anything," she cried distractedly. "How could a woman in my position possibly know a man like Mr. Justice Bassington? Why, he lived for nothing but his old antiques, and hardly ever left his home. I . . ."

"One moment," begged Perry with a glint in his eye, "how do you know that he was interested in antiques. Have you ever seen them?"

"Seen them? Why, no."

"You seem to know a lot about him, anyhow," proceeded the Superintendent ruthlessly. "What exactly do you know?"

"Nothing, I tell you!"

"What did your brother know, then?"

"How could I know that. Why my brother did not even live with me, and he was not the sort of person to share his secrets with anyone. If he knew the Judge, then he never told me of it."

**P**ERRY thought for a moment and then asked:

"Why have you been paying him money to keep away from you, eh? I have information that you were supporting him—we know he never worked—in a joint at Redfern. Why?"

"I did not keep him, as you term it. Of course I may have sent him a little money at times, but it was not to keep away from me. Harry was a peculiar person, and would have nothing to do with my class of friends—apartists, he called them. He was friendly in a sort of way with Hammersmith, but that was because John used to give him good tips for the races."

"Now look here, Miss Brierley," said Perry smoothly, "supposing I told you that I have information that you were a very good, although secret, friend of the late Judge, and it was through him that you quarrelled with Hammersmith, what would you say to that?"

She did not say anything, but gazed at the detective speechlessly.

"Also," he went on, "what would you say if I was to tell you that you have secretly met the Judge in the past, that Hammersmith learned of it, called you to account, and ended by threatening to shoot you if you did not cease that platonic friendship?"

She found her voice at last.

"What would I say?" she exclaimed. "I'd say that you were either a damned fool or a damned liar, or a little of each!"

"Now, Miss Brierley, don't get excited, I beg of you. Just answer the questions. What would you say?"

"All lies," she cried. "Lies from beginning to end. Foolish and malicious lies to blacken my character."

Perry looked surprised.

"Why should I blacken your character, I wonder?" he asked.

"How do I know?" she said bitterly. "When the police start, no one knows where they will finish."

"Excuse me, Superintendent," said Inspector Bassington quietly, "but I'd like to ask Miss Brierley just one question."

"Go ahead," nodded Perry.

Bassington turned to the woman.

"Sorry if I hurt you," he said apologetically, "but it must be done. Where is that child of yours?"

She started to her feet, gasped, and then, without any warning, collapsed on the floor in a faint.

#### CHAPTER 8

**T**HE three men sprang to their feet and looked at the huddled form on the floor in amazement. Green left the room hurriedly and returned with a glass of water. In the meantime Perry and Bassington set about trying to bring

her round, and at length were rewarded. With a fluttering sigh Mary Brierley opened her eyes and gazed about her in startled fashion. Recognising where she was, she gave a stifled sob and covered her face with her hands.

Tenderly they helped her to her feet and led her to a chair. Bassington, with a glint in his eye, apologised for his abrupt question and assured her that he would not trouble her again. Green called up a taxi on the phone and, when it arrived, the woman was put into it and the driver given instructions to take her to her flat. The car had no sooner started than Perry, with a nod to Green, jerked his head meaningfully in its direction. The Detective-Sergeant was off like a flash. Perry and the Inspector returned to the room again.

"Shook her up, didn't it?" said the Superintendent in some satisfaction. "Depend on it, that woman knows something, but I doubt if she knows about the actual murder. What a queer mix-up it is! In a dim sort of a way I can see the motive for this crime, but—oh, I don't know, Bassington, what to think."

**B**ASSINGTON shook his head slowly.

"My own theory is such a startling one that I won't mention it, Superintendent," he said. "We are not progressing very much, but each step tends to show my late brother up in a more unfavorable light. It is only during these days that I realise what strangers we were. Horace was never in sympathy with me nor my job, while for my part I never worried him in his home very much. On the rare occasions I visited him I spent most of the time with my niece—a wonderful girl."

"She is all that. I've met her," said Perry simply.

"This is going to be damned hard on that girl, Bassington," he went on. "Which ever way it pans out, I think she is due for a nasty shock."

The Inspector nodded ruefully.

"I sense it in my very bones," he said. "When we have unraveled this thing, we are going to bring to light a side of Horace that has been unsuspected for years. That is, if this theory of mine is right. It is a wild idea. I must admit, but somehow I think it is right. At all events, I'm going to work on the presumption that it is correct, and chance the result."

"Which would be?" asked Perry with interest.

Bassington shook his head.

"I won't say yet, Superintendent. I'm going to have a quiet word with Hammersmith now. There's something I want to ask him badly."

He left the room and interviewed Hammersmith in his cell. The escaped prisoner gave him a gloomy look as he entered. Bassington did not sit down on the hard bed, but stood over the other man, looking down on him.

"Hammersmith," he said, "have you ever thought of appealing against your conviction for attempted murder?"

Hammersmith nodded slowly.

"I had thought about it and had almost decided to do it, but that meeting with your niece has squashed all that. I'm not going to take up any old sores. If I can do her a service by remaining in gaol, then I'll do it," he said.

"What service could you do her?" asked Bassington coldly. "If you take my advice you will cut out all the heroics and tell us what you know. I may as well tell you this, Hammersmith: Even if you were not booked for a ten-years' spasm, you are the last man in the world I'd like to see married to Ayesha Bassington."

"You want to know what service I could do her?" said Hammersmith, ignoring the latter end of the Inspector's statement. "Well, I can do this much; by tamely going to gaol and saying nothing I can save her

a whole lot of heart-ache. If I were to appeal against the conviction, some mighty funny things would come out, and Mr. Justice Bassington's memory, instead of having the lilywhite halo it has now, would be a thing for the razor gangs of Darlinghurst to treat with scorn."

Bassington clenched his fists hard and for a moment it looked as if Hammersmith would be sent to the floor by a smashing blow between the eyes, but the Inspector managed to control himself, although the effort was a superhuman one.

"Kindly explain that, Hammersmith," he said between his clenched teeth.

The other man regarded him with a look of quiet amusement.

"Now wouldn't you like me to explain it, my dear Inspector?" he said with a slight sneer. "Of course you would, but I am not going to. There is no need for useless repetition. It all comes back to the same thing: if I say anything . . ."

"Hammersmith, you make me tired," cut in Bassington with marked impatience. "Now, has this fact penetrated yet into that thing you laughingly refer to as a brain: you stand a great chance of facing the jury on a charge of having murdered my brother? Ever given that thought any cold consideration?"

"Lots of it."

"Oh, you have, have you? Well then, this must have occurred to you: if you stand your trial for that murder, all this mysterious stuff you have up your sleeve must be revealed then. If Miss Bassington is to be caused any heartache of this affair then that is the time she will receive it—in the Central Criminal Court when you stand in the dock. If you have anything to say, why not say it now, instead of waiting until you face a crowded court?"

Hammersmith smiled that irritating smile which Bassington had already learned to hate.

"My dear Inspector Bassington," he said smoothly, "the picture you paint is far from enticing, but you appear to forget one thing and that is, who is going to make me talk? I'll tell you nothing now, and I'll tell the court nothing later on, always supposing, of course, that I do stand in the dock for the murder." His tone suddenly changed.

"No one will make me talk," he said harshly. "If I'm charged with that crime I'll offer no defence. I'm damned if I will."

Bassington stared at him in astonishment.

"**S**OME days ago," he said slowly, "you were breathing threats of slaughter against the Judge, praying for a time to come when you could kill him. Now you want to protect him, or at least his memory. If I had it in for a man, and he was suddenly removed, I think I could get some satisfaction out of showing the world that he was a rotter."

"You're a liar, Bassington!" retorted Hammersmith. "You'd do nothing of the kind. I tell you for the fifty thousandth time that I would not be hurting the Judge, but his family, and I have already told you why I do not want to hurt at least one member of that family. Not that I would mind hurting you," he added viciously.

"You are willing to be hung, or at least sent to gaol for life, rather than cause my niece a moment's pain?" asked the Inspector in great amazement.

"Yes."

"I don't believe you, Hammersmith," said Bassington as he quitted the cell. At the door he paused and looked back. "If you won't talk someone else will, and all your punk heroics will go for nothing," he said, and was gone.

Hammersmith sat down on the hard bunk and buried his face in his hands. His thoughts were working furiously. He had



been quite sincere in his statements to Bassington, and he was inclined to think that the Inspector believed him. As for Mary Brierley, there was no chance of her talking. She thought too much of her own skin for that. The only other person who might speak was dead.

Bassington, in the meantime, was in conference again with Superintendent Perry. Perry listened to the details of his interview with Hammersmith without comment.

"No matter what I discover, I'm going to trace back Horace's history and find out what Hammersmith knows," he said determinedly.

That night he wrote a long letter to his sister, Ethel, and on the following day paid a visit to Mary Brierley's flat. Mary received him without enthusiasm, and he immediately plunged into the reason of his visit. He commenced by putting a point blank question to the girl.

"I have never met the late Judge in my life," replied Mary instantly.

"Oh, yes you have!" he replied confidently. "There was a time when you, Hammersmith, and he used to be rather good pals. Let me refresh your memory. Wasn't there a time when my brother was secretly interested in the turf, and he had some under-the-hat transactions with Hammersmith?"

"Who told you that?" she demanded vehemently.

"Never mind. Isn't it a fact also that through Hammersmith you met my brother, became interested in him, and threw Hammersmith over?"

"It's a damned lie," she hissed. "If Hammersmith told you that he's a liar."

"How could Hammersmith tell me what we haven't seen him since he escaped?" said the Inspector glibly. "Secretly he was elated. His chance shots seemed to be telling."

"I thought you had arrested him?"

"Did you?" he asked indifferently. "However, to get on with my story. My brother and Hammersmith quarrelled over you, and that was the reason the latter tried to shoot you, and later expressed a desire to get even with my brother."

She laughed musically.

"What a story!" she exclaimed scornfully. "I'm satisfied now that no one has been talking out of place." She laughed again, and lazily lit a cigarette.

"Did you really make that all up on your own, or did someone else help you?"

"It's true whether you admit it or not," he said doggedly.

"Don't you believe it, Inspector. Someone has been pulling your leg. I never knew Mr. Justice Bassington in my life."

"Oh, you didn't? Well then, why did you fly off the handle like you did a few moments back?" he demanded.

"Did I do that?" she asked lazily. "Now, look here, Mr. Bassington, you can't put anything over on me, and you know it."

**H**E looked at her grimly.

"Well, why did you faint yesterday in the police station when I asked you a simple question?" he asked.

"Because you insulted me. You asked me where my child was. I have no child."

"Out that right out, my girl. I know you have, and at the risk of being indiscrete, I suggest to you that portion of your quarrel with Hammersmith was over that child. I want to know this: where is the father of it? Answer me that without any foolishness." Bassington was becoming impatient and quite tired of fencing.

Mary Brierley winced at the question, and for a moment the Inspector expected to see her dissolve into tears, but she did nothing of the sort.

"Please leave the child out of it, Inspector," she said quietly. "Is there any need to throw an old indiscretion into my teeth?"

"An old one?" he asked scornfully. "Listen to me, Miss Brierley. I am determined to probe this matter to the very depths regardless of the feelings of anyone. I ask you again, where is the father of that child?"

"Dead," she whispered.

Bassington was taken aback.

"Don't fence with me," he said wearily. "Why can't you tell the truth for once in your life?"

"I have told you the truth!" she replied with a slight sob, "and now I'll tell you something else."

She spoke a few words in a lowered voice and Bassington glared at her thunder-struck, almost unable to credit the astounding thing the girl had said.

"You lie!" he cried, when he had partially recovered from his amazement.

"It is no lie," she returned sadly. Bassington arose and departed without a word more. He went straight to headquarters and interviewed Hammersmith in his cell.

"Hammersmith," he said quietly, "I am going to ask you just one question, and I beg of you to answer it truly. Was Horace—am I, the—the uncle of Mary Brierley's child?"

Hammersmith nodded slowly.

"You are," he said gently, and Bassington went white.

#### CHAPTER 3.

**B**ASSINGTON sat down at the hard bunk near Hammersmith, and for some moments remained in deep thought. The startling intelligence of what he had heard moved him deeply. In a flash he saw daylight ahead.

If Horace had been the father of Mary Brierley's child, and had failed in his obligations to her, that murderous excursion of her brother's to the Judge's home might be explained. He went there to exact vengeance on behalf of his sister. If he killed Horace, his motive was clear.

But who killed him?

"Hammersmith," he said at last, "will you tell me the whole story? I am asking you now as man to man, although I have no right to do so. I am sorry for the way I spoke to you yesterday, and can only say that I honor you for your resolution in respect to the good name of Ayesha Bassington. Certainly if she learned that her father was... Good Lord! What a shock it would be to that girl! And I cannot see how we can keep the news from her in the long run."

Hammersmith patted him on the back, and the detective did not resent it.

"There is a way," said the convicted gaolbird. "If a man is arrested for the murder, and goes to distance via without offering a defence, much that would otherwise come out will be kept a close secret."

"No," said Bassington decisively. "I won't let any innocent man suffer for a crime he did not commit, no matter what happens."

"How do you know I am innocent?" asked the other whimsically.

"I don't know anything about it," confessed the Inspector hopelessly. "But I cannot believe that a man with thoughts like yours would commit a cold-blooded ferocious murder like that. No, I can't believe it."

"Why not let events take their course? God knows, no one will miss me if I am hung. I'm booked for a long spin in quod as it is, and who is there to regret my passing?" asked Hammersmith bitterly.

**B**ASSINGTON got up and began to pace the narrow cell.

"I tell you, Hammersmith, that if I were you, I'd appeal against that conviction, and with the facts we now have, you'd

stand a good chance of acquittal if a new trial was ordered. Why not do it?"

The other shook his head.

"You know the reasons," he said simply.

Bassington came to a sudden decision.

"You lodge that appeal at once," he said briskly. "There's plenty of time. Of course, you will have to answer for that break from custody, but that's nothing when other things are considered. I've got a mighty hunch, and if it works out all right, you'll be a free man, and no mud will be stirred up."

"What's on your mind Inspector?"

"Never mind. I'll send a solicitor down to you at once and you set the wheels in motion. Your appeal won't be heard for some time, and if my hunch falls, you can always withdraw or abandon your appeal, you know. Will you do it and trust me?"

"By jove, I will, Inspector! I don't know what you are coming at, but by the Lord Harry, you cheer me! Trot the lawyer along," exclaimed Hammersmith with enthusiasm.

"I guess I can trust you, Bassington, because your interests and mine are identical."

When the Inspector received a reply to the letter which he had written to his sister, Ethel, he found nothing in it to aid him. His own communication to her had been rather guarded because he knew what a confirmed gossip she was. She wrote saying that she knew nothing of Horace's past history.

**I**N the same mail came an official report from Nettleton who was still in Maitland keeping watch and ward over Phegan. Accompanying the report was a statement which the detective had taken from Stumpy.

Bassington read both with interest, but they were far from illuminating or helpful. Phegan's statement was that he had fallen out of the car while drunk, so that cleared up one point. Bassington decided to instruct Nettleton to return to Sydney, but before he did so, to pass on the information to the Maitland police and get them to keep a close watch on the ex-jockey without his being aware of it.

He turned to his sister's letter and read it through again. A postscript which he had not noticed before held his attention, and he sighed.

"So Ayesha wants to return to the bright lights again, does she?" he mused. "I'll drop her a note and dissuade her." He did so at once.

The next few days passed off uneventfully. Hammersmith had had an interview with his solicitor, and matters in connection with the appeal were proceeding. Bassington received a letter from his niece in due course, and it rather worried him. The girl stated quite definitely that she had decided to return to Sydney and take up her residence in her old home.

"And you must come and live with me, Uncle Bill," she wrote. "It is time you gave up existing in boarding houses and the like. I will be your housekeeper."

The prospect rather attracted Bassington, and he was inclined to agree, but nevertheless the thought of assuming a guardianship over his vivacious niece troubled him.

Ayesha returned to the city as she had said she would, and Bassington met her at Central Station. On his return to headquarters he discovered a letter from his brother's solicitors asking him to call on them and bring Miss Ayesha Bassington. It was in connection with the late Mr. Justice Bassington's will.

Half an hour later they were ushered into the old lawyer's presence and he greeted them gravely.

"I assume that you are unaware of the contents of the late Judge's will?" he asked. They assured him that they were.



"Well, I can tell you in a few words the provisions of it," said old Mr. Brockway.

A startled look came over the Inspector's face, and he glanced quickly at the old man. A sudden thought struck him.

"Mr. Brockway," he said, "could I see you alone for a few moments? I have something I want to say to you. I'm sure you will excuse me, Ayesha?" She nodded brightly, although she felt rather perplexed.

Brockway led him into an inner office. "Tell me," said Bassington excitedly when they were alone. "Is there any mention of a child in that will?"

The solicitor nodded slowly. "It surprised me very much, too," he said gravely.

Bassington became agitated and swore under his breath. The solicitor looked at him in mild reproof.

"Great guns," groaned the Inspector, "here I have been worrying myself to death trying to keep that news from her, and now it seems as if she must know. Is there no way we can prevent it?"

"Prevent what?"

Thereupon Bassington told him as much of the story as he deemed necessary. The old man heard him through and became sympathetic.

"Take my advice, my dear Inspector, and tell the girl," he said. "She will find out some time, you may rest assured. These things cannot be hidden."

"It would break her heart," groaned Bassington helplessly. Then, "how much does the brat get?"

"He gets one thousand pounds," said Brockway impressively.

Bassington looked slightly awed.

"Say, how much was Horace worth altogether?" he demanded.

The solicitor told him. "What, nearly fifty thousand! Where on earth did he get it from?" he gasped in astonishment.

"Investments. The whole of the estate, with the exception of £1000 in cash for you, the same amount for your sister, and a few small legacies for the servants, goes to Miss Ayesha."

"Wait," said the old solicitor with a slight smile. "You do not get the bare thousand. He has left you a grandfather clock!"

"O if he has, has he?" said the bewildered Inspector.

"But to get back to the other thing," he went on after a pause. "What are we to do? I suppose the will must be read to her, and then she will know. Isn't there any way out at all?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Brockway. "There it is all set out in the will: to my illegitimate child, John Brierley, I leave the sum of one thousand pounds as some small compensation for the wrong I did his mother. . . . I cannot think what possessed your brother to set such a thing down in writing. It must have been his strict sense of honor."

Bassington laughed bitterly. "I'm beginning to doubt whether he had any honor at all," he said.

Brockway shook his head again in silent reproof.

"If I postpone the reading of the will, will that help you any?" he asked.

Eagerly, Bassington clutched at the straw, and nodded vigorously.

A few minutes later he was hurrying the dazed Ayesha from the office and into the street. He saw her into a taxi and then made post-haste for headquarters and Hammersmith.

In a few moments he was in conversation with him, and told him what had occurred. Hammersmith did not reply.

"By the way," he said, when he did speak. "That appeal is off. The lawyer

man reckons that by escaping from escort I have waived my right of appeal. Whether he is right or not, I am quite content, or, rather, I was until I heard about that will. It would appear that my contemplated sacrifice would be in vain, so there is nothing in the way of my telling you the whole story."

"Good," breathed Inspector Bassington. "Let us have it."

## CHAPTER 10.

"YOU can disregard all the stories you ever heard of me," began Hammersmith. "No one knows my real history, and I think I am telling it for the first time. I think it would be just as well if you took the whole thing down as a statement, and let me sign it. It looks as if nothing can keep the news from Miss Bassington."

The Inspector nodded and took out his notebook. He was an efficient shorthand writer.

"Before I start," said Hammersmith, "I may as well tell you that I'm going to press for that appeal."

"But to get on with the yarn. I first came to Sydney about ten years ago—from Queensland, where my father is a squatter in a pretty big way. I own a good slice of property there myself. Well, I settled in Randwick and took up racing, and did fairly well. Stumpy Phegan was apprenticed to my trainer, and when he got his jockey's license used to ride exclusively for me. He was a great jockey all right, and it was through his efforts alone that I had some very good wins. When he went crook I gave him a weekly allowance for life. I think he won it."

"It must be eight years since I first met your brother, Horace. He was interested in racing, but not openly. We met at some function at a house in North Sydney. I forget the thing now, but anyhow, Mary Brierley was there and made quite a big hit with me. It appears as if she made a big hit with the Judge, too."

"We became pretty good friends, and I used to take her around a lot. This friendship continued up till about three years ago when I gave up racing."

"NOW, in the meantime, the old Judge had also been paying his respects to her. In fact, he had been doing so for some years, unsuspected by me. My intentions towards the genial Mary were perfectly honorable, and my regard for her was very deep. It did occasion me some surprise when she moved from North Sydney into that flat. I had been keeping her pretty well supplied with cash, but not quite enough to run into a flat like that. I found out later who supplied the cash for it!"

"Harry Brierley appeared on the scene in the middle of my racing career. She introduced us. It appears that Harry had been trying to grow apples in Tasmania, but had made a hash of it as he makes a hash of everything, so he came north to sponge on his sister. I got him a good job, but he threw that in, and in the end he gravitated to Redfern, where he maintained some sort of an existence on money supplied by his sister."

"At the same time as I decided to give up racing, my father died, and I hurried to Queensland to attend to his interests. My stay was far longer than I had anticipated, and it was not until twelve months had passed that I returned to Sydney. In that interim the secret intimacy between your late brother and Mary Brierley had grown from a bud into a full-sized bloom."

"There was no beating about the bush with Mary when I returned. She told me that she didn't want me any more, but like a fool I hung on. That brings us

up to within about a week of the events which nearly made a murderer out of me."

"One night I visited the flat unexpectedly, and you may imagine my consternation when I discovered her nursing a child—a bonny little boy of two. She made a lot of explanations and excuses about it, and partially convinced me that it was the property of a relation, and I left some hours later."

"On the following night Harry turned up at my place, half drunk and carrying a murderous-looking meat-chopper which I understand is a Ghurka kukri. He accused me point blank of being the father of that brat, and only he was drunk and unsteady on his pins he might have done some damage."

"Anyhow, I succeeded in disarming him and I locked him in a back room to sober up. Next morning I got the whole story out of him and had no trouble in convincing him (with the help of three ten-pound notes) that I was not the responsible party."

"From things he told me I had my suspicions of the late Judge, but did not say or do anything at the moment. I bore the implied stigma patiently until a few days before the climax, when Mary told me calmly that she intended to name me as the father of the child. If I wanted to save unpleasantness, I could do so by springing up a nice round sum—twenty thousand was her figure! I admit I threatened to kill her, and I suppose she told the police, for, when I did turn up on vengeance bent, there was Green ready with the dardies."

"Mary must have told Harry the truth later on, and that was the reason of his visit to the Judge on the night of the murder. Who went with him, well, God in heaven knows!"

"That," concluded Hammersmith, "is the story in brief."

Bassington closed his notebook slowly. It was easy to see that the story had affected him deeply. He did not say anything concerning it, but told Hammersmith that he would have it typed out ready for signing within half an hour. Hammersmith nodded, and Bassington quitted the cell.

ABOUT twenty minutes later he was in conference with the Commissioner, Perry and Green.

This was the first meeting of the parties since the Commissioner had placed the full facts of the case and its gravity before them, and he ordered the three men to tell their stories in sequence, omitting nothing. This was done.

The Commissioner pursed his lips in silence as each man made his report, and then he marshalled the facts as they appeared to him.

"Bolled down," he said, "it would appear that Harry Brierley deliberately visited the Judge's home for the purpose of killing him for the wrong he had done his (Brierley's) sister. Before he had a chance of doing this, or immediately after he had done it, he himself was killed by some person at present unknown. Hammersmith may or may not have been this person. Personally I am inclined to think that he was not, but we must not lose sight of the fact that he was intensely interested in the matter of bumping the Judge off this planet."

"Assuming that Hammersmith is entirely innocent of that, it appears to me that he has been the victim of a chain of unfortunate circumstances, and I am certain that if the entire facts of the case were placed before the Minister for Justice, he would order a new trial on the attempted murder charge. Bassington should never have tried that case, but who knew the mighty issues behind it?"

Inspector Bassington nodded in agreement.

"For the sake of justice alone, sir," he said, "I would like to see Hammersmith re-



coerce a new trial. I have told you quite frankly about his relations with my brother and Mary Brierley and his reasons for giving himself up, but the master of the will, which cannot be squashed, alters all that."

"What a first-class scandal it will make if all the facts are made public property," said the Commissioner. "Of course, there are people who will say that, through vindictiveness, the police have moved in the matter. It is common knowledge how the late Judge regarded us."

"But, in regard to Hammersmith. A new trial might mean his liberty to him. If this thing is revealed, the psychological effect on a jury would mean an acquittal, and that would be bad. A man cannot run around with a gun trying to murder people no matter what the provocation may be. He had his remedy at law."

"No man," broke in Bassington, "would like to admit to the world that he had been blackmailed by a woman who had accused him of being the father of her child."

"However," resumed the Commissioner, "common justice demands that Hammersmith should have a new trial. The mere fact that the presiding Judge was prejudiced against him over a woman warrants that. I intend to move in the matter, and that's flat."

"Yes," put in Superintendent Perry, "the police are often accused of kicking a man when he's down, and if I were you, Chief, I'd let the public know that the police moved in the matter owing to new facts brought to light."

"I do all that," retorted the Commissioner, with decision, and the conference broke up.

The Commissioner was as good as his word, and within a week Hammersmith was quietly released. He was immediately re-arrested on a charge of having escaped from lawful custody and was remanded until after the appeal had been heard. This was set far enough ahead to permit of the police thoroughly investigating the murder.

"You see," said Superintendent Perry to Bassington later, "we want these things to come off in their order: the arrest of your brother's murderer, his trial and Hammersmith's appeal with his new trial to follow."

"By the looks of things," said the Inspector dolefully, "the first shall be last."

"Bear up, my dear old chap," replied the Superintendent, giving him a hearty slap on the back.

TO Inspector Bassington one day came John Hammersmith, now a free man, temporarily, at all events. Hidden strings had been pulled, and, although he should have been in gaol pending the appeal, he wasn't. The Commissioner was no fool. He knew exactly what he was doing and he had his theory. The public were kept in entire ignorance of the affair, which was just as well.

"Bassington," said Hammersmith in some confusion, "I want your permission to call on your niece."

The Inspector smiled. "Why ask me that?" he said.

"Yes, but I want you to come with me to see her," said Hammersmith, coloring.

"Why?"

"Oh, er, well, . . ." stammered the other. "Come along then," said the Inspector, briskly. "Anyhow, I wanted to have another look over that house."

"Is she still living there?" asked Hammersmith in some surprise. "I thought she would have been sick of the place, and its grim associations."

"You never know women," said the Inspector, trilly.

Ayesha greeted them gravely on their arrival, and was inclined to rebuff Hammersmith. However, her uncle motioned him away, and had a quiet conversation with the girl, a conversation which lasted ten

minutes. Then he signalled Hammersmith to go to her.

He watched the pair enter the sitting-room and then he made his way to the scene of the murder. His first glance was at the huge old clock and he noted that it had stopped. He smiled slightly as he suddenly remembered that it was now his property, willed to him by his dead brother.

Going to the desk he found the key of the clock, opened the small door, and with another key which he found inside wound it up. He set the old affair by his wrist watch, set it going, relocked it, returned the key to the desk, and then, pulling a chair to within a few yards of it, he sat down and stared at it.

"Dammit, old thing, I wish you could talk," he said aloud, addressing the clock. "What a lot of trouble you could save us."

After that he gave himself up to deep thought. Over and over again in his mind he turned the facts of the case, but a solution of the mystery eluded him. Every possible avenue of information had been followed up without result. No one had seen Harry Brierley and his mysterious companion enter the house, nor had anyone seen that third party leave it. Could it have been anyone in the house? Suddenly he struck his knee with a mighty smack. How on earth had he forgotten that!

He arose and went to the door, and sent a mighty shout echoing down the passage. Presently the maid appeared, and he told her to send Jim the chauffeur to him at once. When the man arrived, Bassington sat him down on a chair and began to question him.

"Jim," he commenced, "didn't you identify the body of Harry Brierley at the morgue?"

"I did, Inspector."

"How long had you known him?"

"Well, sir, I might say for years. I was at the front with him—in the same battalion."

"Where?"

"We were both at the landing and afterwards in France."

"On Gallipoli, eh? Tell me this, weren't there a lot of Indian troops on the peninsula, Indian mountain batteries, and what not?"

"There were, Mr. Bassington."

"Ah! So that explains where Brierley got his kukri from!"

Jim nodded.

"Yes, sir, and a devil of a job he had getting it away, too. He pinched it off a dead Gurkha or one of them Indians, whatever they are called."

"It doesn't matter much how he got it away, but the use to which he put it. Now, tell me, did Harry Brierley ever visit you here?"

Jim looked confused, but answered straight-forwardly.

"Yes, sir, he did visit me once or twice."

"So, by those means he knew the lie of the land. Well, that is one question solved and easier than I thought it would be. You can go, Jim." Jim was glad enough to get away.

"FUNNY that he wasn't questioned at that point before," mused the Inspector, and then another thought struck him and he cursed himself for his forgetfulness. Once again Jim was summoned to his presence.

"Answer me this question straight, Jim. Did you see Brierley on the night of the murder?"

The man hesitated and then replied in the negative. Bassington noted his reluctance to answer and put the question again. Once again the motor-driver denied it, this time raising his voice a little.

"Now, look at me straight, my man," said

Bassington grimly. "You did see Brierley that night, didn't you?"

"Well, sir, he was here for a few minutes."

"Yes, and you let him into the house, too, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't, sir. I swear it. I know nothing about the murder, sir. Brierley came to see me about a matter early in the night and went away about eight o'clock."

"Which way did he come, eh? The only visitor that night, as far as we know, was the clock-mender. If Brierley visited this house he must have flown here as a sparrow or something."

"No, sir, he came in the gate just ordinarily."

"Now, don't tell lies, my man. I'll have you know that this house was under observation from dusk until midnight and no Brierley came in the gate as you say. How did he get here?"

Jim looked sulky.

"He climbed the back fence, if you want to know," he said defiantly. "The Judge didn't like me having visitors, and the maid used to spy on me, so Harry used to drop in over the fence and see me in the garage."

Bassington was about to correct him again when he called to mind the fact that he and Green, although hiding in the bushes and keeping a strict watch, had not begun patrolling until quite late, and that it would be possible for a man to enter the grounds on the other side of the house.

"Green was right when he wanted to keep on the move. I ought to be kicked from here to Woolloomooloo," he said, under his breath.

"Are you sure he went away as early as you say?" he asked.

"Of course he did!" snorted Jim.

"I don't like your tone, my man," said Bassington, in reproach. "I'm going to put it to you very strongly that he didn't go away, but lingered about in your company, unobserved, and you let him into the house."

"You ain't got no right to talk to me like that," began the man in a shrill voice, but the Inspector interrupted him.

"I've got my suspicions of you, James, and now I'm going to do the thing in style. I'm going to ask you some questions which you are not obliged to answer, but I must warn you that anything you do or say may be taken down and used later in evidence."

"What's that? You ain't gonna arrest me for anything are you?" said the man, in terror.

"That all depends on whether you can answer my questions to my satisfaction," retorted Bassington grimly. "Now, what have you got to say?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said the man, who, by this time, was shaking like a leaf.

"Brierley came to me and said that he wanted to see the Judge alone. I didn't know he had that knife with him, or I would never have consented to it. Well, we stopped in my room until quite late and then he said he wouldn't see the Judge after all but would go home. He told me that he could find his way out all right, so I let him go."

"You let him go out of your room on his own without seeing where he went to?" asked Bassington incredulously. "Where is your room?"

"Round near the kitchen. He only had to go out the door and he was in the grounds. I thought he would go away at once."

"Instead of which," said the Inspector dryly, "he hung around and waited until you left the room and then came back again into your room and so into the house. Could he have done that?"

"I suppose he could have if he wanted to," said the man sulkily. "There is another door leads out o' my room into the kitchen, and if anyone was in the kitchen he could walk into the hall and all over the place if he wanted to."

Bassington rose from the chair.

"I think you had better come to head-



quarters with me and tell that story to the Commissioner," he said.

"See here, you ain't gonna make me the goat in this business," protested Jim. "I don't know nothing about the murder. How was I to know that Brierley would hang around and come into the house again?"

"Come on, James, we'll get along to the station, and from now on you'd better behave yourself," said the Inspector as he ushered the frightened chauffeur to the door. In the street he hailed a taxi and they were half-way to the police station before he remembered that he had left Hammersmith behind. He smiled to himself. Hammersmith wouldn't mind, he was sure!

AS the result of a short conference it was decided to hold the chauffeur, the Commissioner being convinced that the man knew more about the matter than appeared on the surface. Bassington was not so sure.

After some discussion Detective-Sergeant Green was sent to the Bassington mansion with certain instructions, and the others awaited his return before they questioned the chauffeur, Jim Broadway, further.

"I've seen the maid," he reported on his return about an hour later, "and she says quite definitely that Broadway and the Judge were on good terms, that is, Broadway appeared to have always respected his boss, while the late Judge was never known to slate the chauffeur in any way."

"We cannot afford to run any risks over this mysterious third man," said the Commissioner. "On the face of it, Broadway has had no reason to hate his late employer, but we do not know what went on behind the scenes. He was rather chummy with Brierley, and his story concerning Brierley's visit is really too thin for words."

"Well," put in Superintendent Perry, "according to the doctor, the one blow may have killed both men, but it would take a Samson to wield the weapon that did it. Broadway doesn't look the type of man capable of that strength."

"It hasn't been definitely established that the one blow did the trick," said Bassington obstinately. "Brierley may have killed the old chap with one chop, and before he had a chance to do anything else, he got a chop on his own account. But here is one thing that appears strange to me: that kukri's position on the floor. That third man, whoever he was, must have had the whole thing worked out beforehand. The crime took place inside a minute, yet there was no sign of another party, and the weapon was lying in Brierley's hand. Its blade was in a pool of blood, so we really cannot say if it did do the job."

"I don't think we are quite justified in holding Broadway," he went on, "and what I propose is this: I am going to take up my residence in the house from to-night, and if Broadway is released, I'll undertake to keep an eye on him. If he is free from observation, he might give the game away."

After a great deal of argument, the Inspector had his way and the man was released.

It was quite late when Bassington reached his new home. Ayesha greeted him joyously.

"I know we are going to get along famously together, Uncle Bill," she said as she slipped her arm through his and led him to the sitting-room.

"Your friend gone?" he said maliciously. The girl blushed.

"Mr. Hammersmith and I had quite a long talk together this afternoon," she said, the color still in her cheeks, "and I know now how much we have all misjudged him. He's not a bad man really."

Bassington wondered just how much Hammersmith had told the girl, and sup-

posed that he had pitched some highly-colored tale which, while improving himself in the girl's eyes, did not give away any information relating to the Judge. He was perfectly right as events showed.

"Anything fresh, dear?" the girl asked later as they sat down to dinner alone.

"Nothing except that the inquest will take place at the end of the week."

"Will I be called, Uncle Bill? I do hope that I won't be," she said wearily.

"I'll manage that all right, little girl, never fear," he assured her. "It won't be much of an inquest as we really have nothing to go on. In all probability it will be adjourned to allow us to make further investigations."

After dinner, they adjourned to the sitting-room, where Bassington read the evening paper and the girl played quietly on the grand piano. It was, thought Bassington, the quietest and most pleasant evening he had spent, and once an involuntary sigh escaped him as he thought of what might have been.

Love had never entered the life of this catcher of men, and it was too late now, he realised, with another sigh. Why, Ayesha might have been his own daughter.

As if sensing his thoughts in some way, the girl came over to him and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Do you love me, Uncle Bill?" she whispered, running her fingers through his hair. He took her in his arms and kissed her white brow.

"I do, my dear," he said, with a smile, "and the only regret I have is that you are not my own daughter."

"Well, it is not too late, Uncle. From now on I will be your daughter," she said, with a sly laugh.

"Done!" he said, instantly, and they shook hands in all solemnity.

## CHAPTER II.

IT was half-past eleven when Inspector Bassington retired. Ayesha had sought her room hours before, but the Detective-Inspector had remained in the quiet of the sitting-room tirelessly piecing together the facts of the case. He was no nearer to a solution when the clock struck the half-hour before midnight, and he rose from his comfortable chair with a yawn, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and made his way upstairs.

He was half asleep when he heard midnight strike. He counted the strokes one by one, and guessed sleepily that they emanated from the old grandfather clock in the Judge's study.

Suddenly he became wide awake and sat bolt upright in bed. The sound of a loud crash had come to his ears from somewhere downstairs. Quickly he slipped out of bed, put on his slippers, and, taking his service revolver from the table, sped in the direction of the lower quarters.

Reaching the hall he paused and listened intently. All was quiet again. Cautiously he made his way in the direction of the study, and, with a quick jerk of the wrist, opened the door. He did not enter immediately. He was too old a hand at the game for that. He waited, pressed against the wall of the hall, but heard nothing. Then, taking his courage in both hands he slipped into the study and watched on the light.

FIRST glance showed him that the windows were wide open, but what caught his eye and held it was the shattered remains of the chair on which he had been sitting, as he questioned Broadway that afternoon. He made his way to the windows and closed them after peering cautiously into the dark grounds.

Then he drew the curtains and began his examination of the chair.

At first glance it appeared as if the chair had been deliberately attacked with an axe, but, if that were so, what on earth could be the reason for such an insane joke? There was the mark of a sharp instrument of some kind on the side of the chair, while the top of it had been lifted completely off.

He went to the door and listened. Apparently the noise had not aroused the rest of the household. Quietly the Inspector made his way along the passage and into the kitchen, presently coming to a stop at Jim Broadway's door. He placed his ear against the wood and listened intently. Then nodding to himself he suddenly threw the door open.

Broadway, fully dressed, was sitting on the bed, and in his eyes there was a look of intense terror. His tongue was protruding and his jaw sagged. He gazed at the Inspector stupidly, and then, without warning, began to sob like a child. This spasm passed, and then the quiet was disturbed by a sudden outburst of blood-curdling laughter which chilled the Inspector to the bone. He gazed at the man in shocked amazement. What was wrong with the fellow?

Apparently the man had just become aware that Bassington was in the room, for he jumped to his feet and rushed into a corner where he fell on his knees.

"Don't touch me!" he shrieked. "Go away and leave me in peace! I won't do it again! Help! Help!"

Bassington went across the room quickly, grabbed him by the shoulder, and shook him roughly.

"What's wrong with you, man?" he said harshly.

"The iron man, the iron man! Don't let him touch me!" howled the chauffeur, clinging to the Inspector in a paroxysm of mortal terror.

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Bassington, shaken in spite of himself.

Broadway broke down and began to whimper like a frightened child. He covered his face with his hands, as if to shut out some awe-inspiring sight, and then he laughed that demoniacal laugh again.

"The fellow's off his onion," said Bassington to himself. "I'd better get a doctor along to look at him." He made as if to leave the room, but Broadway clung to him. The face of the man had changed amazingly from that of a quiet, if sulky, servant to something resembling an ape-man of the jungle. It was absolutely distorted with terror. Bassington could not make him out at all. He tried to shake the man off, but, without warning, Broadway launched himself through the air, and, in a moment the two men were fighting hard.

Something had driven the chauffeur quite mad, and his strength, like that of all madmen, was almost superhuman. By great good luck, Bassington managed to get his gun arm free, and brought the butt of the revolver down on the man's head, with crushing force, Broadway collapsed in a heap on the floor, frothing at the mouth.

The Inspector's keen eyes darted around the room, but he could not see what he sought. He eventually found it in a corner of the kitchen—a coil of rope, and in a few moments Broadway was trussed up like a chicken. Bassington then made his way to the study and called up the ambulance. This done, he returned to the chauffeur's room, sat down on the bed, and contemplated his prisoner.

Broadway's return to consciousness coincided with the arrival of the ambulance. He lay on the floor and made great efforts to burst his bonds. His eyes were wild, and in them Bassington plainly saw the



light of madness. He wondered what the fellow had seen to put him in such a state.

The ambulance men wanted to release him to take him away, but Bassington counselled them to let well alone, and they carried the chauffeur out on a stretcher, yelling, stinging, swearing, and sobbing alternately. Once he shouted out something about an iron man, but Bassington had given up hope of trying to understand what the fellow meant.

NATURALLY, the uproar of the past ten minutes had aroused Ayesha and the maid, and to them Bassington told a convincing tale. He explained that Jim had been out on a bender and had arrived home drunk. He had become violent and the Inspector had been forced to knock him out.

"I've sent him off to the cooler for the night," he said, airily. "If I can't arrest murderers, I can fix drunks up."

Ayesha and the maid accepted the explanation, but their sympathies were with the hapless Broadway. Ayesha thought that her uncle had been unnecessarily strict, but did not comment on it. She made him good-night for the second time within a few hours, and sought the seclusion of her room. The Inspector did likewise.

He was in his office bright and early next morning, and the first news that greeted him was a report from the hospital authorities that, in their opinion, Broadway was quite insane. He would be kept under observation for a time, but it was a foregone conclusion that it would be a padded cell for him eventually. He had been quite violent, and had to be forcibly subdued.

"It's quite plain to me what has happened," said Superintendent Perry when Bassington told him the facts. "He was the third man in the murder, and the thing has been preying on his mind. Last night he went mad, conjured up a vision of the Judge still living, took his axe or whatever he used, entered the study by the window, and attacked the chair under the impression it was your late brother."

Bassington looked thoughtful.

"Jove," he said, "I believe you are right. I never thought of an axe. I'll send Green out at once to look around for one."

He summoned the Detective-Sergeant to his office and gave him his instructions.

"I'm blessed if I understand, though, what he meant by the iron man," said the Inspector, when Green had departed. "He was believing out something about not letting an iron man get at him. What could he have meant?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson!" said Perry with a chuckle. "He meant the Judge. If ever there was a man of iron, it was the late Mr. Justice Bassington."

Bassington shook his head as if only half-convinced.

When Green returned he carried a heavy parcel wrapped up in newspapers, and, on opening it, produced an axe. Perry and the Inspector looked at it doubtfully. It was a well-worn thing, and looked incapable of splitting a piece of deal board. Certainly it did not look capable of chopping a man's head clean off his shoulders.

"It's the only axe on the premises," announced the Detective-Sergeant.

"Well," said Perry, with conviction, "I'm certain that thing isn't the one we're after."

Bassington nodded his agreement.

"I made a thorough search, and that's all I could find," insisted Green.

"Well," said Perry, "better take a man and go back and search every spot you can think of. You'll find another and sharper axe, or I'll eat Bassington's rusty bowler."

"Like Hell will you!" retorted Bassington.

ton and the three men chuckled. Green departed almost immediately after rounding up another plainclothesman.

PERRY began to pace the floor when the two men were left alone.

"We've got half a case," he said, "but it is entirely based on suspicion and circumstantial evidence. No jury would convict Broadway on the evidence we have."

"Broadway won't go to any jury. He's insane," said Bassington. "If we could fix him with the crime it would clear the matter up, but we will not do that until we have direct and iron-bound proof that he is guilty."

"It would be a Hell of a thing to fit a crime on a man just because he is incapable of pleading to the charge, and because we have forged a chain of circumstances around him."

"Of course, we couldn't do that," said Perry deprecatingly. "However, the Coroner might have a few ideas on the matter. The inquest comes off the day after to-morrow, you know."

Reports came through during the day from Green, but they were reports telling of failure to find any axes. From what Bassington understood from the telephone messages, Green and his henchmen were literally pulling the place to pieces. He wished them joy.

When he arrived at the house that night Green was still there. Bassington smiled to himself as he saw the woe-begone expression on his colleague's face.

"Look here, Inspector," said Green, "there isn't any axe here. We've dug up practically the whole of the garden without success; we've combed every room, the hedges, gardens, bushes and all, and axes are as plentiful as frog feathers."

"Go home, my man, and sleep on it," advised Bassington, and Green and Detective Jackson were off like homing pigeons.

"I am having a visitor to-night, Uncle Bill," announced Ayesha just before dinner.

"Hammermith, I suppose?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

Ayesha nodded.

"Is my young daughter falling in love with that awful man?" he chaffed. "Terrible world this. Last night I gained a beautiful daughter, and now, dash my buttons, within a few hours I'm going to lose her again."

The girl blushed rosily.

"What nonsense you do talk!" she said. "Why, we are only friends. He saved my life once, you know, Uncle Bill."

"Where do you get this 'Uncle' stuff from?" he demanded.

"Sorry, Daddy," she smiled, and he kissed her lightly.

Hammermith arrived in time to dine with them. He was well-dressed and was quite at ease. Life, it would appear, was looking up for him. Well, thought the Inspector, he had plenty of money, and even though the stigma of the criminal was hanging over him, it might not be for long.

By tacit consent, no mention was made of the murder during the meal, but when it was over and the girl had left the men to their cigars, Hammermith soon steered the conversation around to it. Bassington told him about Broadway.

"The plot thickens all right," said Hammermith thoughtfully. "It really looks as if you have the right man at last. It is a pity you cannot find that axe, although an axe may not have been the tool used on the chair."

"What was used on the chair was used on my brother, and by the same man," said Bassington. "Of course, whether that man was Broadway or not, we have yet to

discover. Frankly, I don't think we ever shall."

Hammermith laughed. "It's not like you to be so pessimistic, Bassington," he chaffed.

"Haven't I got enough to be pessimistic over?" retorted the Inspector. "I notice that they have begun to ask questions in Parliament about this murder. They seem to think we are super-sleuths of the Sherlock Holmes variety. If we were, it would be to sit in the old dressing gown, play 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' on a concertina, no, a fiddle, and lo and behold! the murderer would write a note and let me into his dread secret."

He spoke bitterly. In all his experience he had never come up against such a problem. There were plenty of unsolved murders in Sydney and he had no doubt that there would be plenty more, but the thought that a crime had been committed under his nose practically, and he was powerless to solve the subsequent riddle, was playing havoc with his nerves.

WITH an irritated gesture he threw the stub of his cigar into the fireplace.

"Let us join Miss Bassington," he said. "She can play some tunes to soothe the savage beast, and then I'll leave you."

"No need to do that, Inspector," murmured Hammermith.

Bassington wagged a finger at him.

"If you go stealing my new daughter away from me, there'll be ructions," he warned with a smile.

Hammermith sighed wistfully.

"Never fear, Bassington. I'm going to play square with that girl. Until my name ceases to stink in this city, she'll have no cause for heart-aches," he said earnestly.

Bassington held out his hand and Hammermith took it in a firm grip.

"Good man," said Bassington quietly as they left the room.

## CHAPTER 12

THE Coroner's Court was packed to the doors when the double inquest into the deaths of Mr. Justice Bassington and Harry Brierley was opened. Proceedings on behalf of the police were conducted by the Crown Law Office, represented by one of the smartest men of the day, Joseph Huntington. Hammermith's solicitor, Frederick Mastermann, was watching his interests, while Bassington's own solicitor, old Mr. Brockway, also had a seat at the bar table.

Medical evidence was taken first, and tended to show that the Judge had been killed by the Indian weapon which had been discovered in the room. Bassington and Green followed the doctor, but the fact that they had been hiding in the grounds at the time of the murder was not disclosed. Both were closely questioned by counsel and the Coroner as to the positions of the bodies when found, but the main item of interest to the public was the detailed conversation which took place later between Broadway and Bassington concerning Brierley's entry to the house.

Witness followed witness, and rather to the surprise of Bassington, the whole proceedings went off without a hitch. He had been prepared for some rather embarrassing questions by the Coroner, but they did not materialise, and at the end of the day, the Coroner delivered his verdict.

He found that Mr. Justice Bassington had been feloniously murdered by Harry Brierley, and that Brierley had been murdered by some person or persons unknown.

"I rather expected that," said Bassington.



to Perry as they quitted the Court, "and I think that it is the right verdict. However, that does not let us out. We are not much further ahead now than we were before. We have still to dig up that mysterious third man. What a relief it would be if we could prove it was mad Jim, but somehow I have a hunch that it wasn't."

"It was Jim all right, and we'll never be able to prove it," said Perry comfortably and calmly. "Anyhow, with the help of one of His Majesty's Coroners, we've discovered the murderer of the Judge and vindicated ourselves in the eyes of the public."

Bassington laughed aloud.

"Don't you run away with any such ideas, Super. The public will be clamoring for our blood just as hard," he said.

PERRY nodded gloomily. "I guess you're right," he said.

"I know I am," retorted the Inspector. "And," he continued, "we are at an absolute dead end. The only man who might be able to help us out of the wide, wide world is in a madhouse."

"Don't suppose it would be any good going and seeing him?" asked Perry doubtfully. "He might give you a line in his ravings. Why not do it?"

"I'm going to," replied Bassington with quiet determination. "As long as this thing remains unsolved, I'll never have a moment's peace with my conscience."

Perry looked at him in undisguised astonishment.

"Say, have you one of those things?" he asked.

The Inspector did not reply. He sensed that his superior was pulling his leg, and he had no time to devote to useless badinage. He parted from Perry at the station, and as it was late, went home.

The first man he saw when he arrived at headquarters next morning was Nettleton. He had not had much opportunity during the past few days of talking to this officer. Nettleton did not have much to tell him except that Stumpy Phegan was back in Sydney and living at his old joint.

"Keep an eye on him," said Bassington, and dismissed the man. All his interest in Stumpy had waned. The ex-jockey was no longer a factor in the tangle, but it was just as well to keep him under observation.

"I've got a new scheme," said Superintendent Perry, entering the room, "or rather, a theory. Supposing the third man is an old crook who had a set on the Judge because of a severe sentence? It ought to be comparatively easy to trace back through the records."

"My dear man," said Bassington sarcastically, "my late brother was on the Bench nearly ten years, and socked crooks on the average of a hundred a year. That would make a thousand suspects. No, not quite a thousand, as a few of them were hanged." The Superintendent was slightly taken aback.

"Well, what about before he became Judge, then?" he demanded, a little loathe to give up his theory.

"Before he was made a Judge," said the Inspector patiently, "he was Mr. Bassington, K.C., and one of the ablest Crown Prosecutors we have ever had. Crooks do not have it in for Crown Prosecutors."

"They might," he said.

"No, that scheme won't wash. Mind you," went on the Inspector thoughtfully, "there might be something in what you say about an old criminal doing it, but what a job it would be searching through records for ten years! Don't, for the love of Mike, ask me to do the job!"

"What about Green?"

Bassington chuckled in spite of himself.

"Green is only interested in axes at the present time. If you were to suggest an-

other search to him, he'll be tempted to dot you with an axe," he said.

He received a shock three days later when Perry came to him with several sheets of paper closely typed and pinned together. The Superintendent waved it at him triumphantly.

"Not such a job after all," he said with a grin. "Here you are, sentences by the hundred."

Bassington gaped at the list of names before him, and the Superintendent left him to his task. The Inspector had a colossal knowledge of crime and criminals, and after a while became actually interested in the list. He repeated the names over as he ran his eye carefully down the pages.

"H'm. William FitzCarson, three years for house-breaking . . . John Gorman, ten years for rape . . . Peter Whitehouse, sentenced to death for the murder of his wife and two children. . . . A nice lot I must say," he murmured.

HERE and there he made a tick against a name, and at the end of three hours he had tabulated his information. He went to see Perry.

"Half of these coves are still in quod, some are dead, others haven't been seen for years, while others still are in this very village. I've ticked off the most likely ones," he said.

Perry took the list and read it closely. It had been reduced to twenty names, most of which he knew.

"I see you have a tick against Stumpy Phegan," he said.

Bassington nodded.

"I don't think he is mixed up in it, however," he answered.

"I'll have a couple of men look these chaps up and see what they are doing these days," said Perry, after a moment's pause. "Some of them might be in gaol for minor offences."

This assumption subsequently proved to be correct when Green was consulted. He knocked five names off the list, the names of crooks whom he knew were in gaol at the time the double murder was committed. Three others he marked as doubtful.

"I haven't set eyes on those three for ages," he said. "Anyhow, it leaves twelve persons to be investigated, and all of them are still in the crooked game."

Bassington was studying the list again. "Say, wasn't this chap here the one who threatened to get the Judge as soon as he came out of quod?" he asked, pointing to a name among the ones Green had marked as doubtful.

"Who—Iszy Samuels?" he asked, bending over the paper. "Yes, if I remember rightly, Iszy got four years for arson, and he did kick up a row when he got the sentence. However, as far as I know, Iszy isn't in town at present. He came out of Long Bay about eighteen months ago, but he didn't go back to his second-hand joint in Brisbane Street."

"Who is running it now?"

"A Scot called Ike Ableson. Deals in antique muck," said Green.

Bassington looked mildly interested.

"Guess I'll have to look him up," he said. "Poor old Horace has willed me a whacking big grandfather clock, yes, the same one in front of which he was murdered, and as I've got no use for it I might be able to palm it off on this Irishman."

"You ought to be glad to get rid of it at any price," said Perry, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Horace paid £250 for it, but I'll take £200," replied the Inspector.

Perry yawned. He wasn't absolutely interested in the clock. If it had been his own, he might have been!

He turned to Green.

"When you get your sleuths on the trail, you might get one of them to look in on the

gentle Ike. He may know where Iszy Samuels is."

Green nodded and left the room.

That afternoon Bassington received a phone call from Ayesha. It was to the effect that a man had called at the house and offered to buy the old clock for £50. She had told him to come back when the Inspector was at home, or go and see him at the police headquarters.

"He said he'd call in and see you," said the girl.

Bassington had hardly hung up the receiver when the man called. He was a little Jew in a grubby and rusty coat. He plunged into the reason of his visit immediately.

THE Inspector heard him out and then shook his head.

"No, sir!" he said. "Fifty quid isn't enough. Make it £300 and I'll talk to you."

The caller raised his hands in horror.

"Three hundred pounds?" he stammered. "Come, my dear inspector, it is not worth that."

"That clock," replied Bassington, "is over a century old, and was made by a famous old Italian clock maker. It is the only one of its kind in this Commonwealth. It cost my brother £400."

"Your brother, he was a fool to pay such a price," snapped the Jew. "I could have sold him one for half of that."

"Yet you want to get this one out of me for £50?" shot out Bassington. "Depart, my dear friend, and let me see you no more."

As the Jew turned to leave, Green entered the room, and he stopped short at the sight of the caller.

"Hullo, Ike!" he exclaimed. "I was looking for you."

Ike Ableson favored him with a toothless grin.

"Oh, yes! You want to see my second-hand dealer's licence, is it not?" he asked. Green was indignant.

"I'll have you know that I'm no licence inspector!" he said haughtily.

"So this is Ike, is it?" asked Bassington, with interest. "I was going to call on him concerning the clock, and he calls on me and offers me a measly fifty quid for it. Listen, Ike, I'll make a compromise. We'll say £250 and call it a deal."

The Jew shook his head like a parrot.

"No deal at all," he said.

"By the way, Ike," said the Inspector as the man was on the point of going, "where is your little playmate, Iszy Samuels, these days?"

"How do I know, Inspector?" demanded Ike in well assumed astonishment.

Bassington sighed.

"We're not after him for anything," he said, "so you needn't get secretive. I thought I might make a better deal with him over the clock."

"Ah!" said Ike, and there was relief in his tones. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bassington, but Iszy is in Melbourne. He's got a shop in Little Collins Street."

Bassington nodded and allowed him to depart. Before he went the Jew raised the price of the clock to one hundred pounds, but the Inspector was adamant.

"I'll send it down to Iszy in Melbourne," he called after the departing antique dealer, and grinned at the black look the man shot him.

The interrogating squad had finished the round-up by late afternoon, and reported that they had traced every individual with the exception of Iszy Samuels. In addition they had pumped the fellows concerning their possible relations with Harry Etherley. Only one man had known Harry, but the two had not been intimate.

"Well, that's that," said Perry when he heard the result of the round-up. "All we have to do now is to have Iszy looked up and that finishes my pet theory. I guess it would be useless having Iszy tabbed, as



he has apparently been in Melbourne for some time. However, it would have been possible for him to come to Sydney, kill the Judge, and then hop back again."

"Have you ever seen Izzy?" asked Bassington gently.

"No, I haven't."

"WELL, Izzy is a little shrivelled-up customer, who couldn't lift a pound of butter, let alone swing the weapon which did the killing," said the Inspector dryly.

"He could have hired Brierley to do the actual job while he went along and saw that it was done properly," said the Superintendent obstinately.

"Sounds like America or Italy, where you can hire any amount of thugs to do your dirty work," sighed Bassington. "Is Sydney coming to that?"

"It's come to it," said Perry, with decision. "You can pick up a cheap razor expert anywhere."

"The point is did Izzy know Brierley? If he did, was he in Sydney on the night of the murder?" pointed out Bassington. "We can settle the second point easily enough by getting in touch with the Melbourne mob."

It was decided to do this first thing on the following morning. A wire was sent and a reply received the same afternoon. It was illuminating. On the night of the murder Izzy was in the lock-up taking out 48 hours. That morning he had been fined ten shillings in default of the 48 hours for being drunk, and had elected to take it out. "That's a Jew all over," was Perry's only comment.

#### CHAPTER 13

BASSINGTON sat alone in his study that night and pondered deeply on the one subject occupying the minds of most of the high police officers of Sydney, and that was the identity of the third man.

Theory after theory had been advanced and discarded, and the police were at their wit's end. The only man who might be able to lift the veil was safe from investigation in an asylum, and it was unlikely that he would ever recover his reason again. The list of suspects had been thoroughly probed, but each and every one of them had had a cast-iron alibi.

That third man! Was there a third man? If there was not, that gave rise to another question: Could Brierley have killed the Judge and then turned the weapon on himself? No, thought Bassington, that was impossible. Half of Brierley's head had been sliced off, and it was asking too much to suppose that a man had deliberately chosen such a way in which to die.

Now, if both men had been killed by the one stroke, who was it that had struck the blow? He would have had to be a positive Hercules to have done it. If Brierley had cut the Judge's head off with one stroke and then had the weapon wrenched out of his hand by a third person, what then? This third fellow had taken the kukri and had aimed a blow at Brierley which the latter had only succeeded in half dodging. Perhaps the assassin had attempted to split Brierley's head down, but Brierley had jumped aside and the stroke had only bitten into the side of his head.

That might be it. Certainly Brierley had been a strong man, but the man who had attacked him would have had to be a stronger. That was logic. Not one person on the list of suspects was a very strong man.

The Inspector roused himself as the old grandfather clock struck ten, and stared at it absently. Then he resumed his reverie. Funny, he thought, that poor Horace had only bought the clock on the day he was murdered. Bassington wondered from whom

he had bought it. He would have to make inquiries with a view to getting the firm to buy it back.

Now about this third man again. . . . Supposing after all that it was Broadway, the mad chauffeur. . . .

### BANG!

There came the sound of a loud explosion and a tinkling of broken glass and a bullet whined over his head and buried itself in the wall behind.

Quick as thought the detective flung himself from the chair full length on the floor. As he did so his hand leapt to his hip pocket and then, with his service revolver clamped tightly in his hand, he suddenly sprang to his feet and took a flying leap through the broken window!

There was the sound of a loud crash and the rest of the glass gave way under the impact, but, except for a few abrasions and cuts, he landed intact on the flower-bed outside.

### BANG!

A flash of light stabbed the darkness, and a second bullet buried itself in the ground at his side. His keen eyes noted that the hidden marksmen, according to the flash, was hiding behind a thick bush a little to the left front. He raised himself on his elbow and sent a shot crashing into the bush. There was a sharp yelp of pain and in an instant the Inspector had launched himself through the air and into the middle of the bush, heedless of the sharp thorns which pierced the exposed portions of his body.

He landed on top of a dark form, which immediately grabbed at him with one hand. The other apparently was out of action, a tribute to the Inspector's good shooting.

Bassington, realising that it was no time for half-measures, drove his clenched fist into the first part of the intruder's anatomy which presented itself. The man gave a yelp and closed with him, but was greatly hampered by his wounded hand. They wrestled for a few minutes, and then the Inspector managed to get an arm free and he drove his fist as hard as he could right into the other man's jaw. With a groan his assailant collapsed, and the detective climbed to his feet panting.

Sleeping down, he grabbed the fellow's collar and half-dragged, half-carried him to the window. Grunting with the exertion, he heaved him over the sill and let him drop on to the floor in the study, where he lay inert while the detective clambered through.

He rolled the man over to get a view of his face, and then whistled with surprise. It was Stumpy Phagan!

"Ah, so Stumpy has turned gunman," muttered Bassington as he went to the telephone. He called up the station and ordered the patrol wagon. Then he turned to Stumpy, who was still out to it. He seated himself on a chair to await the arrival of either the wagon or of Stumpy's return to consciousness. The wagon, with two uniformed policemen, arrived first.

When the ex-jockey came to his senses again he was confronted with the spectacle of three police officers, all regarding him intently. He groaned and closed his eyes again.

Steeping down, one of the policemen shook him roughly.

"Come on you, no use playing doggo," he said.

Phagan replied with another heart-rending groan, but opened his eyes and sat up.

"What's the idea, Phagan, trying to murder me in my own sitting-room?" demanded Bassington fiercely. He was not feeling at all kindly disposed towards the fellow.

Stumpy remained sitting on the floor still groaning and nursing his wounded hand. He had been shot clean through the wrist.

"Are you gonna let me die here from loss of blood?" he moaned.

Bassington whipped out his handkerchief

and bound it round the man's hand. Then he nodded to the waiting policemen.

"Take him to the station and charge him with attempted murder," he said. "Then have his wrist attended to. I'll go further into the matter to-morrow."

The two men led the still groaning Stumpy away. Bassington grunted as he looked at the pool of blood on the floor and the broken window of the study.

"This blasted room must be cursed," he said irritably, and swung round to confront Ayasha, who stood in the doorway in a highly-colored kimono.

"What is the matter, Uncle?" she said, in a voice that trembled. "I thought I heard shots."

"You heard them all right," retorted Bassington savagely. "Some gink tried to murder me. Only I'm a police officer I would have murdered him, the little rat!"

The girl looked at him fearfully.

"Oh Uncle Bill, I don't like to hear you talk like that!" she cried.

Bassington's anger died down a little and he forced a smile to his lips. He put his arm around the girl and led her from the room.

"There, my dear, run away to bed. I'll tell you all about it in the morning," he said with gruff kindness.

AFTER she had gone off he remembered something and, returning to the study, leaped lightly through the window and went to the scene of the scuffle. He wanted Phagan's gun.

He searched around for over half an hour without finding it. He knew that it was not on the man when he was taken away by the "trawler." Then where was it?

He gave it up at last and returned via the window to the study and on to his bedroom in a savage mood.

Next morning he conducted a close search of the grounds without finding the gun, but he found something else.

"Very damned funny," he said grimly as he made his way to headquarters some little time later. "Now, who was the cove with Stumpy—the cove who watched the fight and after it was over, calmly made off with the pistol?"

He was told on his arrival that Phagan would be in hospital for a day or two.

"I'm going up there to see him, anyway," he said determinedly, and went.

Stumpy was sitting propped up in bed when Bassington arrived.

"Look here, Phagan," began the Inspector without any preamble, "what was the reason of that attack on me last night? Now come across with it straight. Your greasy pal is inclined to talk, but we want you to talk, too."

"What do you mean, my greasy pal?" asked the ex-jockey in wonder.

"You know who I mean. Your little friend who was with you last night. After the trawler got you he tried to put me on his own account, but he got his all right."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Phagan in "you go to hell" tones.

"You don't, eh?"

"No, I don't, and I ain't going to say anything or make a statement, either."

"You'll be saying next that you didn't pot at me," sneered Bassington.

"I didn't," said Phagan calmly. "I deny it."

"Just as you like," nodded Bassington. "I'll go now and see how your pal takes it."

"You can go to blazes if you like," said the ex-jockey hospitably.

Bassington returned to headquarters in a blaze of anger. It was bad enough having an unsolved murder hanging around his neck without all these extra complications setting in. He rang the bell furiously and, when a messenger arrived, he demanded that Green be sent to him.

"Who did you put on watching Phagan?"



he roared as the Detective-Sergeant made his appearance.

"Westmacott," said Green in surprise as he saw the state his superior was in.

"Shoot him in here, then, at once," bel-lowed Bassington.

Green withdrew hurriedly and in a few minutes Plain-clothes Constable Westmacott put in an appearance.

"Westmacott," said Bassington with deadly calm. "Where were you about ten last night?"

"At the talkies," replied the detective sweetly.

"Stiffen the blasted crows!" exploded the Inspector furiously. "What in hell were you doing there? Do you think I'm interested in your childish amusements? Why weren't you trailing Stumpy Phegan?"

"I only trailed him in the daytime," replied Westmacott with a gentle smile. "Nettleton was trailing him last night."

"Please send Mr. Nettleton in to me, will you?" asked the Inspector with a heavy sigh, and Westmacott departed chuckling.

Nettleton arrived within ten seconds. The Inspector asked him point-blank why he had not been on Phegan's heels that night.

"Superintendent Perry took me off him, Inspector. Said it was no use wasting a man on Phegan," said Nettleton.

"Of course it doesn't matter if I got murdered or not, does it?" said Bassington with heavy sarcasm.

"Perhaps the Superintendent did not anticipate his trying to murder you, sir," ventured Nettleton.

"Get out!" roared Bassington furiously, and Nettleton went like a scalded cat!

"If ever I felt like putting a bloke through the third degree, I feel like it now," said the Inspector some time later to the Superintendent. He had calmed down considerably by this, and events were assuming their proper proportion in his eyes. He realised the waste of time having a man continually watching Phegan who, up to that time, had ceased to be a factor in the game.

"Who would you like to third degree now?" asked Perry with an amused smile.

"PHEGAN, dammit!" snarled the Inspector. "He's got the confounded hide to deny he shot at me after me catching him at it, dragging him into the house, and exhibiting him to two flat-foots."

"Pulling your leg, my dear man," chuckled the Superintendent. "He knows how easy it is to get you going."

"Who's easy to get going?" yelled Bassington.

"Now then, Bass, old man, don't get off your horse!" soothed Perry, still smiling. "This affair is getting you down and worrying you like a dog worrying a rat."

"Who's a rat?"

Perry sighed.

"I'll leave you to it," he said. "If you don't want to be playmates..."

"Let's drop the kidstake and get down to taws," said Perry, interrupting himself. "This is a nice little mix-up, coming on top of the other affair. Do you think the matters are connected?"

"I don't know," said Bassington thoughtfully. "What I can't get at is the reason why Phegan tried to shoot me. I guess he has a set, more or less, on all the police, but why me, in particular? I've had no dealings with him personally, or at least no dealings the outcome of which would injure his enmity."

"Think he mistook you for someone else?"

"He may have done, but who? If he knows anything, he must have known that I was the only man in the house, or at

least the only man likely to be in the study."

"You think he had a companion with him?" asked Perry.

"I don't know whether a second fellow was with him or not, but there was another person in that garden, all right, and it is that second man we are after. Good Lord! We've been searching for a third man for weeks, and now we have to search for a second man. Isn't it enough to make a man take his father into the bush and blow his head off?"

"The third man in the murder may be the second man in this shooting affair," said Perry shrewdly.

Bassington looked dubious.

"Maybe so," he returned, non-committally. "However, I'm inclined to think that Phegan was not gunning for me on his own account, but was hired by this second cove. Used his gun, too, perhaps. I'd give a year's pay to know who that second cove is."

"By the way," he added, "I suppose Phegan was searched before he went to the hospital?"

"Yes. I'll have the contents of his pockets sent in to you. I haven't been through them myself. Half a minute." So saying, Perry went out and presently returned with a constable who carried a neat packet in his hand. Bassington opened it.

There was a miscellaneous collection of rubbish which he did not give more than a cursory glance. A soiled envelope attracted him, however, and he extracted a dirty note from it. His eyes lit up as he read the few scrawled lines.

The note ran:

"We must have that clock at all costs."

Now what on earth was that doing in Phegan's pocket, and to which clock did the note refer? The old grandfather clock?

"If this refers to that old thing," said Bassington, "the search narrows down to one man—our friend Ike Abieson. He wants the thing badly, but is he prepared to have the owner murdered to get it?"

"Dunno," replied Perry tersely, "but we'll rope him in, pronto." He gave a curt instruction to the waiting constable, who nodded and withdrew.

"Somehow," said Bassington, ruefully, "I don't think Ike is the man behind this. That would be too easy for anything. I never have any easy cases."

"Don't be such a confounded pessimist," growled Perry. "We'll have him here and third degree him."

"Ah!" said Bassington, wistfully.

"I mean it," went on Perry. "I'll take him in hand myself, and there won't be any funny business either. This thing has got to be cleaned up, once and for all, and soft glove methods are played out."

"So be it," said the Inspector.

THERE was no trouble in roping Ike in. He came along willingly and was ushered into the presence of Bassington and Perry barely ten minutes after the flat had gone forth.

"Ah, Inspector," he said genially. "You have come to a decision regarding the clock, no?"

"No is the word," grunted Bassington. "Then why..." began Ike doubtfully.

Perry took up the tale.

"Bend your attention in this direction for a moment, Abieson," he said. "Where were you last night, say, between 8 o'clock and midnight?"

"In bed," replied Ike simply.

"Sure?"

"Positively, Mr. Perry, absolutely..." began the Jew.

"...Mr. Shean," finished the Superintendent. "Now don't get funny, Ike, boy,

because I don't like it. This is no place to work off your ragtime hits."

Abieson looked bewildered.

"I don't know..." he gasped.

Perry picked up the soiled note and thrust it under his nose.

"Ever seen that before?" he demanded. Ike looked at it closely.

"Sure I have," he said. "But where did you get it from?"

"Never you mind," said Perry. "Where did you get it from?"

The Jew looked flustered, and began to shuffle his feet about.

"Speak up," said the Superintendent relentlessly.

"Well, I got it from Izzy Samuels," he mumbled. "Izzy used to own that clock, and I was trying to buy it back for him from Mr. Bassington. I told him that Mr. Bassington wouldn't sell under £300, and that was his answer to my letter."

"Did you lose it?" asked Perry, with deadly calm.

"No, it was pinched from me. My wallet was stolen and that note, he was in it," replied Ike, with a gesture.

"You didn't give it to a fellow called Stumpy Phegan?"

"Who is he?" countered the Jew.

Perry did not follow up his line of question. Instead he asked:

"Why is Izzy so bent on getting that clock back?"

Ike said that he did not know. He was merely Izzy's agent. He understood that Izzy had sold the clock to the late Judge, and now that he was dead, Izzy wanted to buy it back and sell it to someone else.

"And he is willing to go to the length of murder to get it back, is he?" shot out Perry.

The Jew looked at him blankly, and then the Superintendent changed his tactics.

"I'm going to give you the formal warning now, my man," he said, and did. The Jew looked at him aghast, and was loud in his protestations of innocence of any charge at all.

"Did you send Phegan to murder Inspector Bassington last night?" asked Perry softly.

"No," shrieked Ike.

"Did you wait in the garden afterwards and make off with Phegan's gun?" went on the Superintendent relentlessly.

"No!" bellowed Ike.

"Where is the gun now?"

Ike's voice rose in a crescendo. "No!" he howled.

"No what?" demanded Perry. "Do you think you're a parrot?"

"What would you say if I told you that Phegan had made a statement implicating you?"

"That you were a liar," roared Ike.

"And you'd be right," murmured Bassington sotto voce.

"Well," said Perry after a pause, "I'm going to have you charged with vagrancy for a start."

"You can't," yelled Ike thrusting his hand into his pocket and pulling out a wad of notes which he hurled on the table. "I've got plenty of money. You can't call me a vagrant."

BASSINGTON went to the door and called a constable. He spoke a few words and Ike was formally charged.

"Now run the rule over him," directed the Inspector.

The first thing brought to light was an automatic pistol. This was discovered in the Jew's breast pocket. Perry pounced upon it eagerly, and examined it. The magazine was loaded with six cartridges.

Bassington calmly searched through his own pockets and produced a match-box, which he opened and up-ended on the table. A battered bullet rolled out of it.



"What's this in aid of?" demanded Perry, picking it up.

"I dug that out of the wall of the study," explained Basington. "Hang on a moment. I have some more treasures here."

He felt in another pocket and produced a second match-box. In it were two spent shells.

"I couldn't find the gun, but I found these things under the bush," he further explained.

"Ah," said Perry shortly. "I don't think it needs a gun expert to see the similarity. Ike, old man, I'm afraid you're for it."

The Jew, with sweat pouring out of him, turned a terror-stricken face in the Superintendent's direction.

"I tell you I don't know anything about it," he shrieked.

CHAPTER 14.

"WHAT a fool the fellow was to carry that gun about on him," said Basington some time later. "He must have been pretty sure of himself."

"He was mad," said Perry tersely. "Do you reckon he'll make a statement?"

"Might when he's calmed down a bit," said Basington. "Now what about having Izzy Samuels roped in? I'd dearly love to question that fellow."

"I'll see the boss," returned Perry. "We might be able to have the Melbourne boys arrest him, charge him with something, and have him remanded to Sydney. We'll want good grounds for the arrest, however."

"But if Ike makes a statement implicating him, it ought to simplify matters," said Basington. "Let's have Ike in."

When the Jew was brought before them and a question put to him, he said he would make a statement. He did so.

He said that when Izzy Samuels had come out of gaol he had come to Ike's shop and stayed there for a week. The stock in the shop was Izzy's, and Ike had been looking after the place while he had been in gaol. As the result of a conference Ike had purchased the business and stock, with the exception of an old grandfather clock.

"He told me that he was keeping it as a special present for a friend of his," said Ike. "He left for Melbourne at the end of the week and I heard no more about him. About a week before the Judge was murdered he called in the shop."

"Who?" cut in Basington.

"The Judge. He was looking for antiques, and immediately he saw the clock wanted to buy it. He offered me £300 for it, but I told him it wasn't mine, that I would see the owner and try and arrange a deal."

"I WROTE to Izzy telling him about it and who the purchaser was, and he wrote back to say that the Judge could have it, and no one else, and that the price was £350."

"It surprised me that he would be willing to lose the odd £50 which had been offered, but it was none of my business, and eventually the clock was sold. It was delivered on the morning of the day the Judge was murdered."

"On the day I came to see you, Mr. Basington, I had received a note from Izzy telling me to get the clock back at all costs. That was the note you showed me a little while ago. I tried to buy the clock from you as you knew, failed, and telegraphed to Izzy. He wired back that I was to get the clock no matter what risk I ran."

"I may as well tell you," said Ike in a burst of confidence, "that I owe Izzy about £5000, and had to do as he told me."

"Anyhow," he went on, continuing his

story, "that night my shop was broken into by the man Phagan, and I caught him by bailing him up with my pistol. He begged me to let him go, and I promised to do so on condition that he did me a small favor."

"Such as shooting me up?" snorted Basington.

"The favor," said Ike, ignoring the Inspector, "was to go with me to the Basington home and spy out the land. I thought there might be a chance of stealing the clock. We went together and hid in the grounds until the house became dark and silent."

"We were behind a bush when the Inspector there entered the room into which we were looking. Phagan wanted to shoot him and then go and get the clock, but I explained to him that the clock was not a little table affair, but a massive thing which would take many men to lift. I also told him that I was not there to steal it that night, merely to spy out the land."

"Suddenly the fool raised the gun and fired through the window before I could stop him. I was astounded a few moments later to see the Inspector jump through it and more astounded when the fool Phagan fired again. I did not stop to look, but rushed away silently. You know the rest. After Phagan had been captured and taken into the room I crept silently back and found the gun. Then I went away again. That is all I know."

Basington looked at the Jew keenly.

"There is one thing you haven't explained," he said, with deadly emphasis, "and that is, how did Phagan get the gun?"

"I gave it to him."

"Don't answer this question unless you want to," went on the Inspector. "I put it to you that you fired the shot and not Phagan!"

"It's a foul lie," screamed Ike.

"Cut him out," said Basington, jerking his head towards the door.

"I know now who did the shooting," he said when the man had been removed. "It was Ableton himself. The gun never left his possession." He fired at me through the window, and after the second shot bolted. I fired haphazardly into the bush and winged Phagan, who wasn't able to get away."

Perry slapped his thigh.

"You've hit it!" he ejaculated.

This subsequently proved to be correct, for when Phagan discovered that the Jew had tried to shoot the shooting home to him, he made a statement to the police confirming all Basington's theories. The upshot of the matter was that Ike Ableton was charged with the attempted murder. After a conference with the Commissioner a warrant was issued for the arrest of Izzy Samuels on a charge of conspiring to murder, and some days later he was arrested in Melbourne and remanded to Sydney.

Basington interviewed the man at headquarters a week after the interrogation of Ableton, and he denied all knowledge of the affair. He denied sending the note to Ableton, and when it was shown to him declared that he had never seen it before.

"One point has not been cleared up," remarked Perry to the Inspector, "and that is, how that note came to be in Phagan's possession. Do you think that the Jew planted it on him?"

"Phagan said he must have done so in his statement."

"Oh, I never read the statement in detail," confessed Perry.

BASINGTON tapped the top of the table with his pen for a few minutes, then:

"I've got a brand new and very far-fetched theory about the murder of my

brother," he said, "and I'm going to test it as soon as possible. If I'm right, I'll be able to tell you the murderer within twenty-four hours."

"Well," said the Superintendent cordially, "I'm sure I wish you oceans upon oceans of luck!"

Basington paid a mysterious visit to a well-known jeweller's shop that afternoon, and later to an equally well-known authority on antiques. From this gentleman he borrowed a large book, and with it tucked under his arm returned to headquarters, where he issued orders that he was not to be disturbed for two hours.

At the end of that time he left the station and went home without saying a word to anyone.

That night he locked himself in the study, and several times Ayasha tried to arouse him, but each time she was curtly told to run away and play with herself. The Inspector was still in the room when midnight struck, and had anyone been in the passage when he emerged at about ten minutes past the hour they would have noticed by the intense look of disappointment on his face that something had gone wrong with him. Nor would they have been mistaken.

When Perry asked him during the day how his theory was progressing, the Inspector snapped out quite huffily that it was not progressing at all.

"I'm back to laws again," he confessed. "I had a great scheme shodding in my knob which would have accounted for everything, but did it work out all right? No, it did not, and here I am still in the rut."

"We are all in the same boat, you know," said Perry, with an attempt at consolation, but Basington would not be consoled.

"Well, I'm glad I'm not the only one at his wit's end, then," he said drily.

The Superintendent puffed at his cigar for a few seconds before he spoke. Then:

"What is this new theory of yours, Basington?" he inquired.

"It fixed out, so the least I say about it the better," said the Inspector tersely. "Oh, I say, is there anything fresh in connection with the Hammersmith appeal?"

Perry nodded.

"Do you know what I think?" he said mysteriously. "The powers are working to have the Governor pardon him without a new trial."

Basington looked incredulous.

Noticing his look, the Superintendent smiled.

"Haven't it occurred to you that, in order to save the name of such a distinguished Judge, and to preserve and uphold the dignity of the Bench, such an extreme step might be contemplated?" he asked.

"But the public won't stand for that!" cried Basington. "If it is announced that an attempted murderer, sent to gaol for ten years who escapes from his escort and assaults a police-officer at Maitland, is allowed to go scot free, there will be the devil to pay. The papers said some very nasty things about him being released pending his appeal—a thing unheard of."

"Questions were asked in Parliament, too," said Perry drily, "yet nothing has happened."

"Well, I for one can't believe that Hammersmith will be pardoned. Now, if the public knew the full facts it might turn round and demand a pardon. A funny crowd, the general public!"

"Yes, but the point aimed at is to keep the thing from the public," Perry pointed out.

"It can't be done," said the Inspector briefly. "The whole thing will have to come out. I'm quite resigned to it."

"MIND you," he continued, "I think this hush-up business would be the best thing for all concerned, but you mustn't forget the public. They would



rend us limb from limb if we did such a thing without explanation."

"Yet we can't explain and hush the thing up too," said the Superintendent, with a comical smile.

"I don't think there is any doubt that the Court of Criminal Appeal will uphold Hammersmith's application and order a new trial," said Bassington. "Anyhow, we will know within a few days. The grounds of appeal are based on the primary fact that the presiding Judge was prejudiced against the accused. With his knowledge, Horace should never have consented to try the case, but he always was a vindictive sort of bird."

"Women," said the Superintendent wisely, "have ruined better men than the late Mr. Justice Bassington."

Inspector Bassington found the house deserted when he arrived home that evening. A note from Ayesha informed him that she was visiting friends and would not return until midnight, possibly later. He was vaguely pleased with the news, and, after a lone dinner, retired to the study.

He settled himself at the table and immediately plunged into the large old volume which he had borrowed from the expert on antiques on the previous day. One page, in particular, engaged his attention, and he read and re-read it closely. Once, he turned in his chair and shot a malevolent look at the old clock which was ticking placidly in the corner.

The hours passed slowly and as midnight approached he arose and locked the study door. At ten minutes to the hour he heard voices in the hall and cursed. Hurriedly he arose, unlocked the door and went out, to be greeted by Hammersmith and Ayesha.

"Had a good time?" he asked with forced geniality.

"Gorgeous," confessed the girl with a radiant smile. "I know I am an awful girl running out to theatres when poor daddy has just died, but . . ."

Bassington patted her shoulder.

"Run along and see if you can't persuade the cook to dish us out some supper, dear," he said, "and don't worry." He stole a look at his watch as he spoke. It was five minutes to midnight.

When the girl had gone, he grabbed Hammersmith by the arm.

"Quick," he urged. "No questions, but come with me. Time is short."

Wonderingly, Hammersmith followed him to the study and was surprised to see him lock the door carefully.

"If what I think is going to happen does," he said grimly, "we don't want any interruptions."

"What the devil . . ." began Hammersmith in astonishment.

His tones changed quickly as the Inspector hissed an explanation.

**A**YESHA, coming downstairs a few minutes later heard midnight strike from the direction of the study. She paused idly to count the strokes, and as the last one died away, she descended to the hall.

Suddenly she heard the sound of a loud crash and, with fear clutching at her heart, she rushed to the study door and pounded it with her clenched fists. She received no reply for several seconds, and then suddenly the door was thrown open and she went in.

Her uncle and Hammersmith were staring fixedly at the old clock. Hammersmith looked pale and shaken, and there was dust on his clothes as if he had been lying on the floor. Except for a look of intense excitement in his eyes, Bassington was nearly normal. Both men were standing near the door.

"What is it?" asked the girl rapidly.

"What was that noise I heard?"

Hammersmith forced a laugh.

"Nothing, Miss Bassington. The Inspector

was showing me an old book he had and, in my eagerness to reach the table, I fell over the mat."

"That was it," nodded the Inspector.

"You have not been fighting with uncle, have you?" she asked, turning on Hammersmith, who laughed.

"Not at all," he said, while the Inspector chuckled.

A few minutes after that they were seated at supper and although the girl plied both men with questions, they were mute. It must be confessed that when Hammersmith and the girl parted that night, there was a certain coldness on Ayesha's side, but Hammersmith did not worry!

## CHAPTER 15

**B**ASSINGTON arrived at headquarters next morning with a jubilant step and immediately sought an interview with the Commissioner. That official listened to the Inspector's story in undisguised amazement and, when it was finished, held out his hand.

"I hope you are right, Bassington, and I see no reason why you shouldn't be," he said warmly.

The Inspector then sought out Perry and told him the same story.

"When is the show due to come off?" asked the Superintendent eagerly. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

"This is Saturday, so the stage will be set at midnight on Monday and, I hope, before a distinguished audience. I have half a mind to get the Commissioner to invite representatives of the Press along, too," said Bassington.

"A thundering good scheme," approved Perry. "Come along and we'll tackle him right now."

The Commissioner was doubtful at first.

"We don't want to turn this thing into a cheap publicity stunt," he demurred.

"In my opinion," said Perry, "we want publicity over this. If, when it is all over, we issue a bald statement to the papers, do you think they'll swallow it? No fear! My slogan is, 'show 'em!'"

"I'll do it!" said the Commissioner, bringing his fist down on the table with a hearty whack. "We'll give 'em scoff at the police!"

About an hour later, Bassington got in touch with Hammersmith and asked him to call at headquarters as soon as possible. When he arrived, the Inspector greeted him with an expression of mock gravity.

"I want you to do an awful thing for me on Monday night," he said, "and that is, lure my dear niece away from home and keep her away until at least 1 a.m. on Tuesday. Will you do it?"

"Like a bird!" ejaculated Hammersmith, "but why?"

Bassington quickly explained the reason, and Hammersmith nodded slowly.

"I would like to be there myself," he confessed, "but duty forbids."

"Call that a duty?" mocked Bassington.

Hammersmith's pleasant smile gave him his answer. Hammersmith did NOT consider it a duty, by any means, to spend delightful hours in the company of the sweetest girl in Sydney!

**T**HERE was a distinguished, but somewhat motley gathering, at the Bassington mansion at 11.50 p.m. on that Monday night. The Commissioner of Police himself was there, Superintendent Perry rubbed shoulders with four newspaper men, all agog with excitement and wondering what the thing was about. They had been told nothing. Bassington was there, as was Detective-Sergeant Green, who was keeping a fatherly eye on Izzy Samuels.

The nine men filed into the Bassington study and, under the Inspector's directions,

ranged themselves along the walls. One of the newspaper men placed himself in front of the clock and was pulled away and shunted into a corner.

The study was large and spacious, a fact for which Bassington was extremely grateful. He measured distances with his eye for some moments and was anxious. Then he opened the windows and the door, and began to arrange the men again, his eye every few seconds darting towards the clock face.

To their indignation, two of the reporters were ordered out on to the lawn and told to watch through the windows. By craning their necks they could miss nothing. The other pair were shunted behind the desk with their backs to the wall, while the protesting Commissioner was gently ushered into the doorway.

At last the stage was set, and the Inspector breathed freely.

"Say," spoke up one of the reporters, "what are we here for?" His comrade also gave tongue and demanded an explanation.

"Gentlemen," said the Inspector, with the air of a showman. "I am waiting for the clock to strike midnight. As soon as it does, all fix your eyes on it, and, as you value your lives, do not move. We have another five minutes to go yet."

"But what is it all about?" insisted a reporter.

Bassington faced him gravely.

"I'm going to show you how the late Mr. Justice Bassington, my brother, died."

He swung his eyes in the direction of Izzy Samuels, who was crouching against the wall in the grip of the Detective-Sergeant.

"You had better watch very carefully, Izzy, although I guess you have seen the performance before," he said grimly. Izzy, white-faced and trembling, shuddered, but did not speak. His tongue was clove to the roof of his mouth, and he had the appearance of a man whose sins have all come home to roost at once.

**S**UDDENLY the old clock struck the hour.

"Now for the love of Heaven, don't move!" cried Bassington in agony.

Nine pairs of eyes were glued on the old clock. Only Bassington, Perry, the Chief and Izzy Samuels knew what to expect. The other five were in ignorance.

The last stroke died away. . .

What was happening. Slowly, under the staring eyes of the nine men, a cunningly-hidden door in the clock swung open to reveal the bronze figure of a man. The door opened right back, and, as it came to rest the watchers gasped in horror to see the bronze figure move slowly out of the body of the clock and advance with jerky steps into the centre of the room.

The tension was broken by Izzy Samuels who sobbed aloud. His cry went unheeded.

What was this thing doing? It was raising its right hand, and in that hand was grasped a curved sword. Three paces from the clock it halted and the nine men saw the right arm raised sideways jerkily until it was level with the shoulder.

The next movement was so quick that the eye could not follow it, but the watchers could make out the flash which showed the sword sweep round in a half-circle, and then the hand returned to the side again.

No sooner had it come to rest than the figure began to jerk backwards. . . Now it was in the clock again, and the door had closed with amazing swiftness.

Simultaneously, eight men wiped eight sweating brows. The ninth man had become a dead weight in the hands of De-



ective-Sergeant Green, Izzy Samuels had fainted.

Then babel broke loose. Two newspapermen leaped through the window, and two emerged from behind the table and made a rush at the clock. Bassington roared like a bull and shoved them back. They countered by surrounding him like a mob of wolves and demanded the full story.

Perry and the Commissioner looked at each other in silence. They, too, could not make it all out.

After a lot of persuasion, Bassington managed to herd them all from the study and into the large dining-room, where he ordered them all to sit down. His superiors, Perry and the Commissioner, obeyed like lambs. The power of speech had temporarily gone out of them.

Noticing the absence of Green, Bassington went to look for him, and discovered him in the hall kneeling over the lifeless body of Samuels.

"Hey, Inspector, I believe this cove has snuffed it with the shock of that business," he called out when he saw Bassington. The Inspector immediately went to him. There was no doubt about it, in his opinion, Izzy Samuels was dead.

They left him lying in the hall, and returned to the dining-room. The four reporters were working against time, copy paper on the polished table, and fountain pens busily rushing over the paper.

"Where's the telephone in this shack?" bawled one when Bassington and Green came in.

"You'll find it in the study," replied the Inspector, "but don't go, I have a yarn to tell. By the way, Samuels is dead—killed by the shock, I suppose."

"Get on to the ambulance, will you?" he roared after the retreating reporter who was heading for the telephone. The other three suddenly sprang to their feet and made for the instrument also. Their papers were holding back for this mysterious story.

**B**ASSINGTON and Green joined the Commissioner and the Superintendent, who were discussing the amazing scene in the study.

"Guess I'll wait until the boys return, and then I'll spin the whole yarn," said Bassington. "They will want some explanations, and I think the public should be told the whole thing."

"Not forgetting how you worked it all out, Bassington," cut in the Chief. "Don't forgo any kudos if there is any to be got."

"I won't," said the Inspector with becoming modesty.

It was half-past twelve before he began his story. He sat at the head of the large table while the other seven ranged themselves around it like directors at a company meeting. The four journalists with paper in front of them eyed him expectantly.

"I want to say, first off," began the Inspector, "that a lot of mud has been thrown at the police over this case, and we are entitled to smile now that we find that the late Mr. Justice Bassington and Harry Brierley were not killed by any human agency, although human ingenuity was behind it."

"Those two men were murdered all right, and by Izzy Samuels. I will explain the devilish cunning of the man."

"His vendetta against the Judge was based on the sentence he received for arson. It will be remembered that he publicly threatened my brother from the dock. He was too big a coward to do the killing himself, so employed that clock to do it."

Bassington went on to explain to the

interested group that he became suspicious of the clock on the day following the attempt on his own life. He visited a jeweller, and an antique expert and then managed to get from the latter a volume dealing with clocks and their uses. From the antique expert he had learned that figures worked by clockwork were rare, but he knew of several pieces of existence.

He instigated, said Bassington, a clock which took seven years for the hands to make a circuit of the dial, but the main feature of it was clockwork figures representing the Twelve Apostles which issued from the clock at certain hours, walked around it and re-entered it.

Another example given by the expert, went on the Inspector, was a clock which at regular hours sent a mechanical man from its interior, five feet high, which walked out, bowed, and returned to the clock.

"When I heard this," he said, "I studied the book and came across several more instances, and it immediately occurred to me that such a clock was Horace's. In its case, however, the figure only emerged every third night at midnight. I shudder to think of that thing issuing and returning while I was in bed."

"The only man in this house, barring ourselves, who saw the thing and lived, was Jim Broadway, and it drove him mad. I can picture what he saw—the figure emerging from the clock, chopping the chair which I had unwittingly left in its path and then returning to its home in the clock. What Broadway was doing there is a thing we shall never discover."

"This is how I reconstruct the double killing. Brierley went to the room to kill my brother, who was standing looking at the clock. Before he had a chance to strike the figure emerged, and, with the lightning-like stroke you saw, cut off my brother's head and fatally and terribly mutilated Brierley. I guess both men had been so stunned by its appearance that they could not move."

"We examined the clock carefully, but could not find any sign of a door in the lower part. It was no doubt constructed by some old and devilishly-ingenuous workman for such a purpose. God knows how many persons it has killed during the odd two centuries it has been in existence."

"Now we come to Izzy's part . . ." began Bassington, but at that moment there was an interruption. A doctor had arrived during the conference and had thoroughly examined the Jew. He was a skilled man and quickly detected what the police officers had missed—a very faint heart-beat.

**I**ZZY was still in the land of the living.

The Commissioner himself addressed the gathering then.

"This puts a different complexion upon the whole matter," he said gravely. "I'm afraid that you boys of the Press will have to tear up your stories. We cannot allow anything to be published which might prejudice a fair trial. Samuels must face the jury now that he is alive."

A wild howl arose from the Pressmen, but it was a howl of disappointment. They realised the impossibility of publishing the whole of the story while the murderer was still alive and unconvicted.

Izzy was taken away to hospital, the doctor cheerfully stating that he would recover, and just on one o'clock the conference broke up. The four police officers returned to headquarters, while the Pressmen vanished into the darkness.

Bassington did not remain long at headquarters—just long enough to finish his story in private, and then he returned home. He was in bed before Ayesha and her escort arrived.

**I**ZZY SAMUELS lived, and his recovery from the shock he had received was remarkably fast. He knew that he was doomed to face a charge of murder, but somehow this did not appear to worry him.

A week after the scene in the Bassington mansion he was interviewed at police headquarters by Superintendent Perry and Inspector Bassington and, to the surprise of both officers, expressed his willingness to make a statement.

"My ambition, the removal of that accursed Judge, has been realised. For what happens to me now, I care not," he said.

Bassington gave him the conventional warning, but the Jew waved him aside.

"Oh, I killed Mr. Justice Bassington all right," he cried, "and I am glad, glad, glad!" He sawed the air for a moment with both fists and then calmed down. In his eye was the look of a fanatic, but he appeared rational enough to make his statement. At the conclusion of it, Bassington's theory was thoroughly proven.

"I planned it all out, and it worked without a hitch," Izzy said. "How I came into possession of the clock in the first place cannot really matter, but when I did get it, I realised its tremendous possibilities. The iron man walked every third night. I watched him walk out one night, and on the morning of the third following that, I stopped the clock."

**Y**OU can see my scheme. The man would walk again on the very night on which the clock was re-started. I had it for years before I found a use for it. When I was sent to gaol by that thrice-accursed man, I knew that the time had arrived.

"My instructions to Ike Ahleson were not to touch the clock or sell it to anyone as he valued his life. I knew the intense love the Judge held for things antique, and on the day I left gaol I had completed my plans. I went to Melbourne and remained there many months before I decided to act."

"At last my hatred got the better of me. I wrote a letter to the Judge telling him of the clock at Ike's shop. He rose to the bait. I instructed Ike to sell, which he did. The Judge bought the clock. How it killed him, you already know."

"I knew to the day when the clock was delivered to him. Therefore I got drunk in Melbourne and annoyed a policeman so much that he had me locked up. In case suspicion attached to me, I had my alibi. If a man is in gaol in Melbourne, I argued, how can he be held responsible for a crime which takes place in Sydney?"

At this point the man broke into a hoarse cackle, and the hands of both Superintendent Perry and Inspector Bassington twitched to be around his greasy neck.

"Of course that fool Ahleson bungled the whole thing, or suspicion would never have attached to me!" he said hoarsely. "I tell him to get the clock at all costs. What does he do? Worries the man who has it, a crafty police officer, and then tries to shoot him!"

Bassington resented the implication that he was crafty, but he let it pass. Samuels was wary to having his hooked nose punched several times during that interview.

"Well, gentlemen," said Izzy with an assumed lap, "that is all I have to say. Like to know anything else?"

"No!" growled the two men in unison. "We wouldn't."

The Jew chuckled hoarsely.

"Revenge, it is so sweet," he said with an



evil grin. "You can do what you like now."

Bassington drew a deep breath.

"I charge you," he said gravely, "with having maliciously and feloniously murdered Horace Bassington and Henry Brierley, and I warn you that any statement you may make will be used in evidence against you at your trial."

"Oh, I killed Bassington all right, but as for the other man, he shouldn't have interfered. Serve him damn well right!" hissed the Jew.

He was then taken to a cell, and on the following morning appeared before the magistrate and was remanded for three days. At the end of that time he was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. In due course he faced the jury, was found guilty by them within five minutes, and was sentenced to death. This sentence was later commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

"That's that!" said Inspector Bassington as he left the Court after having heard the Jew sentenced. "Now for Hammersmith."

THE new trial date had been set for a week after the trial of Day Summers. In the meantime, there were one or two little matters to be squared up. "I'm not a vindictive man," said Bassington to Perry, "but I do want to see Ableson and Phegan behind the bars for a space. I'm not a self-opinionated cove, but I do believe that I'm worthy of something better than a target for that pair."

Perry agreed with a grin. "They haven't been too cheerful, let me tell you," he said. "They have been in the lock-up ever since they were arrested, and the Police Prosecutor is sick and tired of asking for remands."

"The last one expires to-morrow," said Bassington, "and then we'll show 'em!"

On the following day both Ableson and Phegan appeared before the Court on a charge of having attempted to murder Inspector Bassington, and both went for trial. As luck would have it, the Criminal Court was still sitting, and they appeared before the jury two days later. Ableson was found guilty and handed a sentence of eight years' hard labor, while, to the disgust of the whole police force, the jury acquitted Phegan.

"What do you know about that?" said Bassington when the verdict was announced.

But Perry was a fair-minded man. "There wasn't much evidence against him, you know," he said, and at length the Inspector agreed. He, too, was a fair-minded man.

That night, the eve of the Hammersmith re-trial, he had a long yarn to the central figure. Hammersmith was quietly confident of the outcome, but he dreaded the effects of the public disclosures upon the girl of his heart. It had been decided by all the interested parties that in the interests of justice, the facts must come out, but Hammersmith's heart ached within him.

"Do you know," he said to the Inspector, "I have half a mind to tell Ayesha the whole story myself before the trial comes off. Do you think that would be wise?"

Bassington looked dubious. "I rather think I should be the person to tell her," he said. "Remember, I am her uncle, and her father was my brother, and the subject is a delicate one. To all intents and purposes you are a stranger, and this is essentially a family affair."

"Is it?" asked Hammersmith gently. "I see your point," replied Bassington bitterly. "No, it is not a family affair—at least it will not be to-morrow. However—"

He looked at his watch. "It is now eight o'clock. The trial will start at ten o'clock to-morrow. It is a family affair

for 14 hours, anyway. If the girl is to be told to-night, I'll tell her—the whole thing. It will soften the blow a great deal."

He looked thoughtful and then shook his head gravely.

"She will never forgive us for holding it back," he added.

Hammersmith looked rueful.

"I know that she will never forgive us if we leave it to the scare headlines of the newspapers to tell her," he said.

At that moment the graceful subject of their conversation entered the room and cast a radiant glance at Hammersmith.

"I wish you the best of good luck to-morrow, John," she said quietly. "Oh I know everything will be all right! What do you say, Uncle Bill?"

SHE turned appealingly to that gentleman, who looked a trifle ill at ease. "Of course it will be all O.K.," he answered gruffly.

"Ayesha," he said gently, after a slight pause, "I have a long and painful story to tell you. I should have told you long ago, but, frankly, I didn't have the courage. It will not be nice hearing, but I beg of you, dear old girl, to keep up heart."

"What is it, Uncle?" she asked quietly, her lips trembling.

"It is about your father," he almost whispered in reply.

"I know!" she said simply.

Both men gasped aloud.

"You know?" they echoed.

"Yes. Some time ago I received a letter from Mary Brierley, who told me that father—that father—was not, not a good man."

She sat down on a chair and covered her face with her hands. The two men looked at her dumbly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" cried Bassington. "You heard those awful things about your father and did not, by so much as a nod or sigh, betray your knowledge. How you must have suffered, kiddie!"

"I did not suffer—much," she replied steadily, "because I was buoyed up by the thought that they were only foul lies. Then I began to have my doubts, and until to-night I had persuaded myself that they were. As soon as you spoke, I knew that it was no lie, but the truth!"

Once again she buried her face in her hands and her slim shoulders shook. There were tears in the hard eyes of the Inspector as he went to her, while Hammersmith, unable to stand it, arose and went to the window, to stare unseeing into the darkness.

"I—I want to hear the whole story from you, Daddy," said Ayesha at last, facing him bravely.

Bassington drew the girl on to his knee as one takes a child and, with an arm around her slim waist told the story. She did not wince as the grave words were spoken, and when the story had been told, she stood up. Bassington also arose. He did not look at the girl, but crossed to where Hammersmith stood, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Go to her," was all he said, and then he walked out.

Hammersmith went to her, and gently led her to a seat on the wide lounge. He spoke quietly for some minutes, and then the girl, with a sigh, relaxed into his arms. Bassington, peeping into the room an hour later, saw, and was content. . . .

JOHN HAMMERSMITH was acquitted by the jury without leaving the box at the conclusion of a trial which was the sensation not only of Sydney, but the whole of the Commonwealth. Intense sympathy was felt for the only child of the late Judge, but Ayesha was not there to receive it.

Hammersmith left the Court at six

o'clock, and a few hours later he and Ayesha were quietly married, the sole witnesses being Inspector Bassington and Superintendent Perry. All arrangements for the ceremony had been finalised previously, so certain were they that the bridegroom would be acquitted.

They spent their bridal night at the old Bassington mansion, and early next morning departed for a destination known only to themselves.

THEY didn't tell me, neither did I ask them," said Detective-Inspector Bassington later in the day to an inquisitive reporter. "Can't you fellows ever leave people alone?"

The newspaper man smiled.

"Sour grapes," he said, and dodged the copy of the Motor Traffic Act which the Inspector hurled at him.

"I mean," he said, "that you are jealous because you aren't going on your own honeymoon."

The Inspector shook his head, but there was a wealth of loneliness and sadness in his eyes.

"Perhaps you are right, my boy," he answered. "I have often wished—"

"It's great, Inspector," replied the reporter enthusiastically. "I've only been spliced three months myself, and believe me, you bachelors are merely warts—positive blots on the fair face of nature."

"They tell me," said Bassington vaguely, "that the first 30 years are the hardest—"

"That's an old one," snorted the reporter, "and, anyway, you hear it only from you crabby old bachelors—vinegary old specimens any self-respecting woman would not be seen dead with."

Bassington went to him and placed a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"I've known you for some years now, Collinson," he said, "and I think I've always given you a square deal, eh?"

"You have," agreed the reporter warmly. "None better."

"Thank you. Now," said Bassington quietly, "do me a favor, leave my niece and Hammersmith alone, and try to persuade your fellow scribblers to do likewise. You know what Hammersmith and his wife have both been through and, well, I leave it to you."

Collinson nodded his head wisely.

"You can count on me, Inspector," he said, holding out his hand, "and I don't think you'll be worried by the rest of the gang. You are pretty popular with them, you know."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Bassington—and meant it.

"Boy," he said suddenly, with a rush of friendliness, as he bent a kindly and fatherly eye on the three-months-married man. "I hope you will be very happy, and if the first is a boy, bless me, name the young devil after me!"

"Damn it, I will!" cried Collinson, coloring, as he wrung the Inspector's hand. "You see if I don't. But—er—excuse my mentioning it, Inspector, but supposing it—er—happens to be twins?"

Bassington pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he roared, and the reporter went his way, grinning widely.

Bassington watched him go with a smile which slowly faded away. With a faraway look in his eyes, he made his way to his desk and sat down.

Lighting a cigar, he gazed at the ceiling and gave a faint sigh.

Detective-Inspector Bassington, of the C.I.B., was dreaming of what might have been. . . .

(THE END)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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